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CRITICISMS ON ART:

AND

SKETCHES OF THE

PICTURE GALLERIES OF ENGLAND.

By WILLIAM HAZLITT.

WITH
CATALOGUES OF THE PRINCIPAL GALLERIES,
NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

Edited by his Son.

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TO THE MOST NOBLE

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, K. G.,

WHO

AMIDST THE HIGH PURSUITS OF THE STATESMAN

HAS FOUND LEISURE TO

PROMOTE THE ENDS OF LITERATURE,

AND TO FOSTER THE DESIGNS OF ART,

THIS VOLUME,

IN WHICH THE PEN STRIVES TO HONOUR THE PENCIL,

IS, WITH PROFOUND RESPECT,

INSCRIBED BY

THE EDITOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In preparing the present republication of the Criticisms upon the Picture Galleries of England, I have carefully corrected all the references to the pictures described, according to the latest arrangement of each particular Gallery; and I have here and there ventured to append an illustrative or corrective note, where such seemed to be required as to a matter of fact.

In preparing the Appendix of Catalogues, also, I have taken the utmost pains to obtain the enumeration of the pictures in each case, according to their actual position at the present moment, adopting in every

instance the most recent authority. A few of these catalogues — those of the National Gallery, of Hampton Court, of Windsor Castle, and of Dulwich—are of course easily accessible to any person, for a shilling or two each; but several of the other catalogues, which form so important a feature in this volume, are not accessible at all in the ordinary way. For the catalogue of the Gallery at Longford Castle, or instance, exhibiting the exact position of the pictures as they are now hung, I am indebted to the active courtesy of the Earl of Radnor and his son Lord Folkestone, the latter of whom most kindly drew up for me the catalogue here printed. In the second volume of Hazlitt on Art, I shall be able to complete my collection of catalogues; and, amongst other valuable additions, it will be in my power, by the condescending liberality of the Duke of Sutherland, to present the public with a catalogue of the admirable collection of Stafford House, as now arranged.

In reference to the additions made to the body of the work, I have to repeat, with a sentiment of warm gratitude, that I have been enabled to include the Treatise on the Fine Arts among my Father's other writings, by the liberality of the proprietors of the Encyclopædia Britannica, in the appendix to which unrivalled work that treatise originally appeared. The article on Flaxman is taken from the Edinburgh Review; and the Essays on the Elgin Marbles and on Fonthill Abbey from the London Magazine for 1822—3.

The second volume of this work will comprehend the remainder of my Father's Criticisms upon Art and Artists. It is in the press, and will appear early in the Spring.

W. HAZLITT.

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* This picture is now in the Collection of Mr. Miles, at Leigh Court, near Bristol.

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MR. ANGERSTEIN'S COLLECTION.

Oh! Art, lovely Art! "Balm of hurt minds, chief nourisher in life's feast, great Nature's second course!" Time's treasurer, the unsullied mirror of the mind of man! Thee we invoke, and not in vain, for we find thee here retired in thy plenitude and thy power! The walls are dark with beauty; they frown severest grace. The eye is not caught by glitter and varnish; we see the pictures by their own internal light. This is not a bazaar, a raree-show of art, a Noah's ark of all the Schools, marching out in endless procession; but a sanctuary, a holy of holies, collected by taste, sacred to fame, enriched by the rarest products of genius. For the number of pictures, Mr. Angerstein's is the finest gallery, perhaps, in the world. We

feel no sense of littleness: the attention is never distracted for a moment, but concentrated on a few pictures of first-rate excellence. Many of these *chefs-d'œuvre* might occupy the spectator for a whole morning; yet they do not interfere with the pleasure derived from each other—so much consistency of style is there in the midst of variety!

We know of no greater treat than to be admitted freely to a Collection of this sort, where the mind reposes with full confidence in its feelings of admiration, and finds that idea and love of conceivable beauty, which it has cherished perhaps for a whole life, reflected from every object around it. It is a cure (for the time at least) for low-thoughted cares and uneasy passions. We are abstracted to another sphere: we breathe empyrean air; we enter into the minds of Raphael, of Titian, of Poussin, of the Caracci, and look at nature with their eyes; we live in time past, and seem identified with the permanent forms of things. The business of the world at large, and its pleasures, appear like a vanity and an impertinence. What signify the hubbub, the shifting scenery, the fantoccini figures, the folly, the idle fashions without, when compared with the solitude, the silence, the speaking looks, the unfading forms within?—Here is the mind's true home. The contemplation of truth and beauty is the proper object for which we were created, which calls forth the most

intense desires of the soul, and of which it never tires. A capital print-shop (Molteno's or Colnaghi's) is a point to aim at in a morning's walk—a relief and satisfaction in the motley confusion, the littleness, the vulgarity of common life: but a print-shop has but a mean, cold, meagre, petty appearance, after coming out of a fine Collection of Pictures. We want the size of life, the marble flesh, the rich tones of nature, the diviner expanded expression. Good prints are, no doubt, better than bad pictures; or prints, generally speaking, are better than pictures; for we have more prints of good pictures than of bad ones: yet they are for the most part but hints, loose memorandums, outlines in little of what the painter has done. How often, in turning over a number of choice engravings, do we tantalise ourselves by thinking "what a head *that* must be,"—in wondering what colour a piece of drapery is of, green or black,—in wishing, in vain, to know the exact tone of the sky in a particular corner of the picture! Throw open the folding-doors of a fine Collection, and you see all you have desired realised at a blow—the bright originals starting up in their own proper shape, clad with flesh and blood, and teeming with the first conception of the painter's mind! The disadvantage of pictures is that they cannot be multiplied to any extent, like books or prints; but this, in another point of view, operates

probably as an advantage, by making the sight of a fine original picture an event so much the more memorable, and the impression so much the deeper. A visit to a genuine Collection is like going a pilgrimage—it is an act of devotion performed at the shrine of Art! It is as if there were but one copy of a book in the world, locked up in some curious casket, which, by special favour, we had been permitted to open, and peruse (as we must) with unaccustomed relish. The words would, in that case, leave stings in the mind of the reader, and every letter appear of gold. The ancients, before the invention of printing, were nearly in the same situation, with respect to books, that we are with regard to pictures; and at the revival of letters, we find the same unmingled satisfaction, or fervid enthusiasm, manifested in the pursuit or the discovery of an old manuscript, that connoisseurs still feel in the purchase and possession of an antique cameo, or a fine specimen of the Italian school of painting. Literature was not then cheap and vulgar, nor was there what is called a *reading public*; and the pride of intellect, like the pride of art, or the pride of birth, was confined to the privileged few!

We sometimes, in viewing a celebrated Collection, meet with an old favourite, a *first love* in such matters, that we have not seen for many years, which greatly enhances the de-

light. We have, perhaps, pampered our imaginations with it all that time; its charms have sunk deep into our minds; we wish to see it once more, that we may confirm our judgment, and renew our vows. The *Susannah and the Elders* at Mr. Angerstein's [28]* was one of those that came upon us under these circumstances. We had seen it formerly, among other visions of our youth, in the Orleans Collection,—where we used to go and look at it by the hour together, till our hearts thrilled with its beauty, and our eyes were filled with tears. How often had we thought of it since, how often spoken of it!—There it was still, the same lovely phantom as ever — not as when Rousseau met Madame de Warens, after a lapse of twenty years, who was grown old and wrinkled — but as if the young Jewish Beauty had been just surprised in that unguarded spot — crouching down in one corner of the picture, the face turned back with a mingled expression of terror, shame, and unconquerable sweetness, and the whole figure (with the arms crossed)† shrinking into itself with bewitching grace and modesty! It is by Ludovico Caracci, and is worthy of his name, from its truth and purity of design, its expression and its mellow

* The figures, within brackets, indicate the present position of these pictures in the National Gallery.

† The critic's memory, for he never took notes, here fails him; the arms are *not* crossed.

depth of tone. Of the *Elders*, one is represented in the attitude of advancing towards her, while the other beckons her to rise. We know of no painter who could have improved upon the Susannah, except Correggio, who, with all his capricious blandishments, and wreathed angelic smiles, would hardly have given the same natural unaffected grace, the same perfect womanhood.

There is but one other picture in the Collection that strikes us, as a matter of taste or fancy, like this; and that is the *Silenus teaching Young Apollo to play on the pipe* [94]*—a small oblong picture, executed in distemper, by Annibal Caracci. The old preceptor is very fine, with a jolly, leering, pampered look of approbation, half inclining to the brute, half conscious of the God; but it is the Apollo that constitutes the charm of the picture and is indeed divine. The whole figure is full of simple careless grace, laughing in youth and beauty; he holds the Pan's-pipe in both hands, looking up with timid wonder; and the expression of delight and surprise at the sounds he produces is not to be surpassed. The only image we would venture to compare with it for innocent artless voluptuousness is that of the shepherd-boy in Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, "piping as though he should never be old!"

* Mrs. Jameson concurs with Mr. Landseer in thinking that the youthful pupil is Bacchus, not Apollo.

A comparison of this sort, we believe, may be made, in spite of the proverb, without injustice to the painter or the poet. Both gain by it. The idea conveyed by the one, perhaps, receives an additional grace and lustre, while a more beautiful moral sentiment hovers round the other, from thinking of them in this casual connection. If again it be asked, *Which is the most admirable?*—we should answer—Both are equally exquisite in their way, and yield the imagination all the pleasure it is capable of—and should decline giving an invidious preference to either. *The cup can only be full.* The young shepherd in the Arcadia wants no outward grace to recommend him; the stripling God no hidden charm of expression. The language of painting and poetry is intelligible enough to mortals; the spirit of both is divine, and far too good for him who, instead of enjoying to the utmost height, would find an unwelcome flaw in either. The *Silenus and Apollo* has something of a Raffaellesque air, with a mixture of Correggio's arch sensibility—there is nothing of Titian in the colouring—yet Annibal Carracci was in theory a deserter from the first to the two last of these masters; and swore with an oath, in a letter to his uncle Ludovico, that "they were the only true painters!"

We should nearly have exhausted our stock of enthusiasm in descanting on these two com-

positions, in almost any other case; but there is no danger of this in the present instance. If we were at any loss in this respect, we should only have to turn to the large picture of the *Raising of Lazarus,* by Sebastian del Piombo; [1].

——————— and still walking under,
Finding new matter to look up and wonder.

We might dwell on the masterly strength of the drawing, the gracefulness of the principal female figures, the high-wrought execution, the deep, rich, *mosaic* colouring, the massiness and bustle of the back-ground. We think this one of the best pictures on so large a scale that we are anywhere acquainted with. The whole management of the design has a very noble and imposing effect, and each part severally will bear the closest scrutiny. It is a magnificent structure built of solid and valuable materials. The artist has not relied merely on the extent of his canvas, or the importance of his subject, for producing a striking result—the effect is made out by an aggregate of excellent parts. The hands, the feet, the drapery, the heads, the features, are all fine. There is some satisfaction in looking at a large historical picture, such as this: for you really gain in quantity, without losing in quality; and have a studious imitation of individual nature, combined with masculine invention, and the comprehensive arrangement

of an interesting story. The Lazarus is very fine and bold. The flesh is well-baked, dingy, and ready to crumble from the touch, when it is liberated from its dread confinement to have life and motion impressed on it again. He seems impatient of restraint, gazes eagerly about him, and looks out from his shrouded prison on this new world with hurried amazement, as if Death had scarcely yet resigned his power over the senses. We would wish our artists to look at the legs and feet of this figure, and see how correctness of finishing and a greatness of *gusto* in design are compatible with, and set off, each other. The attendant female figures have a peculiar grace and becoming dignity, both of expression and attitude. They are in a style something between Michael Angelo and Parmegiano. They take a deep interest in the scene, but it is with the air of composure proper to the sex, who are accustomed by nature and duty to works of charity and compassion. The head of the old man, kneeling behind Christ, is an admirable study of drawing, execution, and character. The Christ himself is grave and earnest, with a noble and impressive countenance; but the figure wants that commanding air which ought to belong to one possessed of preternatural power, and in the act of displaying it. Too much praise cannot be given to the back-ground—the green and white draperies of some old people at a distance, which

are as airy as they are distinct—the buildings like tombs—and the different groups, and processions of figures, which seem to make life almost as grave and solemn a business as death itself. This picture is said by some to have been designed by Michael Angelo, and painted by Sebastian del Piombo, in rivalship of some of Raphael's works. It was in the Orleans Gallery.

Near this large historical composition stands (or is suspended in a case) a single head, by Raphael, of Pope Julius II. [27] It is in itself a Collection—a world of thought and character. There is a prodigious weight and gravity of look, combined with calm self-possession, and easiness of temper. It has the cast of an English countenance, which Raphael's portraits often have, Titian's never. In Raphael's the mind, or the body, frequently prevails; in Titian's you always see the soul—faces "which pale passion loves." Look at the Music-piece by Titian [3], close by in this Collection—it is "all ear,"—the expression is evanescent as the sounds—the features are seen in a sort of dim *chiaro scuro*, as if the confused impressions of another sense intervened—and you might easily suppose some of the performers to have been engaged the night before in

> Mask or midnight serenade,
> Which the starved lover to his mistress sings,
> Best quitted with disdain.

We like this picture of a Concert the best of

the three by Titian in the same room. The other two are a Ganymede [32], and a Venus and Adonis [34]; the last does not appear to us from the hand of Titian.

The ruddy, *bronzed* colouring of Raphael generally takes off from any appearance of nocturnal watching and languid hectic passion! The portrait of Julius II. is finished to a great nicety. The hairs of the beard, the fringe on the cap, are done by minute and careful touches of the pencil. In seeing the labour, the conscientious and modest pains, which this great painter bestowed upon his smallest works, we cannot help being struck with the number and magnitude of those he left behind him. When we have a single portrait placed before us, that might seem to have taken half a year to complete it, we wonder how the same painter could find time to execute his cartoons, the compartments of the Vatican, and a thousand other matchless works. The same account serves for both. The more we do, the more we can do. Our leisure (though it may seem a paradox) is in proportion to our industry. The same habit of intense application, which led our artist to bestow as much pains and attention on the study of a single head as if his whole reputation had depended on it, enabled him to set about the greatest works with alacrity, and to finish them with ease. If he had done any thing he undertook to do in a slovenly disreputable manner, he would (upon the same principle)

have lain idle half his time. Zeal and diligence, in this view, make life, short as it is, long.—Neither did Raphael, it should seem, found his historical pretensions on his incapacity to paint a good portrait. On the contrary, the latter here looks very much like the corner-stone of the historical edifice. Nature did not *put him out.* He was not too great a genius to copy what he saw. He probably thought that a deference to nature is the beginning of art, and that the highest eminence is scaled by single steps!

On the same stand as the portrait of Julius II. is the much vaunted Correggio—the *Christ in the Garden.* [76.]* We would not give a farthing for it. The drapery of the Christ is highly finished in a silver and azure tone—but high finishing is not all we ask from Correggio. It is more worthy of Carlo Dolce.—Lest we should forget it, we may mention here that the admired portrait of Gevartius† [52] was gone to be copied at Somerset-house. The Academy have then, at length, fallen into the method pursued at the British Gallery, of recommending the students to copy from the OLD MASTERS. Well—*better late*

* The original picture by Correggio is in the possession of the Duke of Wellington. That in the National Gallery is only a copy.

† Or, more correctly, of Cornelius Vander Geest, an intimate friend of Vandyke. The authentic engraving from the real portrait of Gevartius differs materially from the present picture.

than never! This same portrait is not, we think, the truest specimen of Vandyke. It has not his mild, pensive, somewhat effeminate cast of colour and expression. His best portraits have an air of faded gentility about them. The Gevartius has too many streaks of blood-colour, too many marks of the pencil, to convey an exact idea of Vandyke's characteristic excellence; though it is a fine imitation of Rubens's florid manner. Vandyke's most striking portraits are those which look just like a gentleman or lady seen in a looking-glass, and neither more nor less.

Of the Claudes, we prefer the St. Ursula—the [30] *Embarking of the Five Thousand Virgins*—to the others. The water is exquisite; and the sails of the vessels glittering in the morning sun, and the blue flags placed against the trees, which seem like an opening into the sky behind—so sparkling is the effect of this ambiguity in colouring—are in Claude's most perfect manner. The Altieri Claude is one of his noblest and most classical compositions, with towers, and trees, and streams, and flocks, and herds, and distant sunny vales,

> Where universal Pan,
> Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
> Leads on the eternal spring:

but the effect of the execution has been deadened and rendered flat by time or ill-usage. There is a dull formal appearance, as if the different

masses of sky, of water, &c., were laid on with plates of tin or lead. This is not a general defect in Claude: his landscapes have the greatest quantity of inflection, the most delicate brilliancy, of all others. A lady had been making a good copy of the *Sea-port* [14], which is a companion to the one we have described. We do not think these Claudes, famous as they are, equal to Lord Egremont's *Jacob and Laban*; to the *Enchanted Castle*; to a green vernal Landscape, which was in Walsh Porter's Collection, and which was the very finest we ever saw [6]; nor to some others that have appeared from time to time in the British Institution. We are sorry to make this, which may be thought an ill-natured, remark; but, though we have a great respect for Mr. Angerstein's taste, we have a greater for Claude Lorraine's reputation. Let any persons admire these specimens of his art as much as they will (and the more they admire them, the more we shall be gratified), and then we will tell them, he could do far finer things than these!

There is one Rembrandt, and one N. Poussin. The Rembrandt (the *Woman taken in Adultery*) [45], prodigious in colouring, in light, and shade, in pencilling, in solemn effect; but that is nearly all—

> of outward show
> Elaborate, of inward less exact.

Nevertheless, it is worth any money. The Christ has considerable seriousness and dignity of as-

pect. The marble pavement, of which the light is even dazzling; the figures of the two Rabbis to the right, radiant with crimson, green, and azure; the background, which seems like some rich oil-colour smeared over a ground of gold, and where the eye staggers on from one abyss of obscurity to another,—place this picture in the first rank of Rembrandt's wonderful performances. If this extraordinary genius was the most literal and vulgar of draughtsmen, he was the most *ideal* of colourists. When Annibal Caracci vowed to God, that Titian and Correggio were the only true painters, he had not seen Rembrandt;—if he had, he would have added him to the list. The Poussin is a *Dance of Bacchanals* [42]: theirs are not "pious orgies." It is, however, one of this master's finest pictures, both in the spirit of the execution, and the ingenuity and *equivoque* of the invention. If the purity of the drawing will make amends for the impurity of the design, it may pass: assuredly the same subject, badly executed, would not be endured; but the life of mind, the dexterity of combination displayed in it, supply the want of decorum. The old adage, that "Vice, by losing all its grossness, loses half its evil," seems chiefly applicable to pictures. Thus a naked figure, that has nothing but its nakedness to recommend it, is not fit to be hung up in decent apartments. If it is a Nymph by Titian, Correggio's Io, we no longer think of its being

naked; but merely of its sweetness, its beauty, its naturalness. So far art, as it is intellectual, has a refinement and an extreme unction of its own. Indifferent pictures, like dull people, must absolutely be moral! We suggest this as a hint to those persons, of more gallantry than discretion, who think that to have an indecent daub hanging up in one corner of the room is proof of a liberality of *gusto*, and a considerable progress in *virtù*. *Tout au contraire.*

We have a clear, brown, woody *Landscape* by Gaspar Poussin [161], in his fine determined style of pencilling, which gives to earth its solidity, and to the air its proper attributes. There are, perhaps, no landscapes that excel his in this fresh, healthy look of nature. One might say that wherever his pencil loves to haunt, "the air is delicate." We forgot to mention a *St. John in the Wilderness*, by A. Caracci [25], which has much of the autumnal tone, the "sear and yellow leaf," of Titian's landscape compositions. A *Rape of the Sabines* [38], in the inner room, by Rubens, is, we think, the most tasteless picture in the Collection: to see plump, florid viragos struggling with bearded ruffians, and tricked out in the flounces, furbelows, and finery of the court of Louis XIV. is preposterous. But there is another Rubens in the outer room, which though fantastical and quaint, has qualities to redeem all faults. It is an allegory of himself and his three wives, as a St. George and Holy

Family, with his children as Christ and St. John, playing with a lamb [67]; in which he has contrived to bring together all that is rich in antique dresses (black as jet, and shining like diamonds), transparent in flesh-colour, agreeable in landscape, unfettered in composition. The light streams from rosy clouds; the breeze curls the branches of the trees in the back-ground, and plays on the clear complexions of the various scattered group. It is one of this painter's most splendid, and, at the same time, most solid and sharply finished productions.

Mr. Wilkie's *Alehouse Door* [122] is here, and deserves to be here. Still it is not his best; though there are some very pleasing rustic figures, and some touching passages in it. As in his *Blind-Man's-buff*, the groups are too straggling, and spread over too large a surface of bare foreground, which Mr. Wilkie does not paint well. It looks more like putty than earth or clay. The artist has a better eye for individual details than for the general tone of objects. Mr. Liston's face in this "flock of drunkards" is a smiling failure.

A portrait of Hogarth, by himself [112], and Sir Joshua's half-length of Lord Heathfield [111], hang in the same room. The last of these is certainly a fine picture, well composed, richly coloured, with considerable character, and a look of nature. Nevertheless, our artist's pictures, seen among standard works, have (to speak it

plainly) something old-womanish about them. By their obsolete and affected air, they remind one of antiquated ladies of quality, and are a kind of Duchess-Dowagers in the art—somewhere between the living and the dead.

Hogarth's series of the *Marriage-à-la-Mode* [113-118], (the most delicately painted of all his pictures, and admirably they certainly are painted,) concludes the *Catalogue Raisonnée* of this Collection.*—A study of Heads, by Correggio [37], and some of Mr. Fuseli's stupendous figures from his Milton Gallery, are on the staircase.

* The reader will find an essay on this subject in the present volume.

THE

DULWICH GALLERY.

It was on the 5th of November that we went to see this Gallery. The morning was mild, calm, pleasant: it was a day to ruminate on the object we had in view. It was the time of year

> When yellow leaves, or few, or none, do hang
> Upon the branches;—

their scattered gold was strongly contrasted with the dark green spiral shoots of the cedar trees that skirt the road; the sun shone faint and watery, as if smiling his last; Winter gently let go the hand of Summer, and the green fields, wet with the mist, anticipated the return of Spring. At the end of a beautiful little village, Dulwich College appeared in view, with modest state, yet mindful of the olden time; and the name of Allen and his compeers rushed full upon the memory! How many races of school-boys have played within its walls, or stammered out

a lesson, or sauntered away their vacant hours in its shade: yet, not one Shakspeare is there to be found among them all! The boy is clothed and fed, and gets through his accidence; but no trace of his youthful learning, any more than of his saffron livery, is to be met with in the man. Genius is not to be "constrained by mastery."—Nothing comes of these endowments and foundations for learning; you might as well make dirt-pies, or build houses with cards. Yet something *does* come of them too—a retreat for age, a dream in youth—a feeling in the air around them, the memory of the past, the hope of what will never be. Sweet are the studies of the school-boy, delicious his idle hours! Fresh and gladsome is his waking, balmy are his slumbers, book-pillowed! He wears a green and yellow livery perhaps; but "green and yellow melancholy" comes not near him, or, if it does, is tempered with youth and innocence! To thumb his Eutropius, or to knuckle down at taw, are to him equally delightful; for whatever stirs the blood, or inspires thought in him, quickens the pulse of life and joy. He has only to feel, in order to be happy; pain turns smiling from him, and sorrow is only a softer kind of pleasure. Each sensation is but an unfolding of his new being; care, age, sickness, are idle words; the musty records of antiquity look glossy in his sparkling eye, and he clasps immortality as his future bride! The coming

years hurt him not—he hears their sound afar off, and is glad. See him there, the urchin, seated in the sun, with a book in his hand, and the wall at his back. He has a thicker wall before him — the wall that parts him from the future. He sees not the archers taking aim at his peace; he knows not the hands that are to mangle his bosom. He stirs not, he still pores upon his book, and, as he reads, a slight hectic flush passes over his cheek, for he sees the letters that compose the word FAME glitter on the page, and his eyes swim, and he thinks that he will one day write a book, and have his name repeated by thousands of readers, and assume a certain signature, and write Essays and Criticisms in a LONDON MAGAZINE, as a consummation of felicity scarcely to be believed. Come hither, thou poor little fellow, and let us change places with thee, if thou wilt; here, take the pen and finish this article, and sign what name you please to it; so that we may but change our dress for yours, and sit shivering in the sun, and con over our little task, and feed poor, and lie hard, and be contented and happy, and think what a fine thing it is to be an author, and dream of immortality, and sleep o'nights!

There is something affecting and monastic in the sight of this little nursery of learning, simple and retired as it stands, just on the verge of the metropolis, and in the midst of modern improvements. There is a chapel, containing a copy of *Raphael's Transfiguration*, by Giulio Romano;

but the great attraction to curiosity at present is the Collection of pictures left to the College by the late Sir Francis Bourgeois, who is buried in a mausoleum close by. He once (it is said) spent an agreeable day here in company with the Masters of the College and some other friends; and he determined, in consequence, upon this singular mode of testifying his gratitude and his respect. Perhaps, also, some such idle thoughts as we have here recorded might have mingled with this resolution. The contemplation and the approach of death might have been softened to his mind by being associated with the hopes of childhood; and he might wish that his remains should repose, in monumental state, amidst "the innocence and simplicity of poor *Charity Boys!*" Might it not have been so?

The pictures are 360 in number, and are hung on the walls of a large gallery, built for the purpose, and divided into five compartments. They certainly looked better in their old places, at the house of Mr. Desenfans (the original collector), where they were distributed into a number of small rooms, and seen separately and close to the eye. They are mostly cabinet-pictures; and not only does the height, at which many of them are necessarily hung to cover a large space, lessen the effect, but the number distracts and deadens the attention. Besides, the skylights are so contrived as to "shed a

dim," though not a "religious light" upon them. At our entrance, we were first struck by our old friends the Cuyps; and just beyond, caught a glimpse of that fine female head by Carlo Maratti,* giving us a welcome with cordial glances. May we not exclaim—

> What a delicious breath *painting* sends forth!
> The violet-bed's not sweeter.

A fine gallery of pictures is a sort of illustration of Berkeley's Theory of Matter and Spirit. It is like a palace of thought—another universe, built of air, of shadows, of colours. Every thing seems "palpable to feeling as to sight." Substances turn to shadows by the painter's archchemic touch; shadows harden into substances. "The eye is made the fool of the other senses, or else worth all the rest." The material is in some sense embodied in the immaterial, or, at least, we see all things in a sort of intellectual mirror. The world of art is an enchanting deception. We discover distance in a glazed surface; a province is contained in a foot of canvass; a thin evanescent tint gives the form and pressure of rocks and trees; an inert shape has life and motion in it. Time stands still, and the dead re-appear, by means of this "so potent art!"

Look at the Cuyp next the door [9]. It is

* The only picture by Carlo Maratti, in the Dulwich Gallery, is a Holy Family, No. 342.

woven of etherial hues. A soft mist is on it, a veil of subtle air. The tender green of the valleys beyond, the gleaming lake, the purple light of the hills, have an effect like the down on an unripe nectarine. You may lay your finger on the canvas; but miles of dewy vapour and sunshine are between you and the objects you survey. It is almost needless to point out that the cattle and figures in the foreground, like dark, transparent spots, give an immense relief to the perspective. This is, we think, the finest Cuyp, perhaps, in the world. The landscape opposite to it (in the same room) by the same painter [83], has a richer colouring and a stronger contrast of light and shade, but it has not that tender bloom of a spring morning (so delicate, yet so powerful in its effect) which the other possesses. *Two Horses*, by the same [156], is another admirable specimen of this excellent painter. It is hard to say which is most true to nature—the sleek, well-fed look of the bay horse, or the bone and spirit of the dappled iron-grey one, or the face of the man who is busy fastening a girth. Nature is scarcely more faithful to itself than this delightfully *unmannered*, unaffected picture is to it.

In the same room there are several good Tenierses and a small *Head of an old Man*, by Rembrandt [189], which is as smoothly finished as a miniature. No. 54, *Interior of an Ale-house*, by Adrian Brouwer, almost gives one a sick head-

ache; particularly the face and figure of the man leaning against the door, overcome with "potations pottle deep." Brouwer united the depth and richness of Ostade to the spirit and felicity of Teniers. No. 105, *Sleeping Nymph and Cupid*, and 14, *Nymph and Satyr*, by Poelemberg, are not pictures to our taste. Why should any one make it a rule never to paint any thing but this one subject? Was it to please himself or others? The one shows bad taste, the other wrong judgment. The grossness of the selection is hardly more offensive than the finicalness of the execution. No. 337, a *Mater Dolorosa*, by Carlo Dolce, is a very good specimen of this master; but the expression has too great a mixture of piety and pauperism in it. It is not altogether spiritual.

No. 27, *A School with Girls at work*, by G. M. Crespi, is a most rubbishly performance, and has the look of a modern picture. It was, no doubt, painted in the fashion of the time, and is now old-fashioned. Every thing has this modern, or rather uncouth and obsolete look, which, besides the temporary and local circumstances, has not the free look of nature. Dress a figure in what costume you please (however fantastic, however barbarous), but add the expression which is common to all faces, the properties that are common to all drapery in its elementary principles, and the picture will belong to all times and places. It is not the addition of individual circumstances, but the omission of

general truth, that makes the little, the deformed, and the short-lived in art. No. 57, *Religion in the Desert*, a sketch by Sir Francis Bourgeois, is a proof of this remark. There are no details, nor is there any appearance of permanence or stability about it. It seems to have been painted yesterday, and to labour under premature decay. It has a look of being half done, and you have no wish to see it finished. No. 94, *Interior of a Cathedral*, by Saenredam, is curious and fine. From one end of the perspective to the other — and back again—would make a morning's walk.

In the SECOND ROOM, No. 75, a *Sea Storm*, by Backhuysen, and No. 92, *A Calm*, by W. Vandervelde, are equally excellent, the one for its gloomy turbulence, and the other for its glassy smoothness. 30, *Landscape with Cattle and Figures*, is by Both, who is, we confess, no great favourite of ours. We do not like his straggling branches of trees without masses of foliage, continually running up into the sky, merely to let in the landscape beyond. No. 37, *Blowing Hot and Cold*, by Jordaens, is as fine a picture as need be painted. It is full of character, of life, and pleasing colour. It is rich and not gross. 87, *Portrait of a Lady*, said in the printed Catalogue to be by Andrea Sacchi, is surely by Carlo Maratti, to whom it used to be given. It has great beauty, great elegance, great expression, and great brilliancy of execution;

but every thing in it belongs to a more polished style of art than Andrea Sacchi. Be this as it may, it is one of the most perfect pictures in the collection. Of the portraits of known individuals in this room, we wish to say but little, for we can say nothing good. That of *John Kemble,* by Beechey [153], is perhaps the most direct and manly. In this room is Rubens's *Samson and Delilah* [168], a coarse daub—at least it looks so between two pictures by Vandyke, *Charity* [124], and a *Madonna and Infant Christ* [135]. That painter probably never produced any thing more complete than these two compositions. They have the softness of air, the solidity of marble: the pencil appears to float and glide over the features of the face, the folds of the drapery, with easy volubility, but to mark every thing with a precision, a force, a grace indescribable. Truth seems to hold the pencil, and elegance to guide it. The attitudes are exquisite, and the expression all but divine. It is not like Raphael's, it is true—but whose else was? Vandyke was born in Holland, and lived most of his time in England!—There are several capital pictures of horses, &c. by Wouvermans, in the same room, particularly the one with a hay-cart loading on the top of a rising ground [53]. The composition is as striking and pleasing as the execution is delicate. There is immense knowledge and character in Wouvermaas' horses—an ear, an eye turned round,

a cropped tail, give you their history and thoughts —but from the want of a little arrangement, his figures look too often like spots on a dark ground. When they are properly relieved and disentangled from the rest of the composition, there is an appearance of great life and bustle in his pictures. His horses, however, have too much of the *manège* in them—he seldom gets beyond the camp or the riding-school.

This room is rich in master-pieces. Here is the *Jacob's Dream*, by Rembrandt [179], with that sleeping figure, thrown like a bundle of clothes in one corner of the picture, by the side of some stunted bushes, and with those winged shapes hovering above, not human, nor angelical, but bird-like, dream-like, treading on clouds, ascending, descending, through the realms of endless light, that loses itself in infinite space! No one else could ever grapple with this subject, or stamp it on the willing canvas in its gorgeous obscurity, but Rembrandt! Here also is the *St. Barbara* of Rubens [204], fleeing from her persecutors; a noble design, as if she were scaling the steps of some high overhanging turret, moving majestically on, with Fear before her, Death behind her, and Martyrdom crowning her:—and here is an eloquent landscape by the same master-hand [207], the subject of which is a shepherd piping his flock homewards through a narrow defile, with a graceful group of autumnal trees

waving on the edge of the declivity above, and the rosy evening light streaming through the clouds on the green moist landscape in the still lengthening distance. Here (to pass from one kind of excellence to another with kindly interchange) is a clear sparkling *Water-fall*, by Ruysdael [145], and Hobbema's *Water-Mill* [131], with the wheels in motion, and the ducks paddling in the restless stream. Is not this a sad anti-climax, from Jacob's Dream to a picture of a Water-Mill? We do not know; and we should care as little, could we but paint either of the pictures.

Entire affection scorneth nicer hands.

If a picture is admirable in its kind, we do not give ourselves much trouble about the subject. Could we paint as well as Hobbema, we should not envy Rembrandt: nay, even as it is, while we can relish both, we envy neither!

The CENTRE ROOM commences with a *Girl at a Window*, by Rembrandt [206]. The picture is known by the print of it, and is one of the most remarkable and pleasing in the Collection. For clearness, for breadth, for a lively, ruddy look of healthy nature, it cannot be surpassed. The execution of the drapery is masterly. There is a story told of its being his servant-maid looking out of a window, but it is evidently the portrait of a mere child.

A Farrier shoeing an Ass, by Berghem [232],

is in his usual manner. There is truth of character and delicate finishing; but the fault of all Berghem's pictures is that he continues to finish after he has done looking at nature, and his last touches are different from hers. Hence comes that resemblance to *tea-board* painting, which even his best works are chargeable with.

We find here one or two small Claudes of no great value; and two very clever specimens of the court-painter, Watteau, the Gainsborough of France. They are marked as 197 and 210, *Fête Champêtre,* and *Le Bal Champêtre.*

There is something exceedingly light, agreeable, and characteristic in this artist's productions. He might also be said to breathe his figures and his flowers on the canvas—so fragile is their texture, so evanescent is his touch. He unites the court and the country at a sort of salient point—you may fancy yourself with Count Grammont and the beauties of Charles II. in their gay retreat at Tunbridge Wells. His trees have a drawing-room air with them, an appearance of gentility and etiquette, and nod gracefully over-head; while the figures below, thin as air, and *vegetably* clad, in the midst of all their affectation and grimace, seem to have just sprung out of the ground, or to be the fairy inhabitants of the scene in masquerade. They are the Oreads and Dryads of

the Luxembourg! Quaint association, happily effected by the pencil of Watteau! In the *Bal Champêtre* we see Louis XIV. himself dancing, looking so like an old beau, his face flushed and puckered up with gay anxiety; but then the satin of his slashed doublet is made of the softest leaves of the water-lily; Zephyr plays wanton with the curls of his wig! We have nobody who could produce a companion to this picture now: nor do we very devoutly wish it. The Louis the Fourteenths are extinct, and we suspect their revival would hardly be compensated even by the re-appearance of a Watteau.

No. 254, *the Death of Cardinal Beaufort,* by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is a very indifferent and rather unpleasant sketch of a very fine picture. One of the most delightful things in this delightful collection is *the Portrait of the Prince of the Asturias,* [194] by Velasquez. The easy lightness of the childish Prince contrasts delightfully with the unwieldy figure of the horse, which has evidently been brought all the way from the Low Countries for the amusement of his rider. Velasquez was (with only two exceptions, Titian and Vandyke) as fine a portrait-painter as ever lived!

In the centre room also is the *Meeting of Jacob and Rachel,* by Murillo [294], a sweet picture with a fresh green landscape, and the heart of love in the midst of it.

There are several heads of Holbein scattered up and down the different compartments. We need hardly observe that they all have character in the extreme, so that we may be said to be acquainted with the people they represent: but then they give nothing but character, and only one part of that, *viz.* the dry, the literal, the concrete, and fixed. They want the addition of passion and beauty; but they are the finest *caput mortuums* of expression that ever were made. Hans Holbein had none of the volatile essence of genius in his composition. If portrait-painting is the prose of the art, his pictures are the prose of portrait-painting. Yet he is "a reverend name" in art, and one of the benefactors of the human mind. He has left faces behind him that we would give the world to have seen, and there they are—stamped on his canvas for ever! Who, in reading over the names of certain individuals, does not feel a yearning in his breast to know their features and their lineaments? We look through a small frame, and lo! at the distance of three centuries, we have before us the figures of Anne Boleyn, of the virtuous Cranmer, the bigotted Queen Mary, the noble Surrey—as if we had seen them in their life-time, not perhaps in their best moods or happiest attitudes, but as they sometimes appeared, no doubt. We know at least what sort of looking people they were: our minds are made easy on that score; the "body and limbs" are there, and we may "add

what flourishes" of grace or ornament we please. Holbein's heads are to the finest portraits what state-papers are to history.

The first picture in the FOURTH ROOM is *The Prophet Samuel*, by Sir Joshua (286). It is not the Prophet Samuel, but a very charming picture of a little child saying its prayers. The second is *The Education of Bacchus*, by Nicholas Poussin (115).* This picture makes one thirsty to look at it—the colouring even is dry and adust. It is true *history* in the technical phrase, that is to say, true poetry in the vulgate. The figure of the infant Bacchus seems as if he would drink up a vintage—he drinks with his mouth, his hands, his belly, and his whole body. Gargantua was nothing to him. In the *Nursing of Jupiter* (300), in like manner, we are thrown back into the infancy of mythologic lore. The little Jupiter, suckled by a she-goat, is beautifully conceived and expressed; and the dignity and ascendency given to these animals in the picture is wonderfully happy. They have a very imposing air of gravity indeed, and seem to be by prescription "grand caterers and wet-nurses of the state" of Heaven! *Apollo giving a Poet a Cup of Water to drink*, by N. Poussin (295), is elegant and classical: and *The Flight into Egypt*, by N. Poussin (310), instantly takes

* The picture in the Dulwich Gallery is only a copy from the fine original in the National Gallery, No. 39.

the tone of Scripture-history. This is strange, but so it is. All things are possible to a high imagination. All things, about which we have a feeling, may be expressed by true genius. A dark landscape by the same hand (279), in a corner of the room, is a proof of this. There are trees in the fore-ground, with a paved road and buildings in the distance. The Genius of antiquity might wander here, and feel itself at home. The large leaves are wet and heavy with dew, and the eye dwells "under the shade of melancholy boughs." In the old collection (in Mr. Desenfans' time) the Poussins occupied a separate room by themselves, and it was (we confess) a very favourite room with us.

No. 159 is a *Landscape*, by Salvator Rosa. It is one of his very best—rough, grotesque, wild; Pan has struck it with his hoof; the trees, the rocks, the fore-ground, are of a piece, and the figures are subordinate to the landscape. The same dull sky lowers upon the scene, and the bleak air chills the crisp surface of the water. It is a consolation to us to meet with a fine Salvator. His is one of the great names in art, and it is among our sources of regret that we cannot always admire his works as we would do, from our respect to his reputation and our love of the man. Poor Salvator! he was unhappy in his life-time; and it vexes us to think that we cannot make him amends by fancying him so

great a painter as some others, whose fame was not their only inheritance!

281, *Venus and Cupid,* is a delightful copy after Correggio. We have no such regrets or qualms of conscience with respect to him. "He has had his reward." The weight of his renown balances the weight of barbarous coin that sunk him to the earth. Could he live now, and know what others think of him, his misfortunes would seem as dross compared with his lasting glory, and his heart would melt within him at the thought, with a sweetness that only his own pencil could express.

326, *The Virgin, Infant Christ, and St. John,* by Andrea del Sarto, is exceedingly good.—327, Another *Holy Family,* by the same, is an admirable picture, and only inferior to Raphael. It has delicacy, force, thought, and feeling. "What lacks it then," to be equal to Raphael? We hardly know, unless it be a certain firmness and freedom, and glowing animation. The execution is more timid and laboured. It looks like a picture (an exquisite one, indeed), but Raphael's look like the divine reality itself!—

No. 319, *Cocles defending the Bridge,* is by Le Brun. We do not like this picture, nor 252, *The Massacre of the Innocents,* by the same artist. One reason is that they are French, and another that they are not good. They have great merit, it is true, but their merits are only

splendid sins. They are mechanical, mannered, colourless, and unfeeling.

No. 248, is Murillo's *Spanish Girl with Flowers.* The sun tinted the young gipsey's complexion, and not the painter.—No. 215, is *The Casatella and Villa of Mæcenas, near Tivoli,* by Wilson, with his own portrait in the foreground. It is an imperfect sketch; but there is a curious anecdote relating to it, that he was so delighted with the waterfall itself that he cried out, while painting it: "Well done, water, by G—d!"—No. 324, *Saint Cecilia,* by Guercino, is a very pleasing picture, in his least gaudy manner.—No. 263, *Venus and Adonis,* by Titian. We see so many of these Venuses and Adonises that we should like to know which is the true one. This is one of the best we have seen. We have two Francesco Molas in this room, the *Rape of Proserpine* (No. 285), and a *Landscape with a Holy Family* (No. 266). This artist dipped his pencil so thoroughly in Titian's palette that his works cannot fail to have that rich, mellow look, which is always delightful.—No. 309, *Portrait of Philip the Fourth of Spain,* by Velasquez, is purity and truth itself. We used to like the *Sleeping Nymph,* by Titian, when we saw it formerly in the little entrance-room at Desenfans', but we cannot say much in its praise here.*

* The editor is not aware of any such picture by Titian in the Dulwich Gallery at present.

The Fifth Room is the smallest, but the most precious in its contents.—No. 283, *Spanish Beggar Boys*, by Murillo, is the triumph of this Collection, and almost of painting. In the imitation of common life, nothing ever went beyond it, or, as far as we can judge, came up to it. A Dutch picture is mechanical, and mere *still life* to it. But this is life itself. The boy at play on the ground is miraculous. It is done with a few dragging strokes of the pencil, and with a little tinge of colour; but the mouth, the nose, the eyes, the chin, are as brimful as they can hold of expression, of arch roguery, of animal spirits, of vigorous, elastic health. The vivid, glowing, cheerful look is such as could only be found beneath a southern sun. The fens and dykes of Holland (with all our respect for them) could never produce such an epitome of the vital principle. The other boy, standing up with the pitcher in his hand, and a crust of bread in his mouth, is scarcely less excellent. His sulky, phlegmatic indifference speaks for itself. The companion to this picture, 284, is also very fine. Compared with these imitations of nature, as faultless as they are spirited, Murillo's Virgins and Angels, however good in themselves, look vapid, and even vulgar. A *Child Sleeping* (330), by the same painter, is a beautiful and masterly study. —No. 128, a *Musical Party*, by Giorgione, is well worthy the notice of the connoisseur.—

No. 331, *St. John preaching in the Wilderness*, by Guido, is an extraordinary picture, and very unlike this painter's usual manner. The colour is as if the flesh had been stained all over with brick-dust. There is, however, a wildness about it which accords well with the subject, and the figure of St. John is full of grace and gusto.—No. 339, *The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian*, by the same, is much finer, both as to execution and expression. The face is imbued with deep passion.—No. 133, *Portrait of a Man*, by L. da Vinci, is truly simple and grand, and at once carries you back to that age.—*Boors Merry Making*, by A. Ostade (190), is fine; but has no business where it is. Yet it takes up very little room.—No. 340, *Portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in the character of the Tragic Muse*, by Sir Joshua, appears to us to resemble neither Mrs. Siddons nor the Tragic Muse. It is in a bastard style of art. Sir Joshua had an importunate theory of improving upon nature. He might improve upon indifferent nature, but when he had got the finest, he thought to improve upon that too, and only spoiled it.—No. 255, *The Virgin and Child*, by Correggio, can only be a copy.*—No. 191, *The Judgment of Paris*, by Vanderwerff, is a picture, and by a master that we hate. He always chooses for

* It is a copy from Correggio's *Vierge au Panier*, in the National Gallery, No. 23.

his subjects naked figures of women, and tantalises us by making them of coloured ivory. They are like hard-ware toys.—No. 333, *a Cardinal blessing a Person*, by P. Veronese, is dignified and picturesque in the highest degree.—No. 349, *The Adoration of the Shepherds*, by Annibal Caracci, is an elaborate, but not very successful performance.—No. 329, *Christ bearing his Cross*, by Morales, concludes the list, and is worthy to conclude it.

THE

MARQUIS OF STAFFORD'S GALLERY.

Our intercourse with the dead is better than our intercourse with the living. There are only three pleasures in life pure and lasting, and all derived from inanimate things—books, pictures, and the face of nature. What is the world but a heap of ruined friendships, but the grave of love? All other pleasures are as false and hollow, vanishing from our embrace like smoke, or like a feverish dream. Scarcely can we recollect that they were, or recal without an effort the anxious and momentary interest we took in them.

But thou, oh! divine *Bath of Diana*, with deep azure dyes, with roseate hues, spread by the hand of Titian, art still there upon the wall, another, yet the same that thou wert five-and-twenty years ago, nor wantest

> —— Forked mountain or blue promontory
> With trees upon't that nod unto the world,
> And mock our eyes with air!

And lo! over the clear lone brow of Tuderley and Norman Court, knit into the web and fibres of our heart, the sighing grove waves in the autumnal air, deserted by Love, by Hope, but for ever haunted by Memory! And there that fine passage stands in Antony and Cleopatra as we read it long ago with exulting eyes in Paris, after puzzling over a tragedy of Racine's, and cried aloud: "Our Shakspeare was also a poet!" These feelings, are dear to us at the time; and they come back unimpaired, heightened, mellowed, whenever we choose to go back to them. We turn over the leaf and "volume of the brain," and there see them face to face.—Marina in Pericles complains that

Life is as a storm hurrying her from her friends!

Not so from the friends above-mentioned. If we bring but an eye, an understanding, and a heart to them, we find them always with us, always the same. The change, if there is one, is in us, not in them. Oh! thou then, whoever thou art, that dost seek happiness in thyself, independent of others, not subject to caprice, not mocked by insult, not snatched away by ruthless hands, over which Time has no power, and that Death alone cancels, seek it (if thou art wise) in books, in pictures, and the face of nature, for these alone we may count upon as friends for life! While we are true to ourselves, they will not be faithless to us. While

we remember any thing, we cannot forget them. As long as we have a wish for pleasure, we may find it here; for it depends only on our love for them, and not on theirs for us. The enjoyment is purely *ideal*, and is refined, unembittered, unfading, for that reason.

A complaint has been made of the short-lived duration of works of art, and particularly of pictures; and poets more especially are apt to lament and to indulge in elegiac strains over the fragile beauties of the sister-art. The complaint is inconsiderate, if not invidious. *They will last our time.* Nay, they have lasted centuries before us, and will last centuries after us; and even when they are no more, will leave a shadow and a cloud of glory behind them, through all time. Lord Bacon exclaims triumphantly, "Have not the poems of Homer lasted five-and-twenty hundred years, and not a syllable of them is lost?" But it might be asked in return, "Have not many of the Greek statues now lasted almost as long, without losing a particle of their splendour or their meaning, while the Iliad (except to a very few) has become almost a dead letter?" Has not the Venus of Medicis had almost as many partisans and admirers as the Helen of the old blind bard? Besides, what has Phidias gained in reputation even by the discovery of the Elgin Marbles? Or is not Michael Angelo's the greatest name in modern art, whose works we only know from description and by report? Surely, there

is something in a name, in wide-spread reputation, in endless renown, to satisfy the ambition of the mind of man. Who in his works would vie immortality with nature? An epitaph, an everlasting monument in the dim remembrance of ages, is enough below the skies. Moreover, the sense of final inevitable decay *humanises*, and gives an affecting character to the triumphs of exalted art. Imperishable works executed by perishable hands are a sort of insult to our nature, and almost a contradiction in terms. They are ungrateful children, and mock the makers. Neither is the noble idea of antiquity legibly made out without the marks of the progress and lapse of time. That which is as good now as ever it was seems a thing of yesterday. Nothing is old to the imagination that does not appear to grow old. Ruins are grander and more venerable than any modern structure can be, or than the oldest could be if kept in the most entire preservation. They convey the perspective of time. So the Elgin Marbles are more impressive from their mouldering, imperfect state. They transport us to the Parthenon, and old Greece. The Theseus is of the age of Theseus: while the Apollo Belvedere is a modern fine gentleman; and we think of this last figure only as an ornament to the room where it happens to be placed.—We conceive that those are persons of narrow minds who cannot relish an author's style that smacks of time, that has a crust of antiquity over it, like

that which gathers upon old wine. These sprinklings of *archaisms* and obsolete turns of expression (so abhorrent to the fashionable reader) are intellectual links that connect the generations together, and enlarge our knowledge of language and of nature. Of the two, we prefer *black-letter* to hot-pressed paper! Does not every language change and wear out? Do not the most popular writers become quaint and old-fashioned every fifty or every hundred years? Is there not a constant conflict of taste and opinion between those who adhere to the established and triter modes of expression, and those who affect glossy innovations, in advance of the age? It is pride enough for the best authors *to have been read.* This applies to their own country; and to all others, they are "a book sealed." But Rubens is as good in Holland as he is in Flanders, where he was born, in Italy or in Spain, in England, or in Scotland—no, there alone he is *not* understood. The Scotch understand nothing but what is Scotch. What has the dry, husky, economic eye of Scotland to do with the florid hues and luxuriant extravagance of Rubens? Nothing. They like Wilkie's *pauper* style better.

It may be said that translations remedy the want of universality of language: but prints give (at least) as good an idea of pictures as translations do of poems, or of any productions of the press that employ the colouring of style and imagination. Gil Blas is translateable; Racine and

Rousseau are not. The mere English student knows more of the character and spirit of Raphael's pictures in the Vatican, from a print, than he does of Ariosto or Tasso from Hoole's version. There is, however, one exception to the catholic language of painting, which is in French pictures. They are national fixtures, and ought never to be removed from the soil in which they grow. They will not answer any where else, nor are they worth Custom-house duties. Flemish, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, are all good and intelligible in their several ways—we know what they mean—they require no interpreter: but the French painters see nature with organs and with minds peculiarly their own. One must be born in France to understand their painting or their poetry. Their productions in art are either literal, or extravagant—dry, frigid *fac-similes*, in which they seem to take up nature by pin-points, or else vapid distorted caricatures, out of all rule and compass. They are, in fact, at home only in the light and elegant; and whenever they attempt to add force or solidity (as they must do in the severer productions of the pencil) they are compelled to substitute an excess of minute industry for a comprehension of the whole, or make a desperate mechanical effort at extreme expression, instead of giving the true, natural, and powerful workings of passion. Their representations of nature are meagre skeletons, that bear the same relation to the originals that botanical specimens,

enclosed in a portfolio, flat, dry, hard, and pithless, do to flourishing plants and shrubs. Their historical figures are painful outlines, or graduated elevations of the common statues, spiritless, colourless, motionless, which have the form, but none of the power of the *antique*. What an abortive attempt is the *Coronation of Napoleon*, by the celebrated David, lately exhibited in this country! It looks like a finished sign-post painting—a sea of frozen outlines.—Could the artist make nothing of "the foremost man in all this world," but a stiff, upright figure? The figure and attitude of the Empress are, however, pretty and graceful; and we recollect one face in profile, of an ecclesiastic, to the right, with a sanguine look of health in the complexion, and a large benevolence of soul. It is not Monsieur Talleyrand, whom the late Lord Castlereagh characterised as a worthy man and his friend. His lordship was not a physiognomist! The whole of the shadowed part of the picture seems to be enveloped in a shower of blue powder.—But to make amends for all that there is or that there is not in the work, David has introduced his wife and his two daughters; and in the Catalogue has given us the places of abode, and the names of the husbands of the latter. This is a little out of place, yet these are the people who laugh at our blunders. We do not mean to extend the above sweeping censure to Claude, or Poussin: of course they are excepted: but even in them the

national character lurked amidst unrivalled excellence. If Claude has a fault, it is that he is finical; and Poussin's figures might be said by a satirist to be antique puppets. To proceed to our task.—

The first picture that struck us on entering the Marquis of Stafford's Gallery (a little bewildered as we were with old recollections and present objects) was the *Meeting of Christ and St. John*, one of Raphael's master-pieces. The eager "child-worship" of the young St. John, the modest retirement and dignified sweetness of the Christ, and the graceful, matron-like air of the Virgin bending over them, full and noble, yet feminine and elegant, cannot be surpassed. No words can describe them to those who have not seen the picture:—the attempt is still vainer to those who have. There is, however, a very fine engraving of this picture, which may be had for a trifling sum.—No glory is around the head of the Mother, nor is it needed: but the soul of the painter sheds its influence over it like a dove, and the spirit of love, sanctity, beauty, breathes from the divine group. There are four Raphaels (Holy Families) in this collection, two others by the side of this in his early more precise and affected manner, somewhat faded, and a small one of the *Virgin, Sleeping Jesus, and St. John*, in his finest manner. There is, or there was, a duplicate of this picture (of which the engraving is also common) in the Louvre,

which was certainly superior to the one at the Marquis of Stafford's. The colouring of the drapery in that too was cold, and the face of the Virgin thin and poor; but never was infancy laid asleep more calmly, more sweetly, more soundly, than in the figure of our Saviour—the little pouting mouth seemed to drink balmy, innocent sleep—and the rude expression of wonder and delight in the more robust, sun-burnt, fur-clad figure of St. John was as spirited in itself as it was striking, when contrasted with the meeker beauties of the figure opposed to it.—From these we turn to the FOUR AGES, by Titian, or Giorgione, as some say. Strange that there should have lived two men in the same age, on the same spot of earth, with respect to whom it should bear a question—which of them painted such a picture! Barry, we remember, and Collins, the miniature-painter, thought it a Giorgione, and they were considered two of the best judges *going*, at the time this picture was exhibited, among others, in the Orleans Gallery. We cannot pretend to decide on such nice matters *ex cathedrâ;* but no painter need be ashamed to own it. The gradations of human life are marked with characteristic felicity, and the landscape, which is thrown in, adds a pastoral charm and *naiveté* to the whole. To live or to die in such a chosen still retreat, must be happiness! Certainly, this composition suggests a beautiful moral lesson; and as to the painting of the group

of children in the corner, we suppose, for careless freedom of pencil, and a certain milky softness of the flesh, it can scarcely be parallelled. Over the three Raphaels is a *Danae*, by Annibal Caracci, which we used to adore where it was hung on high in the Orleans Gallery. The face is fine, up-turned, expectant; and the figure no less fine, desirable, ample, worthy of a God.—The golden shower is just seen descending; the landscape at a distance has (so fancy might interpret) a cold, shuddering aspect. There is another very fine picture of the same hand close by, *St. Gregory with Angels.* It is difficult to know which to admire most, the resigned and yet earnest expression of the Saint, or the elegant forms, the graceful attitudes, and bland, cordial, benignant faces of the attendant angels. The artist in these last has evidently had an eye to Correggio, both in the waving outline and in the charm of the expression; and he has succeeded admirably, but not entirely. Something of the extreme unction of Correggio is wanting. The drawing of Annibal's Angels is, perhaps, too firm, too sinewy, too masculine. In Correggio, the Angel's spirit seemed to be united to a human body, to imbue, mould, penetrate every part with its sweetness and softness: in Caracci, you would say that a heavenly spirit inhabited, looked out of, moved a goodly human frame,

> And o'er informed the tenement of clay.

The composition of this picture is rather forced (it was one of those *made to order* for the monks) and the colour is somewhat metallic; but it has, notwithstanding, on the whole, a striking and tolerably harmonious effect.—There is still another picture by Caracci (also an old favourite with us, for it was in the Orleans set) *Diana and Nymphs bathing*, with the story of Calisto. It is one of his very best, with something of the drawing of the antique, and the landscape-colouring of Titian. The figures are all heroic, handsome, such as might belong to huntresses, or Goddesses: and the coolness and seclusion of the scene, under grey over-hanging cliffs, and brown overshadowing trees, with all the richness and truth of nature, have the effect of an enchanting reality.—The story and figures are more classical and better managed than those of the *Diana and Calisto* by Titian; but there is a charm in that picture and the fellow to it, the *Diana and Actæon* (there is no other fellow to it in the world!), which no words can convey. It is the charm thrown over each by the greatest genius for colouring that the world ever saw. It is difficult, nay, impossible, to say which is the finest in this respect: but either one or the other (whichever we turn to, and we can never be satisfied with looking at either—so rich a scene do they unfold, so serene a harmony do they infuse into the soul) is like a divine piece of music, or rises "like an exhala-

tion of rich distilled perfumes." In the figures, in the landscape, in the water, in the sky, there are tones, colours, scattered with a profuse and unerring hand, gorgeous, but most true, dazzling with their force, but blended, softened, woven together into a woof like that of Iris—tints of flesh colour, as if you saw the blood circling beneath the pearly skin; clouds empurpled with setting suns: hills steeped in azure skies; trees turning to a mellow brown; the cold grey rocks, and the water so translucent that you see the shadows and the snowy feet of the naked nymphs in it. With all this prodigality of genius, there is the greatest severity and discipline of art. The figures seem grouped for the effect of colour—the most striking contrasts are struck out, and then a third object, a piece of drapery, an uplifted arm, a bow and arrows, a straggling weed, is introduced to make an intermediate tint, or carry on the harmony. Every colour is melted, *impasted* into every other, with fine keeping and bold diversity. Look at that indignant, queen-like figure of Diana (more perhaps like an offended mortal princess than an immortal Goddess, though the immortals could frown and give themselves strange airs), and see the snowy, ermine-like skin; the pale clear shadows of the delicately formed back; then the brown colour of the slender trees behind to set off the shaded flesh; and last, the dark figure of the Ethiopian girl behind, com-

pleting the gradation. Then the bright scarf suspended in the air connects itself with the glowing clouds, and deepens the solemn azure of the sky: Actæon's bow and arrows fallen on the ground are also red; and there is a little flower on the brink of the Bath which catches and pleases the eye, saturated with this colour. The yellowish grey of the earth purifies the low tone of the figures where they are in half-shadow; and this again is enlivened by the leaden-coloured fountain of the bath, which is set off (or kept down in its proper place) by the blue vestments strewn near it. The figure of Actæon is spirited and natural; it is that of a bold rough hunter in the early ages, struck with surprise, abashed with beauty. The forms of some of the female figures are elegant enough, particularly that of Diana in the story of Calisto; and there is a very pretty-faced girl mischievously dragging the culprit forward; but it is the texture of the flesh that is thoroughly delicious, unrivalled, surpassingly fair. The landscape canopies the living scene with a sort of proud, disdainful consciousness. The trees nod to it, and the hills roll at a distance in a sea of colour. Every where tone, not form, predominates—there is not a distinct line in the picture—but a gusto, a rich taste of colour is left upon the eye, as if it were the palate, and the diapason of picturesque harmony is full to overflowing. "Oh Titian and Nature! which of you copied the other?"

We are ashamed of this description, now that we have made it, and heartily wish somebody would make a better. There is another Titian here (which was also in the Orleans Gallery),* *Venus rising from the Sea.* The figure and face are gracefully designed and sweetly expressed:—whether it is the picture of the Goddess of Love may admit of a question: that it is the picture of a lovely woman, in a lovely attitude, admits of none. The half-shadow, in which most of it is painted, is a kind of veil through which the delicate skin shows more transparent and aeriel. There is nothing in the picture but this single exquisitely turned figure, and if it were continued downward to a whole length, it would seem like a copy of a statue of the Goddess carved in ivory or marble; but being only a half-length, it has not this effect at all, but looks like an enchanting study, or a part of a larger composition, selected *a l'envi.*—The hair, and the arm holding it up, are nearly the same as in the well-known picture of *Titian's Mistress,* and as delicious. The back-ground is beautifully painted. We said before that there was no object in the picture detached from the principal figure. Nay, there is the sea, and a sea-shell, but these might be given in sculpture.

* Two thirds of the principal pictures in the Orleans Collection are at present at Stafford-House, and third purchased by the Marquis of Stafford, and another third left by the Duke of Bridgewater, another of the purchasers. Mr. Brian had the remaining third.

Under the *Venus*, is a portrait, by Vandyke, of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, a most gentleman-like performance, mild, clear, intelligent, unassuming; and on the right of the spectator, a *Madonna*, by Guido, with the icy glow of sanctity upon it; and to the left, the *Fable of Salmacis*, by Albano (saving the ambiguity of the subject), exquisitely painted. Four finer specimens of the art can scarcely be found again in so small a compass. There is in another room a portrait, said to be by Moroni, called TITIAN'S SCHOOL-MASTER, from a vague tradition that he was in the habit of frequently visiting, in order to study and learn from it. If so, he must have profited by his assiduity; for it looks as if he had painted it. Not knowing any thing of Moroni, if we had been asked who had done it, we should have replied, "*Either Titian or the Devil.*"* It is considerably more laboured and minute than Titian; but the only objection at all staggering is that it has less fiery animation than is ordinarily to be found in his pictures. Look at the portrait above it, for instance—Clement VII. by the great Venetian; and you find the eye looking at you again, as if it had been observing you all the time: but the eye in *Titian's School-*

* "Aut Erasmus aut Diabolus." Sir Thomas More's exclamation on meeting with the philosopher of Rotterdam.

master, is *an eye to look at, not to look with,** or if it looks *at* you, it does not look *through* you, which may almost be made a test of Titian's heads. There is not the spirit, the intelligence within, moulding the expression, and giving it intensity of purpose and decision of character. In every other respect but this (and perhaps a certain want of breadth) it is as good as Titian. There is (we understand) a half-length of Clement VII. by Julio Romano, in the Papal Palace at Rome, in which he is represented as seated above the spectator, with the head elevated and the eye looking down like a camel's with an amazing dignity of aspect. The picture (Mr. Northcote says) is hard and ill-coloured, but, in strength of character and conception, superior to the Titian at the Marquis of Stafford's. Titian, undoubtedly, put a good deal of his own character into his portraits. He was not himself filled with the "milk of human kindness." He got his brother, who promised to rival him in his own art, and of whom he was jealous, sent on a foreign embassy; and he so frightened Pordenone, while he was painting an altar-piece for a church, that he worked with his palette and brushes in his hand, and a drawn sword by his side.

We meet with one or two admirable portraits, particularly No. 112, by Tintoretto, which is of

* The late Mr. Curran described John Kemble's eye in these words.

a fine fleshy tone, and *A Doge of Venice*, by Palma Vecchio, stamped with an expressive look of official and assumed dignity. There is a *Bassano*, No. 95, *The Circumcision*, the colours of which are somewhat dingy with age, and sunk into the canvas; but as the sun shone upon it while we were looking at it, it glittered all green and gold. *Bassano's* execution is as fine as possible, and his colouring has a most striking harmonious effect.

We must not forget the *Muleteers*, supposed to be by Correggio, in which the figure of the mule seems actually passing across the picture (you hear his bells); nor the little copy of his *Marriage of St. Catherine*, by L. Caracci, which is all over grace, delicacy, and sweetness. Any one may judge of his progress in a taste for the refinements of art, by his liking for this picture. Indeed, Correggio is the very essence of refinement. Among other pictures in the Italian division of the gallery, we would point out the Claudes (particularly Nos. 43 and 50,) which, though inferior to Mr. Angerstein's as compositions, preserve more of the delicacy of execution, (or what Barry used to call "*the fine oleaginous touches of Claude*")—two small Gaspar Poussins, in which the landscape seems to have been just washed by a shower, and the storm blown over.

The *Death of Adonis*, by Luca Cambiasi, an Orleans picture, lovely in sorrow, and in speech-

less agony, and faded like the life that is just expiring in it. A *Joseph and Potiphar's Wife*, by Alessandro Veronese, a very clever and sensible, but rigidly painted picture*—an Albert Durer, the *Death of the Virgin*—a *Female head*, by Leonardo da Vinci—and *the Woman taken in Adultery*, by Pordenone, which last the reader may admire or not, as he pleases. We cannot close this list without referring to the *Christ bearing his cross*, by Domenichino, a picture full of interest and skill; and the little touching allegory of the *Infant Christ sleeping on a Cross*, by Guido.

The Dutch School contains a number of excellent specimens of the best masters. There are two Tenierses, a *Fair*, and *Boors merry-making*, unrivalled for a look of the open air, for lively awkward gesture, and variety and grotesqueness of grouping and rustic character. There is a little picture, by Le Nain, called the *Village Minstrel*, with a set of youthful auditors, the most incorrigible little mischievous urchins we ever saw, but with admirable execution and expression. The Metzus are curious and fine—the Ostades admirable. Gerard Douw's own portrait is certainly a gem. We noticed a Ruysdael in one corner of the room [No. 221]; a dark, flat, wooded country, but delectable in tone and pencilling. Vandevelde's

* It is said in the catalogue to be painted on touchstone.

Sea-pieces are capital—the water is smooth as glass, and the boats and vessels have the buoyancy of butterflies on it. The *Sea-port*, by A. Cuyp, is miraculous for truth, brilliancy, and clearness, almost beyond actual water. These cannot be passed over; but there is a little picture which we beg to commend to the gentle reader, the Vangoyen, at the end of the room, No. 156, which has that yellow-tawny colour in the meads, and that grey chill look in the old convent, that give one the precise feeling of a mild day towards the end of winter, in a humid, marshy country. We many years ago copied a Vangoyen, a view of a Canal "with yellow tufted banks and gliding sail," modestly pencilled, truly felt—and have had an affection for him ever since. There is a small inner room with some most respectable modern pictures. Wilkie's *Breakfast-table* is among them.

The Sacraments, by N. Poussin, occupy a separate room by themselves, and have a grand and solemn effect; but we could hardly see them where they are; and in general we prefer his treatment of light and classical subjects to those of sacred history. He wanted *weight* for the last; or, if that word is objected to, we will change it, and say *force*.

On the whole, the Stafford Gallery is probably the most magnificent Collection this country can boast. The specimens of the different schools are as numerous as they are select;

and they are equally calculated to delight the student by the degree, or to inform the uninitiated by the variety, of excellence. Yet even this Collection is not complete. It is deficient in Rembrandts, Vandykes, and Rubenses; except one splendid allegory and fruit-piece by the last.

THE

PICTURES AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE palaces of Windsor and Hampton-Court contain pictures worthy of the feelings we attach to the names of those places. The first boasts a number of individual pictures of great excellence and interest, and the last the Cartoons.

Windsor Castle is remarkable in many respects. Its tall, grey, square towers, seated on a striking eminence, overlook for many miles the subjacent country, and, eyed in the distance, lead the mind of the solitary traveller to romantic musing; or, approached nearer, give the heart a quicker and stronger pulsation. Windsor, besides its picturesque, commanding situation, and its being the only palace in the kingdom fit for the receptacle of "a line of kings," is the scene of many classical associations. Who can pass through Datchet, and the neighbouring greensward paths, and not think of Falstaff, of Anne Page, and the oak of Herne the hunter? Or, if he does not, still he is affected by them as

if he did. The tall slim deer glance startled by, in some neglected track of memory, and fairies trip it in the unconscious haunts of the imagination! Pope's lines on Windsor Forest also suggest themselves to the mind in the same way, and make the air about it delicate. Gray has consecrated the same spot by his *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*; and the finest passage in Burke's writings is his comparison of the British Monarchy to "the proud Keep of Windsor." The walls and massy towers of Windsor Castle are indeed built of solid stone, weather-beaten, time-proof; but the image answering to them in the mind's eye is woven of pure thought and the airy films of the imagination—Arachne's web not finer!

The rooms are chill and comfortless at this time of the year,* and gilded ceilings look down on smoky fire-places. The view from the windows, too, which is so rich and glowing in the summer-time, is desolate and deformed with the rains overflowing the marshy grounds. As to physical comfort, one seems to have no more of it in these tapestried halls and on marble floors, than the poor bird driven before the pelting storm, or the ploughboy seeking shelter from the drizzling sky, in his sheepskin jacket and clouted shoes, beneath the dripping, leafless spray. The palace does not (more than the

* The present criticism was written in February, 1823.

hovel) always defend us against the winter's cold. The apartments are also filled with too many rubbishly pictures of kings and queens—there are too many of Verrio's paintings, and a whole roomful of West's; but there are ten or twenty pictures which the eye, having once seen, never loses sight of, and that make Windsor one of the retreats and treasuries of art in this country. These, however, are chiefly pictures which have a personal and individual interest attached to them, as we have already hinted: there are very few historical compositions of any value, and the subjects of the others are so desultory that the young person who shows them, and goes through the names of the painters and portraits very correctly, said she very nearly went out of her mind in the three weeks she was "studying her part." It is a matter of nomenclature: we hope we shall make as few blunders in our report as she did.

In the first room the stranger is shown into, there are two large landscapes by Zuccarelli (26 and 27). They are clever well-painted pictures; but they are worth nothing. The fault of this artist is that there is nothing absolutely good or bad in his pictures. They are mere handicraft. The whole is done with a certain mechanical ease and indifference; but it is evident no part of the picture gave him any pleasure, and it is impossible it should give the spectator any. His only ambition was to execute

his task so as to save his credit; and your first impulse is to turn away from the picture, and save your time.

In the next room, there are four Vandykes—two of them excellent. One is the Duchess of Richmond (3), a whole-length, in a white satin drapery, with a pet lamb. The expression of her face is a little sullen and capricious. The other, the Countess of Carlisle (14), has a shrewd, clever, sensible countenance; and, in a certain archness of look, and the contour of the lower part of the face, resembles the late Mrs. Jordan. —Between these two portraits is a copy after Rembrandt, by Gainsborough, a fine *sombre*, mellow head, with the hat flapped over the face.*

Among the most delightful and interesting of the pictures in this Collection, is the portrait by Vandyke, of Lady Venetia Digby (6). It is an allegorical composition: but what truth, what purity, what delicacy in the execution! You are introduced into the presence of a beautiful woman of quality of a former age, and it would be next to impossible to perform an unbecoming action with that portrait hanging in the room. It has an air of nobility about it, a spirit of humanity within it. There is a dove-like innocence

* The only male portrait, by Rembrandt, in Windsor Castle is of a *Young Man in a Turban*. There is a copy, by Gainsborough, from Rembrandt's portrait of a *Jewish Rabbi*, at Hampton Court. No. 541.

and softness about the eyes; in the clear, delicate complexion, health and sorrow contend for the mastery; the mouth is sweetness itself, the nose highly intelligent, and the forehead is one of "clear-spirited thought." But misfortune has touched all this grace and beauty, and left its canker there. This is shown no less by the air that pervades it than by the accompanying emblems. The children in particular are exquisitely painted, and have an evident reference to those we lately noticed in the *Four Ages*, by Titian. This portrait, both from the style and subject, reminds one forcibly of Mrs. Hutchinson's admirable Memoirs of her own Life. Both are equally history, and the history of the female heart (depicted, in the one case, by the pencil, in the other, by the pen,) in the finest age of female accomplishment and pious devotion.

Look at this portrait, breathing the beauty of virtue, and compare it with the "Beauties" of Charles II.'s court, by Lely.* They look just like what they were—a set of kept-mistresses, painted, tawdry, showing off their theatrical or meretricious airs and graces, without one trace of real elegance or refinement, or one spark of sentiment to touch the heart. Lady Grammont is the handsomest of them [H. C. 163]; and, though the most voluptuous in her attire and attitude, the most decent. The Duchess of

* At Hampton Court.

Cleveland [H. C. 160], in her helmet and plumes, looks quite like a heroine of romance or modern Amazon; but for an air of easy assurance, inviting admiration, and alarmed at nothing but being thought coy, commend us to my Lady Rochester above [H. C. 154], in the sky-blue drapery, thrown carelessly across her shoulders! As paintings, these celebrated portraits cannot rank very high. They have an affected ease, but a real hardness of manner and execution; and they have that contortion of attitude and setness of features which we afterwards find carried to so disgusting and insipid an excess in Kneller's portraits. Sir Peter Lely was, however, a better painter than Sir Godfrey Kneller—that is the highest praise that can be accorded to him. He had more spirit, more originality, and was the livelier coxcomb of the two! Both these painters possessed considerable mechanical dexterity, but it is not of a refined kind. Neither of them could be ranked among great painters, yet they were thought by their contemporaries and themselves superior to every one. At the distance of a hundred years we see the thing plainly enough.

In the same room with the portrait of Lady Digby, there is one of Killigrew and Carew, by the same masterly hand (4). There is spirit and character in the profile of Carew, while the head of Killigrew is surprising from its composure and sedateness of aspect. He was one of the

grave wits of the day, who made nonsense a profound study, and turned trifles into philosophy, and philosophy into a jest. The pale, sallow complexion of this head is throughout in wonderful keeping. The beard and face seem nearly of the same colour. We often see this clear uniform colour of the skin in Titian's portraits. But then the dark eyes, beard, and eyebrows, give relief and distinctness. The fair hair and complexions, that Vandyke usually painted, with the almost total absence of shade from his pictures, made the task more difficult; and, indeed, the prominence and effect he produces in this respect, without any of the usual means, are almost miraculous.

There are several of his portraits, equestrian and others, of Charles I. in this Collection, some of them good, none of them first-rate. Those of Henrietta (his Queen) are always delightful. The painter has made her the most lady-like of Queens, and of women.

The family picture of the Children of Charles I. (11) is certainly admirably painted and managed. The large mastiff-dog is inimitably fine and true to nature, and seems as if he was made to be pulled about by a parcel of royal infants from generation to generation. In general, it may be objected to Vandyke's *dressed* children that they look like little old men and women. His grown-up people had too much stiffness and formality; and the same thing must

quite overlay the playfulness of infancy. Yet what a difference between these young princes of the House of Stuart, and two of the princes of the reigning family with their mother, by Ramsay, which are evident likenesses to this hour!

We have lost our reckoning as to the order of the pictures and rooms in which they are placed, and must proceed promiscuously through the remainder of our catalogue.*

One of the most noted pictures at Windsor is that of the *Misers*,† by Quintin Matsys [67]. Its name is greater than its merits, like many other pictures which have a lucky or intelligible subject, boldly executed. The conception is good, the colouring bad; the drawing firm, and the expression coarse and obvious. We are sorry to speak at all disparagingly of Quintin Matsys; for the story goes that he was originally bred a blacksmith, and turned painter to gain his master's daughter, who would give her hand to no one but on that condition. Happy he who thus gained the object of his love, though posterity may differ about his merits as an artist! Yet it is certain that any romantic incident of this kind, connected with a well-known work, inclines us to regard it with a favourable instead of a critical eye, by enhancing

* In the present edition, the references are supplied in their brackets.

† Or more properly the *Moncy-changers*. A miser when he counts his gold loves entire solitude.

our pleasure in it; as the eccentric character, the wild subjects, and the sounding name of Salvator Rosa have tended to lift him into the highest rank of fame among painters.

In the same room with the *Misers,* by the Blacksmith of Antwerp, is a very different picture by Titian, consisting of two figures also, *viz.* Himself and a Venetian Senator [54]. It is one of the finest specimens of this master. His own portrait is not much: it has spirit, but is hard, with somewhat of a vulgar, knowing look. But the head of the Senator* is as fine as any thing that ever proceeded from the hand of man. The expression is a lambent flame, a soul of fire dimmed, not quenched, by age. The flesh *is* flesh. If Rubens' pencil fed upon roses, Titian's was *carnivorous.* The tone is betwixt a gold and silver hue. The texture and pencilling are marrowy. The dress is a rich crimson, which seems to have been growing deeper ever since it was painted. It is a front view. As far as attitude or action is concerned, it is mere *still-life;* but the look is of that kind that goes through you at a single glance. Let any one look well at this portrait, and if he then sees nothing in it, or in the portraits of this painter in general, let him give up *virtù* and criticism in despair.

This room is rich in valuable gems, which

* The Chancellor Andrea Franceschini.

might serve as a test of a real taste for the art, depending for their value on intrinsic qualities, and not on imposing subjects, or mechanical arrangement or quantity. As where "the still small voice of reason" is wanting, we judge of actions by noisy success and popularity; so where there is no true moral sense in art, nothing goes down but pomp, and bustle, and pretension. The eye of taste looks to see if a work has nature's finest image and superscription upon it, and for no other title and passport to fame. There is a *Young Man's Head* (we believe in one corner of this room), by Holbein [114], in which we can read high and heroic thoughts and resolutions better than in any *Continence of Scipio* we ever saw, or than in all the *Battles of Alexander* thrown into a lump.* There is a *Portrait of Erasmus* [57], by the same, and in the same or an adjoining room, in which we see into the mind of a scholar and of an amiable man, as through a window. There is a *Head* by Parmegiano [60], lofty, triumphant, showing the spirit of another age and clime—one by Raphael, studious and self-involved†—another, said to be by Leonardo da Vinci (but more like Holbein), grown crabbed with age and thought—and a girl reading, by Correggio, in-

* The picture in question is only a copy from Holbein, by George Pentz, of Nuremberg.

† There is no Head, by Raphael, at Windsor.

tent on her subject, and not forgetting herself.* These are the materials of history; and if it is not made of them, it is a nickname or a mockery. All that does not lay open the fine net-work of the heart and brain of man, that does not make us see deeper into the soul, is but the apparatus and machinery of history-painting, and no more to it than the frame is to the picture.

We noticed a little *Mater Dolorosa* in one of the rooms [65], by Carlo Dolce, which is a pale, pleasing, expressive head. There are two large figures of his, a *Magdalen* [116] and another, the *Daughter of Herodias* [118], which are in the very falsest style of colouring and expression; and *Youth* and *Age*, by Denner,† which are in as perfectly bad a taste and style of execution as any thing we ever saw of this artist, who was an adept in that way.

We are afraid we have forgotten one or two meritorious pictures which we meant to notice. There is one we just recollect, a *Portrait of a Youth* in black, by Parmegiano [122]. It is in a singular style, but very bold, expressive, and natural. There is (in the same apartment of the palace) a fine picture of the *Battle of Nordlingen*,

* There is no such subject, by Correggio, at Windsor. Hampton Court possesses a copy of his *St. Catherine Reading*.

† These are at Hampton Court. Nos. 328, 329.

by Rubens.* The size and spirit of the horses in the fore-ground, and the obvious animation of the riders, are finely contrasted with the airy perspective and mechanical grouping of the armies at a distance; and so as to prevent that confusion and want of positive relief which usually pervade battle-pieces. In the same room (opposite) is Kneller's *Chinese converted to Christianity* †—a portrait of which he was justly proud. It is a fine oil-picture, clear, tawny, without trick or affectation, and full of character. One of Kneller's fine ladies or gentlemen, with their wigs and *toupées*, would have been mortally offended to have been so painted. The Chinese retains the same oily sly look, after his conversion as before, and seems just as incapable of a change of religion as a piece of *terra cotta*. On each side of this performance are two Guidos, the *Perseus and Andromeda*, and *Venus attired by the Graces*.‡ We give the preference to the former. The Andromeda is a fine, noble figure, in a striking and even daring position, with an impassioned and highly-

* There is no such picture at present in the public apartments at Windsor.

† This picture used to hang at Kensington; but it is now in the private apartments, either at Buckingham Palace or Windsor.

‡ These pictures are not in the public rooms at Windsor, but duplicates of them may be seen at the National Gallery. Nos. 87 and 90.

wrought expression of features; and the whole scene is in harmony with the subject. The *Venus attired by the Graces* (though full of beauties, particularly the colouring of the flesh in the frail Goddess) is formal and disjointed in the composition; and some of the actions are void of grace and even of decorum. We allude particularly to the *Maid-in-waiting*, who is combing her hair, and to the one tying on her sandals, with her arm crossing Venus's leg at right angles. The Cupid in the window is as light and wanton as a butterfly flying out of it. He may be said to flutter and hover in his own delights. There are two capital engravings of these pictures by Strange.

THE

PICTURES AT HAMPTON COURT.

This palace is a very magnificent one, and, we think, has been undeservedly neglected. It is Dutch-built, of handsome red brick, and belongs to a class of houses the taste for which appears to have been naturalised in this country along with the happy introduction of the Houses of Orange and Hanover. The approach to it through Bushy-park is delightful, inspiriting at this time of year; and the gardens about it, with their close-clipped holly hedges and arbours of evergreen, look an artificial summer all the year round. The statues that are interspersed do not freeze in winter, and are cool and classical in the warmer seasons. The *Toy-Inn* stands opportunely at the entrance, to invite the feet of those who are tired of a straggling walk from Brentford or Kew, or oppressed with thought and wonder after seeing the Cartoons.

Besides these last, however, there are several fine pictures here. We shall pass over the

Knellers, the Verrios, and the different portraits of the Royal Family, and come at once to the *Nine Muses*, by Tintoret (138). Or rather, his Nine Muses are summed up in one, the back-figure in the right-hand corner as you look at the picture, which is all grandeur, elegance, and grace.—We should think that in the *gusto* of form and a noble freedom of outline, Michael Angelo could hardly have surpassed this figure. The face too, which is half turned round, is charmingly handsome. The back, the shoulders, the legs, are the perfection of bold delicacy, expanded into full-blown luxuriance, and then retiring as it were from their own proud beauty and conscious charms into soft and airy loveliness—

Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.

Is it a Muse? Or is it not a figure formed for action more than contemplation? Perhaps this hypercritical objection may be true; and it might without any change of character or impropriety be supposed, from its buoyancy, its ease, and sinewy elasticity, to represent the quivered Goddess shaping her bow for the chase. But, at any rate, it is the figure of a Goddess, or of a woman in shape equal to a Goddess. The colour is nearly gone, so that it has almost the tone of a black and white chalk-drawing; and the effect of form remains pure and unrivalled. There are several other very pleasing and ably-

drawn figures in the group, but they are eclipsed in the superior splendour of this one. So far the composition is faulty, for its balance is destroyed; and there are certain critics who could probably maintain that the picture would be better if this capital excellence in it had been deliberately left out: the picture would, indeed, have been more according to rule, and to the taste of those who judge, feel, and see by rule only!

Among the portraits which are curious, is one of *Baccio Bandinelli* * [59], with his emblems and implements of sculpture about him, said to be by Correggio. We cannot pretend to give an opinion on this point; but it is a studious, powerful, and elaborately painted head. We find the name of Titian attached to two or three portraits in the Collection. There is one very fine one of a young man in black, with a black head of hair, the face seen in a three-quarter view, and the dark piercing eye, full of subtle meaning, looking round at you; which is probably by Titian, but certainly not (as it is pretended) of himself.† It has not the aquiline cast of features by which his own portraits are

* Mrs. Jameson, however, observes that it bears no resemblance to the best authenticated portraits of this eminent sculptor.

† There are five portraits by Titian at Hampton Court. Nos. 38, 70, 100, 101, and 397. The one referred to is No. 100 or 101.

obviously distinguished. We have seen a print of this picture, in which it is said to be done for Ignatius Loyola. The portrait of a lady with green and white purfled sleeves [116] (like the leaves and flower of the water-lily, and as clear!) is admirable. It was in the Pall-Mall exhibition of the Old Masters a short time ago; and is by Sebastian del Piombo.—The care of the painting, the natural ease of the attitude, and the steady, sensible, *conversable* look of the countenance, place this in a class of pictures which one feels a wish to have always by one's side, whenever there is a want of thought, or a flaw in the temper, that requires filling up or setting to rights by some agreeable and at the same time not over-exciting object. There are several *soi-disant* Parmegianos; one or two good Bassanos; a *Battle-Piece* [1] set down to Giulio Romano;* a coloured drawing (in one corner of a room) of a *Nymph* and *Satyr* is very fine; and some of Poelemberg's little disagreeable pictures of the same subject, in which the Satyrs look like paltry bits of painted wood, and the Nymphs are like glazed China-ware. We have a prejudice against Poelemberg, which is a rare thing with us!

The *Cartoons* occupy a room by themselves—

* It is a copy by Giulio Romano, after the Fresco in the Vatican, designed by Raphael, and executed by Romano and others of his scholars.

there are not many such rooms in the world. All other pictures look like oil and varnish to these—we are stopped and attracted by the colouring, the pencilling, the finishing, or the want of it, that is, by the instrumentalities of the art —but here the painter seems to have flung his *mind* upon the canvas; his thoughts, his great ideas alone prevail; there is nothing between us and the subject; we look through a frame, and see scripture-histories, and are made actual spectators of miraculous events. Not to speak it profanely, they are a sort of *revelation* of the subjects of which they treat; there is an ease and freedom of manner about them which brings preternatural characters and situations home to us with the familiarity of common every-day occurrences; and while the figures fill, raise, and satisfy the mind, they seem to have cost the painter nothing. The Cartoons are *unique* productions in the art. They are mere intellectual, or rather *visible abstractions* of truth and nature. Every where else we see the means; here we arrive at the end apparently without any means. There is a Spirit at work in the divine creation before us. We are unconscious of any details, of any steps taken, of any progress made; we are aware only of comprehensive results, of whole masses and figures. The sense of power supersedes the appearance of effort. It is like a waking dream, vivid, but undistinguishable in member, joint, or limb; or

it is as if we had ourselves seen the persons and things at some former period of our being, and that the drawing certain dotted lines upon coarse paper, by some unknown spell, brought back the entire and living images, and made them pass before us, palpable to thought, to feeling, and to sight. Perhaps not all is owing to genius: something of this effect may be ascribed to the simplicity of the vehicle employed in embodying the story, and something to the decayed and dilapidated state of the pictures themselves. They are the more majestic for being in ruin: we are struck chiefly with the truth of proportion, and the range of conception: all the petty, meretricious part of the art is dead in them; the carnal is made spiritual, the corruptible has put on incorruption, and, amidst the wreck of colour, and the mouldering of material beauty, nothing is left but a universe of thought, or the broad, imminent shadows of "calm contemplation and majestic pains!"

The first in order is the *Death of Ananias:* (606) and it is one of the noblest of these noble designs. The effect is striking; and the contrast between the stedfast, commanding attitude of the Apostle, and the convulsed and prostrate figure of Ananias on the floor, is finely imagined. It is much as if a group of persons on shore stood to witness the wreck of life and hope on the rocks and quicksands beneath them. The abruptness and severity of the transition are, however, broken

and relieved by the other human interests in the picture. The Ananias is a masterly, a stupendous figure. The attitude, the drawing, the expression, the ease, the force, are alike wonderful. He falls so naturally that it seems as if a person could fall in no other way; and yet of all the ways in which a human figure could fall, it is probably the most expressive of a person overwhelmed by and in the grasp of Divine vengeance. This is, in some measure, we apprehend, the secret of Raphael's success. Most painters, in studying an attitude, puzzle themselves to find out what will be picturesque, and what will be fine, and never discover it: Raphael only thought how a person would stand or fall naturally in such or such circumstances, and the *picturesque* and the *fine* followed as matters of course. Hence the unaffected force and dignity of his style, which are only another name for truth and nature under impressive and momentous circumstances. The distraction of the face, the inclination of the head on one side, are as fine as possible, and the agony is just verging to that point in which it is relieved by death. The expression of ghastly wonder in the features of the man on the floor next him is also remarkable; and the mingled beauty, grief, and horror in the female head behind can never be enough admired or extolled. The pain, the sudden and violent contraction of the muscles, is as intense as if a sharp instrument had been driven into the forehead, and yet

the same sweetness triumphs there as ever, the most perfect self-command and dignity of demeanour. We could hazard a conjecture that this is what forms the great distinction between the natural style of Raphael and the natural style of Hogarth. Both are equally *intense*; but the one is intense littleness, meanness, vulgarity; the other is intense grandeur, refinement, and sublimity. In the one we see common, or sometimes uncommon and painful, circumstances acting with all their force on narrow minds and deformed bodies, and bringing out distorted and violent efforts at expression; in the other we see noble forms and lofty characters contending with adverse, or co-operating with powerful, impressions from without, and imparting their own unaltered grace, and habitual composure to them. In Hogarth, generally, the face is excited and torn in pieces by some paltry interest of its own; in Raphael, on the contrary, it is expanded and ennobled by the contemplation of some event or object highly interesting in itself: that is to say, the passion in the one is intellectual and abstracted; the passion in the other is petty, selfish, and confined. We have not thought it beneath the dignity of the subject to make this comparison between two of the most extraordinary and highly gifted persons that the world ever saw. If Raphael had seen Hogarth's pictures, *he* would not have despised them. Those only can do it (and they are welcome!) who, wanting all that he had, can do nothing that he could not, or that

they themselves pretend to accomplish by affectation and bombast.

Elymas the Sorcerer (607) stands next in order, and is equal in merit. There is a Roman sternness and severity in the general look of the scene. The figure of the apostle, who is inflicting the punishment of blindness on the impostor, is grand, commanding, full of ease and dignity: and the figure of Elymas is blind all over, and is muffled up in its clothes from head to foot. A story is told of Mr. Garrick's objecting to the natural effect of the action, in the hearing of the late Mr. West, who, in vindication of the painter, requested the celebrated comedian to close his eyes and walk across the room, when he instantly stretched out his hands, and began to grope his way with the exact attitude and expression of this noble study. It may be worth remarking here that this great painter and fine observer of human nature has represented the magician with a hard iron visage, and strong uncouth figure, made up of bones and muscles, as one not troubled with weak nerves, nor to be diverted from his purpose by idle scruples; as one who repelled all sympathy with others; who was not to be moved a jot by their censures or prejudices against him, and who could break with ease through the cobweb snares which he laid for the credulity of mankind, without being once entangled in his own delusions. His outward form

betrays the hard, unimaginative, self-willed understanding of the Sorcerer.—There is a head (a profile) coming in on one side of the picture, which we would point out to our readers as one of the most finely relieved, and best preserved, in this series. The face of Elymas, and some others in the picture, have been a good deal hurt by time and ill-treatment. There is a *smiffy* look under the nose, as if the water-colour had been washed away in some damp lumber-room, or unsheltered out-house. The Cartoons have felt "the seasons' difference," being exposed to wind and rain, tossed about from place to place, and cut down by profane hands to fit them to one of their abodes; so that it is altogether wonderful that, "through their looped and tattered wretchedness," any traces are seen of their original splendour and beauty. That they are greatly changed from what they were even a hundred years ago, is evident from the heads in the Radcliffe library at Oxford, which were cut out from one of them that was nearly destroyed by some accident, and from the large French engravings of single heads, done about the same time, which are as finished and correct as possible. Even Sir James Thornhill's copies bear testimony to the same effect. Though without the spirit of the originals, they have fewer blots and blotches in them, from having been better taken care of. A skeleton is barely left of the Cartoons: but their mighty

relics, like the bones of the Mammoth, tell us what the entire and living fabric must have been.

In *the Gate Beautiful* [608] there is a profusion of what is fine, and of imposing contrasts. The twisted pillars have been found fault with; but there they stand, and will for ever stand to answer all cavillers with their wreathed beauty. The St. John in this Cartoon is an instance of what we have above hinted as to the ravages of time on these pictures. In the old French engraving (half the size of life) the features are exceedingly well marked and beautiful, whereas they are here in a great measure defaced; and the hair, which is at present a mere clotted mass, is woven into graceful and waving curls,

> ——Like to those hanging locks
> Of young Apollo.

Great inroads have been made on the delicate outline of the other parts, and the surface has been generally injured. The Beggars are as fine as ever: they do not lose by the squalid condition of their garb or features, but remain patriarchs of poverty, and mighty in disease and infirmity, as if they crawled and grovelled on the pavement of Heaven. They are lifted above this world! The child carrying the doves at his back is an exquisite example of grace, and innocence, and buoyant motion; and the face and figure of

the young woman seen directly over him give a glad welcome to the eye in their fresh, unalloyed, and radiant sweetness and joy. This head seems to have been spared from the unhallowed touch of injury, like a little isle or circlet of beauty. It was guarded, we may suppose, by its own heavenly, feminine look of smiling loveliness. There is another very fine female head on the opposite side of the picture, of a graver cast, looking down, and nearly in profile. The only part of this Cartoon that we object to, or should be for *turning out,* is the lubberly naked figure of a boy close to one of the pillars, who seems to have no sort of business there, and is an obvious eye-sore.

The *Miraculous Draught of Fishes* [609] is admirable for the clearness and prominence of the figures, for the vigorous marking of the muscles, for the fine expression of devout emotion in the St. Peter, and for the calm dignity in the attitude, and divine benignity in the countenance of the Christ. Perhaps this head expresses, more than any other that was ever attempted, the blended meekness, benevolence, and sublimity in the character of our Saviour. The whole figure is so still, so easy, it almost floats in air, and seems to sustain the boat by the secret sense of power. We shall not attempt to make a formal reply to the old objection to the diminutive size of the boat, but we confess it appears to us to

enhance the value of the miracle. Its load swells proportionably in comparison, and the waves conspire to bear it up. The Storks on the shore are not the least animated or elevated part of the picture; they exult in the display of divine power, and share in the prodigality of the occasion.

The *Sacrifice at Lystra* [610] has the marks of Raphael's hand on every part of it. You see and almost hear what is passing. What a pleasing relief to the confused, busy scene, are the two children piping at the altar! How finely, how unexpectedly, but naturally, that innocent rustic head of a girl comes in over the grave countenances and weighty, thoughtful heads of the group of attendant priests! The animals brought to be sacrificed are equally fine in the expression of terror, and the action of resistance to the rude force by which they are dragged along.

A great deal has been said and written on the *St. Paul preaching at Athens* [611]. The features of excellence in this composition are indeed so bold and striking as hardly to be mistaken. The abrupt figure of St. Paul, his hands raised in that fervent appeal to Him who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands," such as are seen in gorgeous splendour all around, the circle of his auditors, the noble and pointed diversity of heads, the one wrapped in

thought and in its cowl, another resting on a crutch and earnestly scanning the face of the Apostle rather than his doctrine, the careless attention of the Epicurean philosopher, the fine young heads of the disciples of the porch or the Academy, the clenched fist and eager curiosity of the man in front as if he was drinking sounds, give this picture a superiority over all the others, for popular and intelligible effect. We do not think that it is therefore the best; but it is the easiest to describe and to remember.

The *Giving of the Keys* [612] is the last of them: it is at present at Somerset House. There is no set purpose here, no studied contrast: it is an aggregation of grandeur and high feeling. The disciples gather round Christ, like a flock of sheep listening to some divine shepherd. The figure of their master is sublime: his countenance and attitude "in act to speak." The landscape is also extremely fine and of a soothing character.—Every thing falls into its place in these pictures. The figures seem to stop just where their business and feelings bring them: not a fold in the draperies can be disposed of for the better or otherwise than it is.

It would be in vain to enumerate the particular figures, or to explain the story of works so well known: what we have aimed at has

been to shew the spirit that breathes through them, and we shall count ourselves fortunate if we have not sullied them with our praise. We do not care about some works: but these were sacred to our imaginations, and we should be sorry indeed to have profaned them by description or criticism. We have hurried through our unavoidable task with fear, and look back to it with doubt.

THE GROSVENOR

COLLECTION OF PICTURES.

We seldom quit a mansion like that of which we have here to give some account, and return homewards, but we think of Warton's *Sonnet written after seeing Wilton-house.*

From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bowers,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scenes can I depart?
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous tow'rs,
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours?
Vain the complaint! For Fancy can impart
(To Fate superior, and to Fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall:
She, 'mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall,
Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty bloom,
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

Having repeated these lines to ourselves, we sit quietly down in our chairs to con over our

task, abstract the idea of exclusive property, and think only of those images of beauty and of grandeur which we can carry away with us in our minds, and have every where before us. Let us take some of these, and describe them how we can.

There is one—we see it now—the *Man with a Hawk*, by Rembrandt. "In our mind's eye, Horatio!" What is the difference between this idea which we have brought away with us, and the picture on the wall? Has it lost any of its tone, its ease, its depth? The head turns round in the same graceful moving attitude, the eye carelessly meets ours, the tufted beard grows to the chin, the hawk flutters and balances himself on his favourite perch, his master's hand; and a shadow seems passing over the picture, just leaving a light in one corner of it behind, to give a livelier effect to the whole. There is no mark of the pencil, no jagged points or solid masses; it is all air, and twilight might be supposed to have drawn his veil across it. It is as much an idea on the canvas as it is in the mind. There are no means employed, as far as you can discover—you see nothing but a simple, grand, and natural effect. It is impalpable as a thought, intangible as a sound—nay, the shadows have a breathing harmony, and fling round an undulating echo of themselves,

> At every fall smoothing the raven down
> Of darkness till it smiles!

In the opposite corner of the room is a *Portrait of a Female* (by the same), in which every thing is as clear, and pointed, and brought out into the open day, as in the former it is withdrawn from close and minute inspection. The face glitters with smiles as the ear-rings sparkle with light. The whole is stiff, starched, and formal, has a pearly or metallic look, and you throughout mark the most elaborate and careful finishing. The two pictures make an antithesis, where they are placed; but this was not probably at all intended: it proceeds simply from the difference in the nature of the subject, and the truth and appropriate power of the treatment of it.—In the middle between these two pictures is a small history, by Rembrandt, of the *Salutation of Elizabeth*, in which the figures come out straggling, disjointed, quaint, ugly as in a dream, but partake of the mysterious significance of preternatural communication, and are seen through the visible gloom, or through the dimmer night of antiquity. Light and shade, not form nor feeling, were the elements of which Rembrandt composed the finest poetry, and his imagination brooded only over the medium through which we discern objects, leaving the objects themselves uninspired, unhallowed, and untouched!

We must go through our account of these pictures as they start up in our memory, not according to the order of their arrangement, for

want of a proper set of memorandums. Our friend, Mr. Gummow, of Cleveland-house, had a nice little neatly-bound duodecimo Catalogue, of great use as a *Vade Mecum* to occasional visitants or absent critics—but here we have no such advantage; and to take notes before company is a thing that we abhor. It has a look of pilfering something from the pictures. While we merely enjoy the sight of the objects of art before us, or sympathise with the approving gaze of the greater beauty around us, it is well; there is a feeling of luxury and refinement in the employment; but take out a pocket-book, and begin to scribble notes in it, the date of the picture, the name, the room, some paltry defect, some pitiful discovery (not worth remembering), the non-essentials, the mechanic *common-places* of the art, and the sentiment is gone—you shew that you have a further object in view, a job to execute, a feeling foreign to the place, and different from every one else—you become a butt and a mark for ridicule to the rest of the company—and you retire with your pockets full of wisdom from a saloon of art, with as little right as you have to carry off the dessert (or what you have not been able to consume), from an inn, or a banquet. Such, at least, is our feeling; and we had rather make a mistake now and then, as to a *numero*, or the name of a room in which a picture is placed, than spoil our whole pleasure in looking at a fine Collection,

and consequently the pleasure of the reader in learning what we thought of it.

Among the pictures that haunt our eye in this way is the *Adoration of the Angels*, by N. Poussin. It is one of his finest works—elegant, graceful, full of feeling, happy, enlivening. It is treated rather as a classical than as a sacred subject. The Angels are more like Cupids than Angels. They are, however, beautifully grouped, with various and expressive attitudes, and remind one, by their half antic, half serious homage, of the line—

> Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

They are laden with baskets of flowers—the tone of the picture is rosy, florid; it seems to have been painted at

> The breezy call of incense-breathing morn;

and the angels overhead sport and gambol in the air with butterfly wings, like butterflies. It is one of those rare productions that satisfy the mind, and from which we turn away, not from weariness, but from a fulness of delight.—The *Israelites returning Thanks in the Wilderness* is a fine picture, but inferior to this. Near it is a group of Angels, said to be by Correggio. The expressions are grotesque and fine, but the colouring does not seem to us to be his. The texture of the flesh, as well as the hue, too much resembles the skin of ripe fruit. We meet

with several fine landscapes of the two Poussins (particularly one of a rocky eminence by Gaspar) in the room before you come to the Rembrandts, in which the mixture of grey rock and green trees and shrubs is beautifully managed, with striking truth and clearness.

Among detached and smaller pictures, we would wish to point out to the attention of our readers an exquisite head of a *Child*, by Andrea del Sarto, and a fine Salvator in the inner room of all: in the room leading to it, a pleasing, glassy Cuyp, an airy, earthly-looking Teniers, and a *Mother and Sleeping Child*, by Guido: in the Saloon, a *St. Catherine*, one of Parmegiano's most graceful pictures; a *St. Agnes*, by Domenichino, full of sweetness, thought, and feeling; and two pictures by Raphael, that have a look as if painted on paper: a *Repose in Egypt*, and *St. Luke painting the Virgin*, both admirable for drawing and expression, and a rich, purple, *crayon* tone of colouring. Wherever Raphael is, there is grace and dignity, and an informing soul. In the last-mentioned room, near the entrance, is also a *Conversion of St. Paul*, by Rubens, of infinite spirit, brilliancy, and delicacy of execution.

But it is in the large room, to the right, that the splendour and power of Rubens reign triumphant and unrivalled, and yet he has here to contend with highest works and names. The four large pictures of ecclesiastical subjects, the

Meeting of Abraham & Melchisedec, the *Gathering of Manna*, the *Evangelists*, and the *Fathers of the Church*, have no match in this country for scenic pomp, and dazzling airy effect. The figures are colossal; and it might be said, without much extravagance, that the drawing and colouring are so too.* He seems to have painted with a huge sweeping gigantic pencil, and with broad masses of unalloyed colour. The spectator is (as it were) thrown back by the pictures, and surveys them, as if placed at a stupendous height, as well as distance from him. This, indeed, is their history: they were painted to be placed in some Jesuit's church abroad, at an elevation of forty or fifty feet, and Rubens would have started to see them in a drawing-room or on the ground. Had he foreseen such a result, he would perhaps have added something to the correctness of the features, and taken something from the gorgeous crudeness of the colour. But there is grandeur of composition, involution of form, motion, character in its vast, rude outline, the imposing contrast of sky and flesh, fine grotesque heads of old age, florid youth, and fawn-like beauty!

You see nothing but patriarchs, primeval men and women, walking among temples, or treading the sky—or the earth, with an "air and gesture

* We heard it well said the other day, that "Rubens' pictures were the palette of Titian."

proudly eminent," as if they trod the sky—when man first rose from nothing to his native sublimity. We cannot describe these pictures in their details; they are one staggering blow after another of the mighty hand that traced them. All is cast in the same mould, all is filled with the same spirit, all is clad in the same gaudy robe of light. Rubens was at home here; his *forte* was the processional, the showy, and the imposing; he grew almost drunk and wanton with the sense of his power over such subjects; and he, in fact, left these pictures unfinished in some particulars, that, for the place and object for which they were intended, they might be perfect. They were done (it is said) for tapestries from small designs, and carried nearly to their present state of finishing by his scholars.

There is a smaller picture in the same room, *Ixion embracing the false Juno*, which points out and defines their style of art and adaptation for remote effect. There is a delicacy in this last picture (which is, however, of the size of life) that makes it look like a miniature in comparison. The flesh of the women is like lilies, or like milk strewed upon ivory. It is soft and pearly; but, in the larger pictures, it is heightened beyond nature, the veil of air between the spectator and the figures, when placed in the proper position, being supposed to give the last finishing. Near the *Ixion* is an historical female figure, by Guido, which will not bear any com-

parison for transparency and delicacy of tint with the two Junos.—Rubens was undoubtedly the greatest *scene-painter* in the world, if we except Paul Veronese, and the Fleming was to him flat and insipid. "It is place which lessens and sets off."

We once saw two pictures of Rubens' hung by the side of the *Marriage of Cana* in the Louvre; and they looked nothing. The Paul Veronese nearly occupied the side of a large room (the modern French exhibition-room) and it was like looking through the side of a wall, or at a splendid banquet and gallery, full of people, and full of interest. The texture of the two Rubenses was *woolly*, or flowery, or *sattiny*: it was all alike; but in the *Venetian's* great work the pillars were of stone, the floor was marble, the tables were wood, the dresses were various stuffs, the sky was air, the flesh was flesh; the groups were living men and women. Turks, emperors, ladies, painter, musicians—all was real, dazzling, profuse, astonishing. It seemed as if the very dogs under the table might get up and bark, or that at the sound of a trumpet the whole assembly might rise and disperse in different directions, in an instant.

This picture, however, was considered as the triumph of Paul Veronese, and the two by the Flemish artist, that hung beside it, were very inferior to some of his, and assuredly to those now exhibited in the Gallery at Lord

Grosvenor's. Neither do we wish by this allusion to disparage Rubens; for we think him on the whole a greater genius, and a greater painter, than the rival we have here opposed to him, as we may attempt to shew when we come to speak of the Collection at Blenheim.

There are some divine Claudes in the same room; and they, too, are like looking through a window at a select and conscious landscape. There are five or six, all capital for the composition, and highly preserved. There is a strange and somewhat *anomalous* one of *Christ on the Mount*, as if the artist had tried to contradict himself, and yet it is Claude all over. Nobody but he could paint one single atom of it. The *Mount* is stuck up in the very centre of the picture, against all rule, like a huge dirt-pie; but then what an air breathes round it, what a sea encircles it, what verdure clothes it, what flocks and herds feed round it, immortal and unchanged!

Close by it is the *Arch of Constantine;* but this is to us a bitter disappointment. A print of it hung in a little room in the country, where we used to contemplate it by the hour together, and day after day, and "*sigh our souls*" into the picture. It was the most graceful, the most perfect of all Claude's compositions. The Temple seemed to come forward into the middle of the picture, as in a dance, to show its unrivalled beauty, the Vashti of the scene! Young trees bent their branches over it with playful tenderness; and, on

the opposite side of a stream, at which cattle stooped to drink, there grew a stately grove, erect, with answering looks of beauty: the distance between retired into air and gleaming shores. Never was there scene so fair, "so absolute, that in itself summ'd all delight." How did we wish to compare it with the picture! The trees, we thought, must be of vernal green—the sky recalled the mild dawn, or softened evening. No, the branches of the trees are red, the sky burned up, the whole hard and uncomfortable. This is not the picture, the print of which we used to gaze at enamoured—there is another somewhere that we still shall see!

There are finer specimens of the *Morning and Evening of the Roman Empire*, at Lord Radnor's, in Wiltshire. Those here have a more polished, *cleaned* look, but we cannot prefer them on that account. In one corner of the room is a *St. Bruno*, by Andrea Sacchi—a fine study, with pale face and garments, a saint dying (as it should seem)—but, as he dies, conscious of an undying spirit. The old Catholic painters put the soul of religion into their pictures—for they felt it within themselves.

There are two Titians—*the Woman taken in Adultery*, and a large mountainous landscape with the story of *Jupiter and Antiope*. The last is rich and striking, but not equal to his best; and the former, we think, one of his most exceptionable pictures, both in character, and (we

add) colouring. In the last particular, it is tricky, and discovers, instead of concealing, its art. The flesh is not transparent, but a *transparency!* Let us not forget a fine Snyders, a *Boar-hunt*, which is highly spirited and natural, as far as the animals are concerned; but is *patchy*, and wants the tone and general effect that Rubens would have thrown over it. In the middle of the right-hand side of the room, is the *Meeting of Jacob and Laban*, by Murillo. It is a lively, out-of-door scene, full of bustle and expression; but it rather brings to us the tents and faces of two bands of gypsies meeting on a common heath, than carries us back to the remote times, places, and events, treated of. Murillo was the painter of nature, not of the imagination.

There is a *Sleeping Child* by him, over the door of the saloon (an admirable cabinet-picture), and another of a boy, a little spirited rustic, brown, glowing, "of the earth, earthy," the flesh thoroughly baked, as if he had come out of an oven; and who regards you with a look as if he was afraid you might bind him apprentice to some trade or handicraft, or send him to a Sunday-school—and so put an end to his short, happy, careless life—to his lessons from that great teacher, the Sun—to his physic, the air—to his bed, the earth—and to the soul of his very being, Liberty!

The first room you enter is filled with some very good and some very bad English pictures.

There is Hogarth's *Distressed Poet*—the *Death of Wolfe*, by West, which is not so good as the print would lead us to expect—an excellent whole-length portrait of a youth, by Gainsborough—*A Man with a Hawk*, by Northcote, and *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse*, by Sir Joshua. This portrait Lord Grosvenor bought the other day for £1760. It has risen in price every time it has been sold. Sir Joshua sold it for two or three hundred pounds to a Mr. Calonne. It was then purchased by Mr. Desenfans, who parted with it to Mr. William Smith for a larger sum (we believe £500); and, at the sale of that gentleman's pictures, it was bought by Mr. Watson Taylor, the last proprietor, for a thousand guineas.

While it was in the possession of Mr. Desenfans, a copy of it was taken by a pupil of Sir Joshua's, of the name of Score, which is now in the Dulwich Gallery, and which we always took for an original. The size of the original is larger than the copy. There was a dead child painted at the bottom of it, which Sir Joshua Reynolds afterwards disliked, and he had the canvas doubled upon the frame to hide it. It has been let out again, but we did not observe whether the child was there. We think it had better not be seen.

We do not wish to draw invidious comparisons; yet we may say, in reference to the pictures in Lord Grosvenor's Collection, and

those at Cleveland-house, that the former are distinguished most by elegance, brilliancy, and high preservation; while those belonging to the Marquis of Stafford look more like old pictures, and have a corresponding tone of richness and magnificence. We have endeavoured to do justice to both, but we confess we have fallen very short even of our own hopes and expectations.

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PICTURES

AT

WILTON, STOURHEAD,

&c.

SALISBURY PLAIN, barren as it is, is rich in collections and monuments of art. There are, within the distance of a few miles, Wilton, Longford-Castle, Fonthill-Abbey, Stourhead, and last, though not least worthy to be mentioned, Stonehenge, that "huge, dumb heap," that stands on the blasted heath, and looks like a group of giants, bewildered, not knowing what to do, encumbering the earth, and turned to stone, while in the act of warring on Heaven. An attempt has lately been made to give to it an antediluvian origin. Its mystic round is in all probability fated to remain inscrutable, a mighty maze without a plan: but still the imagination, when once curiosity and wonder have taken possession of it, heaves with its restless load, launches conjecture farther and farther back beyond the landmarks of time, and strives to bear down all impediments in its course, as the ocean strives to overleap some vast promontory!

Fonthill-Abbey, which was formerly hermetically sealed against all intrusion,* is at present open to the whole world; and Wilton-House, and Longford-Castle, which were formerly open to every one, are at present shut, except to *petitioners*, and a favoured few. Why is this greater degree of strictness in the latter instances resorted to? In proportion as the taste for works of art becomes more general, do these Noble Persons wish to set bounds to and disappoint public curiosity? Do they think that the admiration bestowed on fine pictures or rare sculpture lessens their value, or divides the property, as well as the pleasure, with the possessor? Or do they think that setting aside the formality of these new regulations, three persons in the course of a whole year would

* This is not absolutely true. Mr. Banks the younger, and another young gentleman, formed an exception to this rule, and contrived to get into the Abbey-grounds, in spite of warning, just as the recluse proprietor happened to be passing by the spot. Instead, however, of manifesting any displeasure, he gave them a most polite reception, shewed them whatever they expressed a wish to see, asked them to dinner, and, after passing the day in the greatest conviviality, dismissed them by saying, "That they might get out as they got in." This was certainly a good jest. Our youthful adventurers on forbidden ground, in the midst of their festive security, might have expected some such shrewd turn from the antithetical genius of the author of Vathek, who makes his hero, in a paroxysm of impatience, call out for "the Koran and *sugar!*"

intrude out of an impertinent curiosity to see *their* houses and furniture, without having a just value for them as objects of art? Or is the expense of keeping servants to shew the apartments made the plea of this churlish, narrow system? The public are ready enough to pay servants for their attendance, and those persons are quite as forward to do this who make a pilgrimage to such places on foot as those who approach them in a post-chaise or on horseback with a livery-servant, which, it seems, is the prescribed and fashionable etiquette! Whatever is the cause, we are sorry for it; more particularly as it compels us to speak of these two admired Collections from memory only. It is several years since we saw them; but there are some impressions of this sort that are proof against time.

Lord Radnor has the two famous Claudes, the *Morning and Evening of the Roman Empire.* Though as landscapes they are neither so brilliant, nor finished, nor varied, as some of this artist's works, there is a weight and concentration of historic feeling about them which many of his allegorical productions want. In the first, half-finished buildings and massy columns rise amidst the dawning effulgence that is streaked with rims of inextinguishable light; and a noble tree in the foreground, ample, luxuriant, hangs and broods over the growing design. There is a dim mistiness spread over the scene, as in the

beginning of things. The *Evening*, the companion to it, is even finer. It has all the gorgeous pomp that attends the meeting of Night and Day, and a flood of glory still prevails over the coming shadows. In the cool of the evening, some cattle are feeding on the brink of a glassy stream, that reflects a mouldering ruin on one side of the picture; and so precise is the touch, so true, so firm is the pencilling, so classical the outline, that they give one the idea of sculptured cattle, biting the short, green turf, and seem an enchanted herd! They appear stamped on the canvas to remain there for ever, or as if nothing could root them from the spot. Truth with beauty suggests the feeling of immortality. No Dutch picture ever suggested this feeling. The objects are real, it is true; but not being beautiful or impressive, the mind feels no wish to mould them into a permanent reality, to bind them fondly on the heart, or lock them in the imagination as in a sacred recess, safe from the envious canker of time. No one ever felt a longing, a sickness of the heart, to see a Dutch landscape twice; but those of Claude, after an absence of years, have this effect, and produce a kind of calenture. The reason of the difference is that, in mere literal copies from nature, where the objects are not interesting in themselves, the only attraction is to see the felicity of the execution; and, having once witnessed this, we are satisfied. But there is nothing to stir the fancy,

to keep alive the yearnings of passion. We remember one other picture (and but one) in Lord Radnor's Collection, that was of this *ideal* character. It was a *Magdalen* by Guido, with streaming hair, and streaming eyes looking upwards—full of sentiment and beauty.

There is but one fine picture at Wilton-house. *The Family Vandyke;* with a noble Gallery of antique marbles, which we may pronounce to be invaluable to the lover of art or to the student of history or human nature. Roman Emperors or Proconsuls, the poets, orators, and almost all the great men of antiquity, are here "ranged in a row," and palpably embodied either in genuine or traditional busts. Some of these indicate an almost preternatural capacity and inspired awfulness of look, particularly some of the earlier sages and fabulists of Greece, which we apprehend to be *ideal* representations; while other more modern and better authenticated ones of celebrated Romans are distinguished by the strength and simplicity of common English heads of the best class.—The large picture of the *Pembroke Family*, by Vandyke, is unrivalled in its kind. It is a history of the time. It throws us nearly two centuries back to men and manners that no longer exist. The members of a Noble House ('tis a hundred and sixty years since) are brought together *in propriâ personâ*, and appear in all the varieties of age, character, and costume. There are the old Lord and Lady

Pembroke, who "keep their state" raised somewhat above the other groups;—the one a lively old gentleman, who seems as if he could once have whispered a flattering tale in a fair lady's ear; his help-mate looking a little fat and sulky by his side, probably calculating the expense of the picture, and not well understanding the event of it—there are the daughters, pretty, well-dressed, elegant girls, but somewhat insipid, sentimental, and vacant—then there are the two eldest sons, that might be said to have walked out of Mr. Burke's description of the age of chivalry; the one a perfect courtier, a carpet-knight, smooth-faced, handsome, almost effeminate, that seems to have moved all his life to "the mood of lutes and soft recorders," decked in silks and embroidery, like the tender flower issuing from its glossy folds; the other the gallant soldier, shrewd, bold, hardy, with spurred heel and tawny buskins, ready to "mount on barbed steeds, and witch the world with noble horsemanship"—down to the untutored, carroty-headed boy, the *Goose-Gibbie* of the piece, who appears to have been just dragged from the farm-yard to sit for his picture, and stares about him in as great a heat and fright as if he had dropped from the clouds:—all in this admirable, living composition is in its place, in keeping, and bears the stamp of the age and of the master's hand. Even the oak-pannels have an elaborate, antiquated look, and the furniture has an aspect

of cumbrous, conscious dignity. It should not be omitted that it was here (in the house or the adjoining magnificent grounds) that Sir Philip Sidney wrote his ARCADIA; and the story of Musidorus and Philoclea, of Mopsa and Dorcas, is quaintly traced on oval pannels in the principal drawing-room.

It is on this account that we are compelled to find fault with the Collection at Fonthill Abbey, because it exhibits no picture of remarkable eminence that can be ranked as an heir-loom of the imagination—which cannot be spoken of but our thoughts take wing and stretch themselves towards it—the very name of which is music to the instructed ear. We would not give a rush to see any Collection that does not contain some single picture, at least, that haunts us with an uneasy sense of joy for twenty miles of road, that may cheer us at intervals for twenty years of life to come. Without some such thoughts as these rivetted in the brain, the lover and disciple of art would truly be "of all men the most miserable:" but with them hovering round him, and ever and anon shining with their glad lustre into his sleepless soul, he has nothing to fear from fate, or fortune. We look, and lo! here is one at our side, facing us, though far distant. It is the Young Man's head, in the Louvre, by Titian, that it is not unlike Jeronymo della Porretta in Sir Charles Grandison. What a look is there of calm, unalterable self-possession—

Above all pain, all passion, and all pride;

that draws the evil out of human life, that, while we look at it, transfers the same sentiment to our own breasts, and makes us feel as if nothing mean or little could ever disturb us again! This is high art; the rest is mechanical. But there is nothing like this at Fonthill (oh! no), but every thing which is the very reverse. As this, however, is an extreme opinion of ours, and may be a prejudice, we shall endeavour to support it by facts. There is not then a single Titian in all this boasted and expensive Collection—there is not a Raphael—there is not a Rubens (except one small sketch)—there is not a Guido, nor a Vandyke—there is not a Rembrandt, there is not a Nicolo Poussin, nor a fine Claude. The two Altieri Claudes, which might have redeemed Fonthill, Mr. Beckford sold. What shall we say to a Collection which uniformly and deliberately rejects every great work, and every great name in art, to make room for idle rarities and curiosities of mechanical skill? It was hardly necessary to build a cathedral to set up a toy-shop! Who would paint a miniature-picture to hang it at the top of the Monument? This huge pile (capable of better things) is cut up into a parcel of little rooms, and those little rooms are stuck full of little pictures, and *bijouterie*. Mr. Beckford may talk of his *Diamond Berchen*, and so on: this is but the language of a *petit-maître* in art; but the author of VATHEK

(with his leave) is not a *petit-maître.* His genius, as a writer, "hath a devil:" his taste in pictures is the quintessence and rectified spirit of *still-life.* He seems not to be susceptible of the poetry of painting, or else to set his face against it. It is obviously a first principle with him to exclude whatever has feeling or imagination—to polish the surface, and suppress the soul of art —to proscribe, by a sweeping clause or at one fell swoop, every thing approaching to grace, or beauty, or grandeur—to crush the sense of pleasure or of power in embryo—and to reduce all nature and art, as far as possible, to the texture and level of a China dish—smooth, glittering, cold, and unfeeling! We do not object so much to the predilection for Teniers, Wouvermans, or Ostade—we like to see natural objects naturally painted—but we unequivocally hate the affectedly mean, the elaborately little, the ostentatiously perverse and distorted, Poelemberg's walls of amber, Mieris's groups of steel, Vanderwerf's ivory flesh;—yet these are the chief delights of the late proprietor of Fonthill-abbey! Is it that his mind is "a volcano burnt out," and that he likes his senses to repose and be gratified with Persian carpets and enamelled pictures? Or are there not traces of the same infirmity of feeling even in the high-souled Vathek, who compliments the complexion of the two pages of Fakreddin as being equal to "the porcelain of Franguestan?" Alas! who would

have thought that the Caliph Vathek would have dwindled down into an Emperor of China and King of Japan? But so it is.

Stourhead, the seat of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, did not answer our expectations. But Stourton, the village where it stands, made up for our disappointment. After passing the park-gate, which is a beautiful and venerable relic, you descend into Stourton by a sharp-winding declivity, almost like going under-ground, between high hedges of laurel trees, and with an expanse of woods and water spread beneath. It is a sort of rural Herculaneum, a subterranean retreat. The inn is like a modernized guard-house; the village-church stands on a lawn without any inclosure; a row of cottages facing it, with their white-washed walls and flaunting honey-suckles, are neatness itself. Every thing has an air of elegance, and yet tells a tale of other times. It is a place that might be held sacred to stillness and solitary musing!—The adjoining mansion of Stourhead commands an extensive view of Salisbury Plain, whose undulating swells shew the earth in its primeval simplicity, bare, with naked breasts, and varied in its appearance only by the shadows of the clouds that pass across it. The view without is pleasing and singular: there is a little within-doors to beguile attention. There is one master-piece of colouring by Paul Veronese, a naked child with a dog. The tone of the flesh is perfection itself. On praising this picture (which we always do when we like a thing) we were told

it had been criticised by a great judge, Mr. Beckford of Fonthill, who had found fault with the execution as too coarse and muscular. We do not wonder—it is not like his own turnery-ware! We should also mention an exquisite Holbein, the *Head of a Child*, and a very pleasing little landscape by Wilson. Besides these, there are some capital pen-and-ink drawings (views in Venice), by Canaletti, and three large copies after Guido, of *the Venus attired by the Graces*, *the Andromeda*, and *Herodias's Daughter*. They breathe the soul of softness and grace, and remind one of those fair, sylph-like forms that sometimes descend upon the earth with fatal, fascinating looks, and that "tempt but to betray." After the cabinet-pictures at Fonthill, even a good copy of a Guido is a luxury and a relief to the mind: it is something to inhale the divine airs that play around his figures, and we are satisfied if we can but "trace his footsteps, and his skirts far-off behold." The rest of this Collection is, for the most part, *trash:* either Italian pictures painted in the beginning of the last century, or English ones in the beginning of this. It gave us pain to see some of the latter; and we willingly draw a veil over the humiliation of the art, in the age and country that we live in. We ought, however, to mention a portrait of a youth (the present proprietor of Stourhead) by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which is elegant, brilliant, "though in ruins;" and a spirited portrait by Northcote, of

a lady talking on her fingers, may, perhaps, challenge an exception for itself to the above general censure.

We wish our readers to go to Petworth, the seat of Lord Egremont, where they will find the coolest grottos and the finest Vandykes in the world. There are eight or ten of the latter that are not to be surpassed by the art of man, and that we have no power either to admire or praise as they deserve. For simplicity, for richness, for truth of nature, for airiness of execution, nothing ever was or can be finer. We will only mention those of the Earl and Countess of Northumberland, Lord Newport, and Lord Goring, Lord Strafford, and Lady Carr, and the Duchess of Devonshire. He who possesses these portraits is rich indeed, if he has an eye to see, and a heart to feel them. The one of *Lord Northumberland in the Tower* is not so good, though it is thought better by the multitude. That is, there is a subject—something to talk about; but, in fact, the expression is not that of grief, or thought, or of dignified resignation, but of a man in ill health. Vandyke was a mere portrait-painter, but he was a perfect one. His *forte* was not the romantic or pathetic; he was "of the court, courtly." He had a patent from the hand of nature to paint lords and ladies in prosperity and quite at their ease. There are some portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds in this Collection; and there are people who persist in naming him and Vandyke in the

same day. The rest of the Collection consists (for the most part) of *staircase* and family pictures. But there are some admirable statues to be seen here, that it would ask a morning's leisure to study properly.

PICTURES AT BURLEIGH HOUSE.

BURLEIGH! thy groves are leafless, thy walls are naked—

"And dull, cold winter does inhabit here."

The yellow evening rays gleam through thy fretted Gothic windows; but I only feel the rustling of withered branches strike chill to my breast; it was not so twenty years ago. Thy groves were leafless then as now: it was the middle of winter twice that I visited thee before; but the lark mounted in the sky, and the sun smote my youthful blood with its slant ray, and the ploughman whistled as he drove his team afield; Hope spread out its glad vista through thy fair domains, oh, Burleigh! Fancy decked thy walls with works of sovereign art, and it was spring, not winter, in my breast. All is still the same, like a petrifaction of the mind—the same thing in the same places; but their effect is not the same upon me. I am twenty years the worse for *wear and tear*. What is

become of the never-ending studious thoughts that brought their own reward or promised good to mankind? of the tears that started welcome and unbidden? of the sighs that whispered future peace? of the smiles that shone, not in my face indeed, but that cheered my heart, and made a sunshine there when all was gloom around? That fairy vision—that invisible glory, by which I was once attended—ushered into life, has left my side, and "faded to the light of common day," and I now see what is, or has been—not what may lie hid in Time's bright circle and golden chaplet! Perhaps this is the characteristic difference between youth and a later period of life—that we, by degrees, learn to take things more as we find them, call them more by their right names; that we feel the warmth of summer, but the winter's cold as well; that we see beauties, but can spy defects in the fairest face; and no longer look at every thing through the genial atmosphere of our own existence. We grow more literal and less credulous every day, lose much enjoyment, and gain some useful, and more useless, knowledge. The second time I passed along the road that skirts Burleigh Park, the morning was dank and "ways were mire." I saw and felt it not: my mind was otherwise engaged. Ah! thought I, there is that fine old head by Rembrandt; there, within those cold grey walls, the painter of old age is enshrined, immortalized in

some of his inimitable works! The name of Rembrandt lives in the fame of him who stamped it with renown, while the name of Burleigh is kept up by the present owner. An artist survives in the issue of his brain to all posterity—a lord is nothing without the issue of his body lawfully begotten, and is lost in a long line of illustrious ancestors. So much higher is genius than rank—such is the difference between fame and title! A great name in art lasts for centuries—it requires twenty generations of a noble house to keep alive the memory of the first founder for the same length of time. So I reasoned, and was not a little proud of my discovery.

In this dreaming mood, dreaming of deathless works and deathless names, I went on to Peterborough, passing, as it were, under an arch-way of Fame,

> ——— "and, still walking under,
> Found some new matter to look up and wonder."

I had business there: I will not say what. I could at this time do nothing. I could not write a line—I could not draw a stroke. "I was brutish;" though not "like warlike as the wolf, nor subtle as the fox for prey." In words, in looks, in deeds, I was no better than a changeling. Why then do I set so much value on my existence formerly? Oh God! that I could but be for one day, one hour, but for an instant,

(to feel it in all the plenitude of unconscious bliss, and take one long, last, lingering draught of that full brimming cup of thoughtless freedom,) what then I was—that I might, as in a trance, a waking dream, hear the hoarse murmur of the bargemen, as the Minster tower appeared in the dim twilight, come up from the willowy stream, sounding low and underground like the voice of the bittern;—that I might paint that field opposite the window where I lived, and feel that there was a green, dewy moisture in the tone, beyond my pencil's reach, but thus gaining almost a new sense, and watching the birth of new objects without me—that I might stroll down Peterborough bank (a winter's day), and see the fresh marshes stretching out in endless level perspective (as if Paul Potter had painted them), with the cattle, the windmills, and the red-tiled cottages, gleaming in the sun to the very verge of the horizon; and watch the fieldfares in innumerable flocks, gambolling in the air, and sporting in the sun, and racing before the clouds, making summersaults, and dazzling the eye by throwing themselves into a thousand figures and movements; that I might go, as then, a pilgrimage to the town where my mother was born, and visit the poor farm-house where she was brought up, and lean upon the gate where she told me she used to stand when a child of ten years old and look at the setting sun!—I could do all this still; but with different

feelings. As our hopes leave us, we lose even our interest and regrets for the past. I had at this time, simple as I seemed, many resources. I could in some sort "play at bowls with the sun and moon;" or, at any rate, there was no question in metaphysics that I could not bandy to and fro, as one might play at cup-and-ball, for twenty, thirty, forty miles of the great North Road, and at it again, the next day, as fresh as ever. I soon get tired of this now, and wonder how I managed formerly. I knew Tom Jones by heart, and was deep in Peregrine Pickle. I was intimately acquainted with all the heroes and heroines of Richardson's romances, and could turn from one to the other as I pleased. I could con over that single passage in Pamela about "her lumpish heart," and never have done admiring the skill of the author and the truth of nature. I had my sports and recreations too, some such as these following:—

"To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
Like some hot amourist, with glowing eyes
Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him.
Sometimes the moon on soft night clouds to rest,
Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence while those lovers sleep.
Sometimes outstretcht, in very idleness,
Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round and small birds how they fare,

When Mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
Filch'd from the careless Amalthea's horn:
And how the woods berries and worms provide
Without their pains, when earth has nought beside
To answer their small wants.
To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
Then stop and gaze, then turn they know not why,
Like bashful younkers in society.
To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
And all fair things of earth, how fair they be."

I have wandered far enough from Burleigh House; but I had some associations about it which I could not well get rid of, without troubling the reader with them.

The *Rembrandts* disappointed me quite. I could hardly find a trace of the impression which had been inlaid in my imagination. I might as well

"Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream."

Instead of broken wrinkles and indented flesh, I saw hard lines and stained canvas. I had seen better Rembrandts since, and had learned to see nature better. Was it a disadvantage, then, that for twenty years I had carried this fine idea in my brain, enriching it from time to time from my observations of nature or art, and raising it as they were raised; or did it much signify that it was disturbed at last? Neither. The picture was nothing to me: it was the idea it had suggested. The one hung on the wall at Burleigh; the other was an heir-loom in my mind. Was it destroyed, because the picture, after long

absence, did not answer to it? No. There were other pictures in the world that did, and objects in nature still more perfect. This is the melancholy privilege of art; it exists chiefly in idea, and is not liable to serious reverses. If we are disappointed in the character of one we love, it breaks the illusion altogether; for we drew certain consequences from a face. If an old friendship is broken up, we cannot tell how to replace it, without the aid of habit and a length of time. But a picture is nothing but a face; it interests us only in idea. Hence we need never be afraid of raising our standard of taste too high; for the mind rises with it, exalted and refined, and can never be much injured by finding out its casual mistakes. Like the possessor of a splendid collection, who is indifferent to or turns away from common pictures, we have a selecter gallery in our own minds. In this sense, the knowledge of art is *its own exceeding great reward.* But is there not danger that we may become too fastidious, and have nothing left to admire? None: for the conceptions of the human soul cannot rise superior to the power of art; or if they do, then we have surely every reason to be satisfied with them. The mind, in what depends upon itself alone, "soon rises from defeat unhurt," though its pride may be for a moment "humbled by such rebuke,"

> "And in its liquid texture mortal wound
> Receives no more than can the fluid air."

As an illustration of the same thing, there are two Claudes at Burleigh, which certainly do not come up to the celebrity of the artist's name. They did not please me formerly: the sky, the water, the trees seemed all too blue, too much of the colour of indigo. But I believed, and wondered. I could no longer admire these specimens of the artist at present, but assuredly my admiration of the artist himself was not less than before; for since then, I had seen other works by the same hand,

——"inimitable on earth
By model or by shading pencil drawn,"—

surpassing every idea that the mind could form of art, except by having seen them. I remember one in particular that Walsh Porter had (a bow-shot beyond all others)—a vernal landscape, an "Hesperian fable true," with a blue unclouded sky, and green trees and grey turrets and an unruffled sea beyond. But never was there sky so soft or trees so clad with spring, such air-drawn towers or such halcyon seas: Zephyr seemed to fan the air, and nature looked on and smiled. The name of Claude has alone something in it that softens and harmonises the mind. It touches a magic chord. Oh! matchless scenes, oh! orient skies, bright with purple and gold; ye opening glades and distant sunny vales, glittering with fleecy flocks, pour all your enchantment into my soul, let it reflect your chastened image, and forget all meaner things! Perhaps the most

affecting tribute to the memory of this great artist is the character drawn of him by an eminent master, in his *Dream of a Painter.*

"On a sudden I was surrounded by a thick cloud or mist, and my guide wafted me through the air, till we alighted on a most delicious rural spot. I perceived it was the early hour of the morn, when the sun had not risen above the horizon. We were alone, except that at a little distance a young shepherd played on his flageolet as he walked before his herd, conducting them from the fold to the pasture. The elevated pastoral air he played charmed me by its simplicity, and seemed to animate his obedient flock. The atmosphere was clear and perfectly calm: and now the rising sun gradually illumined the fine landscape, and began to discover to our view the distant country of immense extent. I stood awhile in expectation of what might next present itself of dazzling splendor, when the only object which appeared to fill this natural, grand, and simple scene, was a rustic who entered, not far from the place where we stood, who by his habiliments seemed nothing better than a peasant; he led a poor little ass, which was loaded with all the implements required by a painter in his work. After advancing a few paces he stood still, and with an air of rapture seemed to contemplate the rising sun: he next fell on his knees, directed his eyes towards heaven, crossed *himself*, and then went on with eager looks, as if to make choice of the most advantageous spot from which to make his studies as a painter. 'This,' said my conductor, 'is that Claude Gelée of Lorraine, who, nobly disdaining the low employment to which he was originally bred, left it with all its advantages of competence and ease to embrace his present state of poverty, in order to adorn the world with works of most accomplished excellence.'"

There is a little Paul Brill at Burleigh, in the

same room with the Rembrandts, that dazzled me many years ago, and delighted me the other day. It looked as sparkling as if the sky came through the frame. I found, or fancied I found, those pictures the best that I remembered before, though they might in the interval have faded a little to my eyes, or lost some of their original brightness. I did not see the small head of Queen Mary by Holbein, which formerly struck me so forcibly; but I have little doubt respecting it, for Holbein was a sure hand; he only wanted effect, and this picture looked through you. One of my old favourites was the *Head of an Angel*, by Guido, nearly a profile, looking up, and with wings behind the back. It was hung lower than it used to be, and had, I thought, a look less aerial, less heavenly; but there was still a pulpy softness in it, a tender grace, an expression unutterable—which only the pencil, *his* pencil, could convey! And are we not then beholden to the art for these glimpses of Paradise? Surely, there is a sweetness in Guido's heads, as there is also a music in his name. If Raphael did more, it was not with the same ease. His heads have more meaning; but Guido's have a look of youthful innocence, which his are without. As to the boasted picture of Christ by Carlo Dolce, if a well-painted table-cloth and silver-cup are worth three thousand guineas, the picture is so, but not else. One touch of Paul Veronese is worth all this enamelling twice over. The head has a wretched mawkish expression.

utterly unbecoming the character it professes to represent. But I will say no more about it. The *Bath of Seneca* is one of Luca Jordano's best performances, and has considerable interest and effect. Among other historical designs, there is one of *Jacob's Dream*, with the angels ascending and descending on a kind of stairs. The conception is very answerable to the subject; but the execution is not in any high degree spirited or graceful. The mind goes away no gainer from the picture. Rembrandt alone perhaps could add any thing to this subject. Of him it might be said that "his light shone in darkness!"—The wreaths of flowers and foliage carved in wood on the wainscots and cieling of many of the rooms, by the celebrated Grinling Gibbons in Charles the Second's time, shew a wonderful lightness and facility of hand, and give pleasure to the eye. The other ornaments and curiosities I need not mention, as they are carefully pointed out by the housekeeper to the admiring visitor. There are two heads, however, (one of them happens to have a screen placed before it) which I would by no means wish any one to pass over, who is an artist, or feels the slightest interest in the art. They are, I should suppose unquestionably, the original studies by Raphael of the heads of the *Virgin* and *Joseph* in his famous picture of the *Madonna of the Crown*. The Virgin is particularly beautiful, and in the finest preservation,

as indeed are all his genuine pictures. The canvas is not quite covered in some places; the colours are as fresh as if newly laid on, and the execution is as firm and vigorous as if his hand had just left it. It shews us how this artist wrought. The head is, no doubt, a highly-finished study from nature, done for a particular purpose, and worked up according to the painter's conception, but still retaining all the force and truth of individuality. He got all he could from Nature, and gave all he could to her in return. If Raphael had merely sketched this divine face on the canvas from the idea in his own mind, why not stamp it on the larger composition at once? He could work it up and refine upon it there just as well, and it would almost necessarily undergo some alteration in being transferred thither afterwards. But if it was done as a careful copy from Nature in the first instance, the present was the only way in which he could proceed, or indeed by which he could arrive at such consummate excellence. The head of the Joseph (leaning on the hand and looking down) is fine, but neither so fine as the companion to it, nor is it by any means so elaborately worked up in the sketch before us.

I am no teller of stories; but there is one belonging to Burleigh-House, of which I happen to know some of the particulars. The late Earl of Exeter had been divorced from his first wife, a woman of fashion, and of somewhat more

gaiety of manners than "lords who love their ladies like." He determined to seek out a second wife in an humbler sphere of life, and that it should be one who, having no knowledge of his rank, should love him for himself alone. For this purpose, he went and settled *incognito* (under the name of Mr. Jones) at Hodnet, an obscure village in Shropshire. He made overtures to one or two damsels in the neighbourhood, but they were too knowing to be taken in by him. His manners were not boorish, his mode of life was retired, it was odd how he got his livelihood, and at last, he began to be taken for a highwayman. In this dilemma he turned to Miss Hoggins, the eldest daughter of a small farmer, at whose house he lodged. Miss Hoggins, it might seem, had not been used to romp with the clowns; there was something in the manners of their quiet, but eccentric guest that she liked. As he found that he had inspired her with that kind of regard which he wished for, he made honourable proposals to her, and at the end of some months, they were married, without his letting her know who he was. They set off in a post-chaise from her father's house, and travelled homewards across the country. In this manner they arrived at Stamford, and passed through the town without stopping, till they came to the entrance of Burleigh-Park, which is on the outside of it. The gates flew open, the chaise entered, and drove up the

long avenue of trees that leads up to the front of this fine old mansion. As they drew nearer to it, and she seemed a little surprised where they were going, he said, "Well, my dear, this is Burleigh-House; it is the home I have promised to bring you to, and you are the Countess of Exeter!" It is said, the shock of this discovery was too much for this young creature, and that she never recovered it. It was a sensation worth dying for. The world we live in was worth making, had it been only for this. *Ye Thousand and One Tales of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments!* hide your diminished heads! I never wish to have been a lord, but when I think of this story.

PICTURES

AT

OXFORD AND BLENHEIM.

ROME has been called the "Sacred City:"—might not *our* Oxford be called so too? There is an air about it, resonant of joy and hope: it speaks with a thousand tongues to the heart: it waves its mighty shadow over the imagination: it stands in lowly sublimity, on the "hill of ages;" and points with prophetic fingers to the sky: it greets the eager gaze from afar, "with glistening spires and pinnacles adorned," that shine with an eternal light as with the lustre of setting suns; and a dream and a glory hover round its head, as the spirits of former times, a throng of intellectual shapes, are seen retreating or advancing to the eye of memory: its streets are paved with the names of learning that can never wear out: its green quadrangles breathe the silence of thought, conscious of the weight of yearnings innumerable after the past, of loftiest aspirations for the future: Isis babbles of the Muse, its waters are from the springs of

Helicon, its Christ-Church meadows, classic, Elysian fields!—We could pass our lives in Oxford without having or wanting any other idea—that of the place is enough. We imbibe the air of thought; we stand in the presence of learning. We are admitted into the Temple of Fame, we feel that we are in the sanctuary, on holy ground, and "hold high converse with the mighty dead." The enlightened and the ignorant are on a level, if they have but faith in the tutelary genius of the place. We may be wise by proxy, and studious by prescription. Time has taken upon himself the labour of thinking; and accumulated libraries leave us leisure to be dull. There is no occasion to examine the buildings, the churches, the colleges, by the rules of architecture, to reckon up the streets, to compare it with Cambridge (Cambridge lies out of the way, on one side of the world)—but woe to him who does not feel in passing through Oxford that he is in "no mean city," that he is surrounded with the monuments and lordly mansions of the mind of man, outvying in pomp and splendour the courts and palaces of princes, rising like an exhalation in the night of ignorance, and triumphing over barbaric foes, saying, "All eyes shall see me, and all knees shall bow to me!" —as the shrine where successive ages came to pay their pious vows, and slake the sacred thirst of knowledge, where youthful hopes (an endless flight) soared to truth and good, and where the

retired and lonely student brooded over the historic, or over fancy's, page, imposing high tasks for himself, framing high destinies for the race of man—the lamp, the mine, the well-head whence the spark of learning was kindled, its stream flowed, its treasures were spread out through the remotest corners of the land and to distant nations. Let him then who is fond of indulging in a dream-like existence go to Oxford, and stay there; let him study this magnificent spectacle, the same under all aspects, with its mental twilight tempering the glare of noon, or mellowing the silver moon-light; let him wander in her sylvan suburbs, or linger in her cloistered halls; but let him not catch the din of scholars or teachers, or dine or sup with them, or speak a word to any of the privileged inhabitants; for if he does, the spell will be broken, the poetry and the religion gone, and the palace of enchantment will melt from his embrace into thin air!

The only Collection of Pictures at Oxford is that at the Bodleian Library; bequeathed by Sir William Guise. It is so far appropriate that it is dingy, solemn, old; and we would gladly leave it to its repose; but where criticism comes, affection "clappeth his wings, and straightway he is gone." Most of the pictures are either copies, or spoiled, or never were good for any thing. There is, however, a *Music Piece* by Titian, which bears the stamp of his hand, and

is "majestic, though in ruins." It represents three young ladies practising at a harpsichord, with their music-master looking on. One of the girls is tall, with prominent features seen in profile, but exquisitely fair, and with a grave expression; the other is a lively, good-humoured girl, in a front view; and the third leans forward from behind, looking down with a demure, reserved, sentimental cast of countenance, but very pretty, and much like an English face. The teacher has a manly countenance, with a certain blended air of courtesy and authority. It is a fascinating picture, to our thinking; and has that marked characteristic look, belonging to each individual and to the subject, which is always to be found in Titian's groups. We also noticed a dingy, melancholy-looking Head over the window of the farthest room, said to be a *Portrait of Vandyke*, with something striking in the tone and expression; and a small *Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise*, attributed to Giuseppe Ribera, which has considerable merit. The amateur will here find continual copies (of an indifferent class) of many of his old favourite pictures of the Italian school, Titian, Domenichino, Correggio, and others. But the most valuable part of the Collection consists of four undoubted Heads cut out of one of the *Cartoons*, which was destroyed by fire about a hundred years ago: they are here preserved in their pristine integrity. They shew us what the Cartoons were. They have all the

spirit and freedom of Raphael's hand, but without any of the blotches and smearing of those at Hampton Court; with which the damp of out-houses and the dews of heaven have evidently had nearly as much to do as the painter. Two are heads of men, and two of women; one of the last, *Rachel weeping for her Children*, and another still finer (both are profiles) in which all the force and boldness of masculine understanding is combined with feminine softness of expression. The large, ox-like eye, a "lucid mirror," with the eye-lids drooping, and the long eye-lashes distinctly marked, the straight scrutinizing nose, the full, but closed lips, the matronly chin and high forehead, altogether convey a character of matured thought and expansive feeling, such as is seldom to be met with. *Rachel weeping for her Children* has a sterner and more painful, but a very powerful expression. It is heroic, rather than pathetic. The heads of the men are spirited and forcible, but they are distinguished chiefly by the firmness of the outline, and the sharpness and mastery of the execution.

Blenheim is a morning's walk from Oxford, and is not an unworthy appendage to it—

> And fast by hanging in a golden chain
> This pendent world, in bigness as a star
> Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon!

Blenheim is not inferior in waving woods and sloping lawns and smooth waters to Pembroke's

princely domain, or to the grounds of any other park we know of. The building itself is Gothic, capricious, and not imposing—a conglomeration of pigeon-houses —

In form resembling a goose-pie—

but as a receptacle for works of art (with the exception of Cleveland House), it is unrivalled in this country. There is not a bad picture in it: the interest is sustained by rich and noble performances from first to last. It abounds in Rubens' works. The old Duchess of Marlborough was fond of the historical pieces of this great painter; she had, during her husband's war and negociations in Flanders, a fine opportunity of culling them, "as one picks pears, saying, This I like, that I like still better:" and from the selection she has made, it appears as if she understood the Master's genius well. She has chosen those of his works which were most mellow, and at the same time gorgeous in colouring, most luxuriant in composition, most unctuous in expression. Rubens was the only artist that could have embodied some of our countryman Spenser's splendid and voluptuous allegories. If a painter among ourselves were to attempt a Spenser Gallery (perhaps the finest subject for the pencil in the world after Heathen Mythology and Scripture History), he ought to go and study the principles of his design at Blenheim! —The *Silenus* and the *Rape of Proserpine* contain more of the Bacchanalian and lawless spirit of

ancient fable than perhaps any two pictures extant. We shall not dispute that Nicholas Poussin could probably give more of the abstract, metaphysical character of his traditional personages, or that Titian could set them off better, so as to "leave stings" in the eye of the spectator, by a prodigious *gusto* of colouring, as in his *Bacchus and Ariadne:* but neither of them gave the same undulating outline, the same humid, *pulpy* tone to the flesh, the same graceful involution to the grouping and the forms, the same animal spirits, the same breathing motion. Let any one look at the figure of the *Silenus* in the first-mentioned of these compositions; its unwieldy size, its reeling, drunken attitude, its capacity for revelling in gross, sensual enjoyment, and contrast it with the figure of the nymph, so light, so wanton, so fair, that her clear crystal skin and laughing grace spread a ruddy glow, and account for the giddy tumult all around her; and say if any thing finer in this kind was ever executed or imagined. In that sort of licentious fancy, in which a certain grossness of expression bordered on caricature, and where grotesque or enticing form was to be combined with free and rapid movements, or different tones and colours were to be flung over the picture as in sport or in a dance, no one ever surpassed the Flemish painter; and some of the greatest triumphs of his pencil are to be found in the Blenheim Gallery. There are several others of his best

pictures on sacred subjects, such as the *Flight into Egypt*, and the illustration of the text, "Suffer little children to come unto me." The head and figure and deportment of the Christ, in this last admirable production, are nobly characteristic (beyond what the painter usually accomplished in this department)—the face of a woman holding a young child, pale, pensive, with scarce any shadow, and the head of the child itself (looking as vacant and satisfied as if the nipple had just dropped from its mouth) are actually alive. Those who can look at this picture with indifference, or without astonishment at the truth of nature, and the felicity of execution, may rest assured that they know as little of Rubens as of the Art itself. Vandyke, the scholar and rival of Rubens, holds the next place in this Collection. There is here, as in so many other places, a picture of the famous Lord Strafford, with his Secretary—both speaking heads, and with the characters finely diversified. We were struck also by the delightful family picture of the Duchess of Buckingham and her Children, but not so much (we confess it) as we expected from our recollection of this picture a few years ago. It had less the effect of a perfect mirror of fashion in "the olden time," than we fancied to ourselves —the little girl had less exquisite primness and studied gentility, the little boy had not the same chubby, good-humoured look, and the colours in his cheek had faded—nor had the mother the

same graceful, matron-like air. Is it we that have changed, or the picture? In general our expectations tally pretty well with our after-observations, but there was a falling-off in the present instance. There is a fine whole-length of a lady of quality of that day (we think Lady Cleveland); but the master-piece of Vandyke's pencil here is his *Charles I. on Horseback.* It is the famous cream or fawn-coloured horse, which, of all the creatures that ever were painted, is surely one of the most beautiful.

> Sure never were seen
> Two such beautiful ponies;
> All others are brutes,
> But these macaronies.

Its steps are delicate, as if it moved to some soft measure or courtly strain, or disdained the very ground it trod upon; its form all lightness and elegance; the expression quick and fiery; the colour inimitable; the texture of the skin sensitive and tremblingly alive all over, as if it would shrink from the smallest touch. The portrait of Charles is not equal; but there is a landscape-back-ground, which in breezy freshness seems almost to rival the airy spirit and delicacy of the noble animal. There are also one or two fine Rembrandts (particularly a *Jacob and Esau*)—an early Raphael, the *Adoration* of some saint, hard and stiff, but carefully designed; and a fine, sensible, graceful head of the

Fornarina, of which we have a common and well-executed engraving.

"But did you see the Titian room?" Yes, we did, and a glorious treat it was; nor do we know why it should not be shown to every one. There is nothing alarming but the title of the subjects —*The Loves of the Gods*—just as was the case with Mr. T. Moore's *Loves of the Angels*—but oh! how differently treated! What a gusto in the the first, compared with the insipidity of the last! What streaks of living blood-colour, so unlike gauze spangles or pink silk stockings! What union, what symmetry of form, instead of sprawling, flimsy descriptions—what an expression of amorous enjoyment about the mouth, the eyes, and even to the finger-ends, instead of cold conceits and moonlight similes! This is *en passant*; so to our task.—It is said these pictures were discovered in an old lumber-room by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who set a high value on them, and that they are undoubtedly by Titian, having been originally sent over as a present by the King of Sardinia (for whose ancestor they were painted) to the first Duke of Marlborough. We should (without, however, pretending to set up an opinion) incline, from the internal evidence, to think them from the pencil of the great Venetian, but for two circumstances: the first is the texture of the skin; and secondly, they do not compose well as pictures. They have no back ground to set them off, but almost ridiculous

trellis-work, representing nothing, hung round them; and the flesh looks monotonous and hard, like the rind of fruit. On the other hand, this last objection seems to be answered satisfactorily enough, and without impugning the skill of the artist; for the pictures are actually painted on skins of leather. In all other respects, they might assuredly be by Titian, and we know of no other painter who was capable of achieving their various excellences. The drawing of the female figure is correct and elegant in a high degree, and might be supposed to be borrowed from classic sculpture, but that it is more soft, more feminine, more lovely. The colouring, with the exception already stated, is true, spirited, golden, harmonious. The grouping and attitudes are heroic, the expression in some of the faces divine. We do not mean, of course, that it possesses the elevation or purity that Raphael or Correggio could give, but it is warmer, more thrilling and ecstatic. There is the glow and ripeness of a more genial clime, the purple light of love, crimsoned blushes, looks bathed in rapture, kisses with immortal sweetness in their taste—Nay, then, let the reader go and see the pictures, and no longer lay the blame of this extravagance on us. We may at any rate repeat the subjects. They are eight in number. 1. *Mars and Venus.* The Venus is well worthy to be called the Queen of Love, for shape, for air, for every thing. Her redoubted lover is a middle-aged, ill-looking

gentleman, clad in a buff-jerkin, and somewhat of a formalist in his approaches and mode of address; but there is a Cupid playing on the floor, who might well turn the world upside down. 2. *Cupid and Psyche.* The Cupid is perhaps rather a gawky, awkward stripling, with eager, open-mouthed wonder: but did ever creature of mortal mould see any thing comparable to the back and limbs of the Psyche, or conceive or read any thing equal to it, but that unique description in the Troilus and Cressida of Chaucer? 3. *Apollo and Daphne.* Not equal to the rest. 4. *Hercules and Dejanira.* The female figure in this picture is full of grace and animation, and the arms that are twined round the great son of Jove are elastic as a bended bow. 5. *Vulcan and Ceres.* 6. *Pluto and Proserpine.* 7. *Jupiter and Io.* Very fine. And finest of all, and last, *Neptune and Amphitrite.* In this last work it seems "as if increase of appetite did grow with what it fed on." What a face is that of Amphitrite for beauty and for sweetness of expression! One thing is remarkable in these groups (with the exception of two) which is that the lovers are all of them old men; but then they retain their beards (according to the custom of the good old times!) and this makes not only a picturesque contrast, but gives a beautiful softness and youthful delicacy to the female faces opposed to them. Upon the whole, this series of historic compositions well deserves the atten-

tion of the artist and the connoisseur, and perhaps some light might be thrown upon the subject of their authenticity by turning over some old portfolios. We have heard a hint thrown out that the designs are of a date prior to Titian. But "we are ignorance itself in this!"

END OF THE
SKETCHES OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURE-GALLERIES IN ENGLAND.

ON

HOGARTH'S MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

THE superiority of the pictures of Hogarth, which we have seen in the late collection at the British Institution,* to the common prints, is confined chiefly to the *Marriage a-la-Mode.* We shall attempt to illustrate a few of their most striking excellences, more particularly with reference to the expression of character. Their merits are indeed so prominent, and have been so often discussed, that it may be thought difficult to point out any new beauties; but they contain so much truth of nature, they present the objects to the eye under so many aspects and bearings, admit of so many constructions, and are so pregnant with meaning, that the subject is in a manner inexhaustible.

Boccacio, the most refined and sentimental of all the novel-writers, has been stigmatised as a mere inventor of licentious tales, because readers

* They are now in the National Gallery, Nos. 113—118. *Ed.*

in general have only seized on those things in his works which were suited to their own taste, and have reflected their own grossness back upon the writer. So it has happened that the majority of critics having been most struck with the strong and decided expression in Hogarth, the extreme delicacy and subtle gradations of character in his pictures have almost entirely escaped them. In the first picture of the *Marriage à-la-Mode*, the three figures of the young Nobleman, his intended Bride, and her inamorato, the Lawyer, shew how much Hogarth excelled in the power of giving soft and effeminate expression. They have, however, been less noticed than the other figures, which tell a plainer story, and convey a more palpable moral. Nothing can be more finely managed than the differences of character in these delicate personages. The Beau sits smiling at the looking-glass, with a reflected simper of self-admiration, and a languishing inclination of the head, while the rest of his body is perked up on his high heels with a certain air of tip-toe elevation. He is the Narcissus of the reign of George II., whose powdered peruke, ruffles, gold lace, and patches, divide his self-love unequally with his own person,—the true *Sir Plume* of his day;

> "Of amber-lidded snuff-box justly vain,
> And the nice conduct of a clouded cane."

There is the same felicity in the figure and

attitude of the Bride, courted by the Lawyer. There is the utmost flexibility, and yielding softness in her whole person, a listless languor and tremulous suspense in the expression of her face. It is the precise look and air which Pope has given to his favourite Belinda, just at the moment of the *Rape of the Lock*. The heightened glow, the forward intelligence, and loosened soul of love in the same face, in the assignation scene before the masquerade, form a fine and instructive contrast to the delicacy, timidity, and coy reluctance expressed in the first. The Lawyer in both pictures is much the same—perhaps too much so—though even this unmoved, unaltered appearance may be designed as characteristic. In both cases he has "a person, and a smooth dispose, framed to make women false." He is full of that easy good-humour and easy good opinion of himself, with which the sex are delighted. There is not a sharp angle in his face to obstruct his success, or give a hint of doubt or difficulty. His whole aspect is round and rosy, lively and unmeaning, happy without the least expense of thought, careless and inviting; and conveys a perfect idea of the uninterrupted glide and pleasing murmur of the soft periods that flow from his tongue.

The expression of the Bride in the Morning scene is the most highly seasoned, and at the same time the most vulgar, in the series. The

figure, face, and attitude of the husband are inimitable. Hogarth has with great skill contrasted the pale countenance of the husband with the yellow whitish colour of the marble chimney-piece behind him, in such a manner as to preserve the fleshy tone of the former. The airy splendour of the view of the inner-room in this picture is probably not exceeded by any of the productions of the Flemish school.

The Young Girl in the third picture, who is represented as the victim of fashionable *profligacy*, is unquestionably one of the Artist's *chefs-d'œuvre*. The exquisite delicacy of the painting is only surpassed by the felicity and subtlety of the conception. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the extreme softness of her person and the hardened indifference of her character. The vacant stillness, the docility to vice, the premature suppression of youthful sensibility, the doll-like mechanism of the whole figure, which seems to have no other feeling but a sickly sense of pain —shew the deepest insight into human nature, and into the effects of those refinements in depravity, by which it has been good-naturedly asserted that "vice loses half its evil in losing all its grossness." The story of this picture is in some parts very obscure and enigmatical. It is certain that the Nobleman is not looking straightforward to the Quack, whom he seems to have been threatening with his cane, but that

his eyes are turned up with an ironical leer of triumph to the Procuress. The commanding attitude and size of this woman, the swelling circumference of her dress, spread out like a turkey cock's feathers,—the fierce, ungovernable inveterate malignity of her countenance, which hardly needs the comment of the clasp-knife to explain her purpose, are all admirable in themselves, and still more so as they are opposed to the mute insensibility, the elegant negligence of the dress, and the childish figure of the girl, who is supposed to be her *protegée*.—As for the Quack, there can be no doubt entertained about him. His face seems as if it were composed of salve, and his features exhibit all the chaos and confusion of the most gross, ignorant, and impudent empiricism.

The gradations of ridiculous affectation in the Music Scene are finely imagined and preserved. The preposterous, overstrained admiration of the Lady of Quality, the sentimental, insipid, patient delight of the Man, with his hair in paper, and sipping his tea,—the pert, smirking, conceited, half-distorted approbation of the figure next to him, the transition to the total insensibility of the round face in profile, and then to the wonder of the Negro-boy at the rapture of his Mistress, form a perfect whole. The sanguine complexion and flame-coloured hair of the female Virtuoso throw an additional light on the character. This is lost in the print. The

continuing the red colour of the hair into the back of the chair has been pointed out as one of those instances of alliteration in colouring of which these pictures are every where full. The gross bloated appearance of the Italian Singer is well relieved by the hard features of the instrumental performer behind him, which might be carved of wood. The Negro-boy, holding the chocolate, both in expression, colour, and execution, is a master-piece. The gay, lively derision of the other Negro-boy, playing with the Actæon, is an ingenious contrast to the profound amazement of the first. Some account has already been given of the two lovers in this picture. It is curious to observe the infinite activity of mind which the artist displays on every occasion. An instance occurs in the present picture. He has so contrived the papers in the hair of the Bride as to make them look almost like a wreath of half-blown flowers, while those which he has placed on the head of the musical Amateur very much resemble a *chevaux-de-frise* of horns, which adorn and fortify the lack-lustre expression and mild resignation of the face beneath.

The Night Scene is inferior to the rest of the series. The attitude of the Husband, who is just killed, is one in which it would be impossible for him to stand or even to fall. It resembles the loose pasteboard figures they make for children. The characters in the last picture, in which the

Wife dies, are all masterly. We would particularly refer to the captious, petulant self-sufficiency of the Apothecary, whose face and figure are constructed on exact physiognomical principles, and to the fine example of passive obedience and non-resistance in the Servant, whom he is taking to task, and whose coat of green and yellow livery is as long and melancholy as his face. The disconsolate look, the haggard eyes, the open mouth, the comb sticking in the hair, the broken, gapped teeth, which, as it were, hitch in an answer, every thing about him denotes the utmost perplexity and dismay.—The harmony and gradations of colour in this picture are uniformly preserved with the greatest nicety, and are well worthy the attention of the artist.

It has been observed that Hogarth's pictures are exceedingly unlike any other representations of the same kind of subjects—that they form a class, and have a character, peculiar to themselves. It may be worth while to consider in what this general distinction consists.

In the first place, they are, in the strictest sense, *Historical* pictures; and if what Fielding says be true, that his novel of *Tom Jones* ought to be regarded as an epic prose-poem, because it contained a regular developement of fable, manners, character, and passion, the compositions of Hogarth will, in like manner, be found to have a higher claim to the title of Epic Pictures than many which have of late arrogated that denomi-

nation to themselves. When we say that Hogarth treated his subjects historically, we mean that his works represent the manners and humours of mankind in action, and their characters by varied expression. Every thing in his pictures has life and motion in it. Not only does the business of the scene never stand still, but every feature and muscle is put into full play; the exact feeling of the moment is brought out, and carried to its utmost height, and then instantly seized and stamped on the canvas for ever. The expression is always taken *en passant*, in a state of progress or change, and, as it were, at the salient point. Besides the excellence of each individual face, the reflection of the expression from face to face, the contrast and struggle of particular motives and feelings in the different actors in the scene, as of anger, contempt, laughter, compassion, are conveyed in the happiest and most lively manner. His figures are not like the back-ground on which they are painted: even the pictures on the wall have a peculiar look of their own.—Again, with the rapidity, variety, and scope of history, Hogarth's heads have all the reality and correctness of portraits. He gives the extremes of character and expression, but he gives them with perfect truth and accuracy. This is, in fact, what distinguishes his compositions from all others of the same kind, that they are equally remote from caricature, and from mere still life. It of course happens in subjects from common life that the

painter can procure real models, and he can get them to sit as long as he pleases. Hence, in general, those attitudes and expressions have been chosen which could be assumed the longest; and in imitating which, the artist, by taking pains and time, might produce almost as complete fac-similes as he could of a flower or a flower-pot, of a damask curtain, or a china vase. The copy was as perfect and as uninteresting in the one case as in the other. On the contrary, subjects of drollery and ridicule affording frequent examples of strange deformity and peculiarity of features, these have been eagerly seized by another class of artists, who, without subjecting themselves to the laborious drudgery of the Dutch School and their imitators, have produced our popular caricatures, by rudely copying or exaggerating the casual irregularities of the human countenance. Hogarth has equally avoided the faults of both these styles, the insipid tameness of the one, and the gross vulgarity of the other, so as to give to the productions of his pencil equal solidity and effect. For his faces go to the very verge of caricature, and yet never (we believe in any single instance) go beyond it: they take the very widest latitude, and yet we always see the links which bind them to nature; they bear all the marks and carry all the conviction of reality with them, as if we had seen the actual faces for the first time, from the precision, consistency, and good sense with which the whole and every part

is made out. They exhibit the most uncommon features with the most uncommon expressions, but which are yet as familiar and intelligible as possible, because with all the boldness they have all the truth of nature. Hogarth has left behind him as many of these memorable faces, in their memorable moments, as perhaps most of us remember in the course of our lives, and has thus doubled the quantity of our observation.

We have already attempted to point out the fund of observation, physical and moral, contained in one set of these pictures, the *Marriage à-la-Mode.* The rest would furnish as many topics to descant upon, were the patience of the reader as inexhaustible as the painter's invention. But, as this is not the case, we shall content ourselves with barely referring to some of those figures in the other pictures, which appear the most striking, and which we see not only while we are looking at them, but which we have before us at all other times.—For instance, who having seen can easily forget that exquisite frost-piece of religion and morality, the antiquated Prude in the Morning Scene; or that striking commentary on the *good old times*, the little wretched appendage of a Foot-boy, who crawls half-famished and half-frozen behind her? The French Man and Woman in the Noon are the perfection of flighty affectation and studied grimace; the amiable *fraternization* of the two old Women saluting each other is not enough to

be admired; and in the little Master, in the same national group, we see the early promise and personification of that eternal principle of wondrous self-complacency, proof against all circumstances, and which makes the French the only people who are vain even of being cuckolded and being conquered! Or shall we prefer to this the outrageous distress and unmitigated terrors of the Boy who has dropped his dish of meat, and who seems red all over with shame and vexation, and bursting with the noise he makes? Or what can be better than the good housewifery of the Girl underneath, who is devouring the lucky fragments, or than the plump, ripe, florid, luscious look of the Servant-wench embraced by a greasy rascal of an Othello, with her pie-dish tottering like her virtue, and with the most precious part of its contents running over? Just—no, not quite—as good is the joke of the woman over head, who, having quarrelled with her husband, is throwing their Sunday's dinner out of the window, to complete this chapter of accidents of baked-dishes. The husband in the Evening Scene is certainly as meek as any recorded in history; but we cannot say that we admire this picture, or the Night Scene after it. But then, in the Taste in High Life, there is that inimitable pair, differing only in sex, congratulating and delighting one another by "all the mutually reflected charities" of folly and affectation, with the young Lady co-

loured like a rose, dandling her little, black, pug-faced, white-teethed chuckling favourite, and with the portrait of Mons. Des Noyers in the back-ground, dancing in a grand ballet, surrounded by butterflies. And again, in the Election-dinner, [Soane Museum 53] is the immortal Cobler, surrounded by his Peers, who, "frequent and full,"—

"In *loud* recess and *brawling* conclave, sit:"

the Jew in the second picture [Soane Museum 56], a very Jew in grain;—innumerable fine sketches of heads in the Polling for Votes [Soane Museum 73], of which the Nobleman over-looking the caricaturist is the best;—and then the irresistible tumultuous display of broad humour in the Chairing the Member [Soane Museum 78], which is, perhaps, of all Hogarth's pictures, the most full of laughable incidents and situations—the yellow, rusty-faced Thresher, with his swinging flail, breaking the head of one of the Chairmen, and his redoubted antagonist, the Sailor, with his oak-stick, and stumping wooden leg, a supplemental cudgel—the persevering ecstasy of the hobbling blind Fiddler, who, in the fray, appears to have been trod upon by the artificial excrescence of the honest Tar—Monsieur, the Monkey, with piteous aspect, speculating the impending disaster of the triumphant candidate, and his brother Bruin, appropriating the paunch—the precipitous flight

of the Pigs, souse over head into the water, the fine Lady fainting, with vermillion lips, and the two Chimney-sweepers, satirical young rogues! We had almost forgot the Politician who is burning a hole through his hat with a candle in reading the newspaper; and the Chickens, in the *March to Finchley*, wandering in search of their lost dam, who is found in the pocket of the Serjeant. Of the pictures in the *Rake's Progress*, in this Collection [Soane Museum 1—8], we shall not here say any thing, because we think them, on the whole, inferior to the prints, and because they have already been criticised by a writer, to whom we could add nothing, in a paper which ought to be read by every lover of Hogarth and of English genius.*

* An Essay on the Genius of Hogarth; by C. Lamb.

ON THE FINE ARTS.

The term Fine Arts may be viewed as embracing all those arts in which the powers of imitation or invention are exerted, chiefly with a view to the production of pleasure by the immediate impression which they make on the mind. But the phrase has of late been restricted to a narrower and more technical signification, namely, to painting, sculpture, engraving, and architecture, which appeal to the eye as the medium of pleasure; and, by way of eminence, to the two first of these arts. In the following observations, I shall adopt this limited sense of the term; and shall endeavour to develope the principles upon which the great masters have proceeded, and also to enquire in a more particular manner into the state and probable advancement of these arts in this country. The great works of art at present extant, and which may be regarded as models of perfection in their several kinds, are the Greek statues—the pictures of the celebrated

Italian masters—those of the Dutch and Flemish schools—to which we may add the comic productions of our own countryman, Hogarth. These all stand unrivalled in the history of art; and they owe their pre-eminence and perfection to one and the same principle—*the immediate imitation of nature.* This principle predominated equally in the classical forms of the antique, and in the grotesque figures of Hogarth: the perfection of art in each arose from the truth and identity of the imitation with the reality; the difference was in the subjects—there was none in the mode of imitation. Yet the advocates for the *ideal system of art* would persuade their disciples that the difference between Hogarth and the antique does not consist in the different forms of nature which they imitated, but in this, that the one is like, and the other unlike, nature. This is an error the most detrimental, perhaps, of all others, both to the theory and practice of art. As, however, the prejudice is very strong and general, and supported by the highest authority, it will be necessary to go somewhat elaborately into the question, in order to produce an impression on the other side.

What has given rise to the common notion of the *ideal,* as something quite distinct from *actual* nature, is probably the perfection of the Greek statues. Not seeing among ourselves anything to correspond in beauty and grandeur, either with the feature or form of the limbs in these exquisite

remains of antiquity, it was an obvious, but a superficial, conclusion that they must have been created from the idea existing in the artist's mind, and could not have been copied from anything existing in nature. The contrary, however, is the fact. The general form both of the face and figure, which we observe in the old statues, is not an ideal abstraction, is not a fanciful invention of the sculptor, but is as completely local and national (though it happens to be more beautiful) as the figures on a Chinese screen, or a copper-plate engraving of a negro chieftain in a book of travels. It will not be denied that there is a difference of physiognomy as well as of complexion in different races of men. The Greek form appears to have been naturally beautiful, and they had, besides, every advantage of climate, of dress, of exercise, and modes of life to improve it. The artist had also every facility afforded him in the study and knowledge of the human form; and their religious and public institutions gave him every encouragement in the prosecution of his art. All these causes contributed to the perfection of these noble productions; but I should be inclined principally to attribute the superior symmetry of form common to the Greek statues, in the first place, to the superior symmetry of the models in nature, and, in the second, to the more constant opportunities for studying them. If we allow, also, for the superior genius of the people, we shall not be wrong; but this

superiority consisted in their peculiar susceptibility to the impressions of what is beautiful and grand in nature. It may be thought an objection, to what has just been said, that the antique figures of animals, &c., are as fine, and proceed on the same principles, as their statues of gods or men. But all that follows from this seems to be that their art had been perfected in the study of the human form, the test and proof of power and skill; and was then transferred easily to the general imitation of all other objects, according to their true characters, proportions, and appearances. As a confirmation of these remarks, the antique portraits of individuals were often superior even to the personification of their gods. I think that no unprejudiced spectator of real taste can hesitate for a moment in preferring the head of the Antinous, for example, to that of the Apollo. And in general it may be laid down as a rule, that the most perfect of the antiques are the most simple, — those which affect the least action, or violence of passion,—which repose the most on natural beauty of form, and a certain expression of sweetness and dignity, that is, which remain most nearly in that state in which they could be copied from nature without straining the limbs or features of the individual, or racking the invention of the artist. This tendency of Greek art to repose has indeed been reproached with insipidity by those who had not a true feeling of beauty and sentiment. I, how-

ever, prefer these models of habitual grace or internal grandeur to the violent distortions of suffering in the Laocoon, or even to the supercilious air of the Apollo. The Niobe, more than any other antique head, combines truth and beauty with deep passion. But here the passion is fixed, intense, habitual;—it is not a sudden or violent gesticulation, but a settled mould of features; the grief it expresses is such as might almost turn the human countenance itself *into marble!*

In general, then, I would be understood to maintain that the beauty and grandeur so much admired in the Greek statues were not a voluntary fiction of the brain of the artist, but existed substantially in the forms from which they were copied, and by which the artist was surrounded. A striking authority in support of these observations, which has in some measure been lately discovered, is to be found in the *Elgin Marbles*, taken from the Acropolis at Athens, and supposed to be the works of the celebrated Phidias. The process of fastidious refinement and indefinite abstraction is certainly not visible there. The figures have all the ease, the simplicity, and variety, of individual nature. Even the details of the subordinate parts, the loose hanging folds in the skin, the veins under the belly or on the sides of the horses, more or less swelled as the animal is more or less in action, are given with scrupulous exactness. This is true nature and true art.

In a word, these invaluable remains of antiquity are precisely like casts taken from life. The *ideal* is not the preference of that which exists only in the mind to that which exists in nature; but the preference of that which is fine in nature to that which is less so. There is nothing fine in art but what is taken almost immediately, and, as it were, in the mass, from what is finer in nature. Where there have been the finest models in nature, there have been the finest works of art.

As the Greek statues were copied from Greek forms, so Raphael's expressions were taken from Italian faces, and I have heard it remarked that the women in the streets of Rome seem to have walked out of his pictures in the Vatican.

Sir Joshua Reynolds constantly refers to Raphael as the highest example in modern times (at least with one exception) of the grand or ideal style; and yet he makes the essence of that style to consist in the embodying of an abstract or general idea, formed in the mind of the artist by rejecting the peculiarities of individuals, and retaining only what is common to the species. Nothing can be more inconsistent than the style of Raphael with this definition. In his Cartoons, and in his groups in the Vatican, there is hardly a face or figure which is any thing more than fine individual nature finely disposed and copied. The late Mr. Barry, who could not be suspected of prejudice on this side of the question, speaks

thus of them: "In Raphael's pictures (at the Vatican) of the *Dispute of the Sacrament,* and the *School of Athens,* one sees all the heads to be entirely copied from particular characters in nature, nearly proper for the persons and situations which he adapts them to; and he seems to me only to add and take away what may answer his purpose in little parts, features, &c.; conceiving, while he had the head before him, ideal characters and expressions, which he adapts their features and peculiarities of face to. This attention to the particulars which distinguish all the different faces, persons, and characters, the one from the other, gives his pictures quite the verity and unaffected dignity of nature, which stamp the distinguishing differences betwixt one man's face and body and another's."

If any thing is wanting to the conclusiveness of this testimony, it is only to look at the pictures themselves; particularly the *Miracle of the Conversion,* and the *Assembly of Saints,* which are little else than a collection of divine portraits, in natural and expressive attitudes, full of the loftiest thought and feeling, and as varied as they are fine. It is this reliance on the power of nature which has produced these masterpieces by the Prince of Painters, in which expression is all in all; where one spirit—that of truth—pervades every part, brings down heaven to earth, mingles Cardinals and Popes with angels and apostles, and yet blends and harmonizes the whole by the true touches

and intense feeling of what is beautiful and grand in nature. It is no wonder that Sir Joshua, when he first saw Raphael's pictures in the Vatican, was at a loss to discover any great excellence in them, if he was looking out for his theory of the *ideal*,—of neutral character and middle forms.

There is more an appearance of abstract grandeur of form in Michael Angelo. He has followed up, has enforced, and expanded, as it were, a preconceived idea, till he sometimes seems to tread on the verge of caricature. His forms, however, are not *middle*, but *extreme* forms, massy, gigantic, supernatural. They convey the idea of the greatest size in the figure, and in all the parts of the figure. Every muscle is swollen and turgid. This tendency to exaggeration would have been avoided if Michael Angelo had recurred more constantly to nature, and had proceeded less on a scientific knowledge of the structure of the human body; for science gives only the positive form of the different parts, which the imagination may afterwards magnify as it pleases, but it is nature alone which combines them with perfect truth and delicacy, in all the varieties of motion and expression. It is fortunate that I can refer, in illustration of my doctrine, to the admirable fragment of the Theseus at Lord Elgin's, which shows the possibility of uniting the grand and natural style in the highest degree. The form of the limbs, as af-

fected by pressure or action, and the general sway of the body, are preserved with the most consummate mastery. I should prefer this statue, as a model for forming the style of the student, to the Apollo, which strikes me as having something of a theatrical appearance; or to the Hercules, in which there is an ostentatious and overladen display of anatomy. This last figure, indeed, is so overloaded with sinews, that it has been suggested as a doubt, whether, if life could be put into it, it would be able to move. Grandeur of conception, truth of nature, and purity of taste, seem to have been at their height when the masterpieces which adorned the Temple of Minerva at Athens, of which we have only these imperfect fragments, were produced. Compared with these, the later Greek statues display a more elaborate workmanship, more of the artifices of style. The several parts are more uniformly balanced, made more to tally like modern periods; each muscle is more equally brought out, and more highly finished as a part, but not with the same subordination of each part to the whole. If some of these wonderful productions have a fault, it is the want of that entire and naked simplicity which pervades the whole of the *Elgin Marbles*.

Having spoken here of the Greek statues, and of the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, as far as relates to the imitation of nature, I shall attempt to point out, to the best of my ability, and as

concisely as possible, what I conceive to be their general and characteristic excellences. The ancients excelled in beauty of form, Michael Angelo in grandeur of conception, Raphael in expression. In Raphael's faces, particularly his women, the expression is very superior to the form; in the ancient statues the form is the principal thing. The interest which the latter excite is in a manner external; it depends on a certain grace and lightness of appearance, joined with exquisite symmetry and refined susceptibility to voluptuous emotions; but there is in general a want of pathos. In their looks we do not read the wishings of the heart; by their beauty they are deified. The pathos which they exhibit is rather that of present and physical distress than of deep internal sentiment. What has been remarked of Leonardo da Vinci is also true of Raphael, that there is an angelic sweetness and tenderness in his faces, in which human frailty and passion are purified by the sanctity of religion. The ancient statues are finer objects for the eye to contemplate; they represent a more perfect race of physical beings, but we have little sympathy with them. In Raphael all our natural sensibilities are heightened and refined by the sentiments of faith and hope, pointing mysteriously to the interests of another world. The same intensity of passion appears also to distinguish Raphael from Michael Angelo. Michael Angelo's forms are grander, but they are not so informed

with expression. Raphael's, however ordinary in themselves, are full of expression, "even to "o'erflowing;" every nerve and muscle is impregnated with feeling—bursting with meaning. In Michael Angelo, on the contrary, the powers of body and mind appear superior to any events that can happen to them; the capacity of thought and feeling is never full, never strained, or tasked to the extremity of what it will bear. All is in a lofty repose and solitary grandeur, which no human interest can shake or disturb. It has been said that Michael Angelo painted *man*, and Raphael *men*; that the one was an epic, the other a dramatic painter. But the distinction I have stated is, perhaps, truer and more intelligible, *viz.* that the one gave greater dignity of form, and the other greater force and refinement of expression. Michael Angelo, in fact, borrowed his style from sculpture. He represented in general only single figures (with subordinate accompaniments), and had not to express the conflicting actions and passions of a multitude of persons. It is therefore a mere truism to say that his compositions are not dramatic. He is much more picturesque than Raphael. His drawing of the human form has the characteristic freedom and boldness of Titian's landscapes.

After Michael Angelo and Raphael, there is no doubt that Leonardo da Vinci and Correggio are the two painters, in modern times, who have

carried historical expression to the highest ideal perfection; and yet it is equally certain that their heads are carefully copied from faces and expressions in nature. Leonardo excelled principally in his women and children. There is, in his female heads, a peculiar charm of expression, a character of natural sweetness and tender playfulness, mixed up with the pride of conscious intellect, and the graceful reserve of personal dignity. He blends purity with voluptuousness; and the expression of his women is equally characteristic of "the mistress or the saint." His pictures are worked up to the height of the idea he had conceived, with an elaborate felicity; but this idea was evidently first suggested, and afterwards religiously compared with nature. This was his excellence. His fault is that his style of execution is too mathematical; that is, his pencil does not follow the graceful variety of the details of objects, but substitutes certain refined gradations, both of form and colour, producing equal changes in equal distances, with a mechanical uniformity. Leonardo was a man of profound learning as well as genius, and perhaps transferred too much of the formality of science to his favourite art.

The masterpieces of Correggio have the same identity with nature, the same stamp of truth. He has indeed given to his pictures the utmost softness and refinement of outline and expression; but this idea, at which he constantly aimed,

is filled up with all the details and varieties which such heads would have in nature. So far from any thing like a naked abstract idea, or middle form, the individuality of his faces has something peculiar in it, even approaching the grotesque. He has endeavoured to impress habitually on the countenance those undulating outlines which rapture or tenderness leave there, and has chosen for this purpose those forms and proportions which most obviously assisted his design.

As to the colouring of Correggio, it is nature itself. Not only is the general tone perfectly true, but every speck and particle is varied in colour, in relief, in texture, with a care, a felicity, and an effect which is almost magical. His light and shade are equally admirable. No one else, perhaps, ever gave the same harmony and roundness to his compositions. So true are his shadows, equally free from coldness, opacity, or false glare;—so clear, so broken, so airy, and yet so deep, that if you hold your hand so as to cast a shadow on any part of the flesh which is in the light, this part, so shaded, will present exactly the same appearance which the painter has given to the shadowed part of the picture. Correggio indeed possessed a greater variety of excellences in the different departments of his art than any other painter; and yet it is remarkable that the impression which his pictures leave upon the mind of the common spectator is monotonous

and comparatively feeble. His style is in some degree mannered and confined. For instance, he is without the force, passion, and grandeur of Raphael, who, however, possessed his softness of expression, but of expression only; and in colour, in light and shade, and other qualities, was quite inferior to Correggio. We may, perhaps, solve this apparent contradiction by saying, that he applied the power of his mind to a greater variety of objects than others; but that this power was still of the same character, consisting in a certain exquisite sense of the harmonious, the soft and graceful in form, colour, and sentiment, but with a deficiency of strength, and a tendency to effeminacy in all these.

After the names of Raphael and Correggio, I shall mention that of Guido, whose female faces are exceedingly beautiful and ideal, but altogether common-place and vapid compared with those of Raphael or Correggio; and they are so for no other reason but that the general idea they convey is not enriched and strengthened by an intense contemplation of nature. For the same reason, I can conceive nothing more unlike the antique than the figures of Poussin, except as to the preservation of the costume; and it is perhaps chiefly owing to the habit of studying his art at second-hand, or by means of scientific rules, that the great merits of that able painter, whose understanding and genius are unquestionable, are confined to his choice of sub-

jects for his pictures, and his manner of telling the story. His landscapes, which he probably took from nature, are superior as paintings to his historical pieces. The faces of Poussin want natural expression, as his figures want grace; but the back-grounds of his historical compositions can scarcely be surpassed. In his *Plague of Athens* the very buildings seem stiff with horror. His giants, seated on the top of their fabled mountains, and playing on their panpipes, are as familiar and natural as if they were the ordinary inhabitants of the scene. The finest of his landscapes is his picture of the *Deluge*. The sun is just seen, wan and drooping in his course. The sky is bowed down with a weight of waters, and heaven and earth seem mingling together.

Titian is at the head of the Venetian school; he is the first of all colourists. In delicacy and purity Correggio is equal to him, but his colouring has not the same warmth and gusto in it. Titian's flesh-colour partakes of the glowing nature of the climate, and of the luxuriousness of the manners of his country. He represents objects not through a merely lucid medium, but as if tinged with a golden light. Yet it is wonderful in how low a tone of local colouring his pictures are painted,—how rigidly his means are husbanded. His most gorgeous effects are produced, not less by keeping down than by heightening his colours; the fineness of his gradations adds to their variety and force; and, with him,

truth is the same thing as splendour. Every thing is done by the severity of his eye, by the patience of his touch. He is enabled to keep pace with nature by never hurrying on before her; and as he forms the broadest masses out of innumerable varying parts and minute touches of the pencil, so he unites and harmonizes the strongest contrasts by the most imperceptible transitions. Every distinction is relieved and broken by some other intermediate distinction, like half-notes in music; and yet all this accumulation of endless variety is so managed as only to produce the majestic simplicity of nature, so that to a common eye there is nothing extraordinary in his pictures, any more than in nature itself. It is, I believe, owing to what has been here stated, that Titian is, of all painters, at once the easiest and the most difficult to copy. He is the most difficult to copy perfectly, for the artifice of his colouring and execution is hid in its apparent simplicity; and yet the knowledge of nature, and the arrangement of the forms and masses in his pictures, are so masterly that any copy made from them, even the rudest outline or sketch, can hardly fail to have a look of high art. Because he was the greatest colourist in the world, this, which was his most prominent, has, for shortness, been considered as his only, excellence; and he has been said to have been ignorant of drawing. What he was, generally speaking, deficient in, was invention or compo-

sition, though even this appears to have been more from habit than want of power; but his drawing of actual forms, where they were not to be put into momentary action, or adapted to a particular expression, was as fine as possible. His drawing of the forms of inanimate objects is unrivalled. His trees have a marked character and physiognomy of their own, and exhibit an appearance of strength or flexibility, solidity or lightness, as if they were endued with conscious power and purposes. Character was another excellence which Titian possessed in the highest degree. It is scarcely speaking too highly of his portraits to say that they have as much expression, that is, convey as fine an idea of intellect and feeling, as the historical heads of Raphael. The chief difference appears to be that the expression in Raphael is more imaginary and contemplative, and in Titian more personal and constitutional. The heads of the one seem thinking more of some event or subject, those of the other to be thinking more of themselves. In the portraits of Titian, as might be expected, the Italian character always predominates: there is a look of piercing sagacity, of commanding intellect, of acute sensibility, which it would be in vain to seek for in any other portraits. The daring spirit and irritable passions of the age and country are distinctly stamped upon their countenances, and can be as little mistaken as the costume which they wear. The portraits of

Raphael, though full of profound thought and feeling, have more of common humanity about them. Titian's portraits are the most historical that ever were painted; and they are so for this reason, that they have most consistency of form and expression. His portraits of *Hippolito de Medici* and of a *Young Neapolitan Nobleman*, lately in the gallery of the Louvre, are a striking contrast in this respect. All the lines of the face in the one, the eye-brows, the nose, the corners of the mouth, the contour of the face, present the same sharp angles, the same acute, edgy, contracted, violent expression. The other portrait has the finest expansion of feature and outline, and conveys the most exquisite idea of mild thoughtful sentiment. The consistency of the expression constitutes as great a charm in Titian's portraits as the harmony of the colouring. The similarity sometimes objected to in his heads is partly national and partly arises from the class of persons whom he painted. He painted only Italians; and in his time it rarely happened that any but persons of the highest rank, senators or cardinals, sat for their pictures. The similarity of costume, of the dress, the beard, &c. also adds to the similarity of their appearance. It adds, at the same time, to their picturesque effect; and the altération in this respect is one circumstance, among others, that has been injurious, not to say fatal, to modern art. This observation is not confined to por-

traits; for the hired dresses with which our historical painters clothe their figures sit no more easily on the imagination of the artist than they do gracefully on the lay-figures over which they are thrown.

Giorgione, Paul Veronese, Tintoret, and the Bassans are the remaining great names of the Venetian school. The excellence of all of these consisted in their bold, masterly, and striking imitation of nature. Their want of *ideal form* and elevated character is indeed a constant subject of reproach against them. Giorgione takes the first place among them; for he was in some measure the master of Titian; whereas the others were only his disciples. The Caraccis, Domenichino, and the rest of the Bolognese school formed themselves on a principle of combining the excellences of the Roman and Venetian painters, in which they for a while succeeded to a considerable degree; but they degenerated and dwindled away into absolute insignificance in proportion as they departed from nature or the great masters who had copied her, to mould their works on academic rules and the phantoms of abstract perfection.

Rubens is the prince of the Flemish painters. Of all the great painters he is perhaps the most artificial: the man who painted most from his imagination, and, what was almost the inevitable consequence, the most of a mannerist. He had neither the Greek form to study from, nor

the Roman expression, nor the high character, picturesque costume, and sun-burnt hues which the Venetian painters had immediately before them. He took, however, what circumstances presented to him, a fresher and more blooming tone of complexion, arising from moister air and a colder climate. To this he added the congenial splendour of reflected lights and shadows, cast from rich drapery; and he made what amends he could for the want of expression by the richness of his compositions and the fantastic variety of his allegorical groups. Both his colouring and his drawing were, however, ideal exaggerations; but both had particular qualities of the highest virtue. He has given to his flesh greater transparency and freshness than any other painter; and this excellence he had from nature. One of the finest instances will be found in his *Peasant Family going to Market*, in which the figures have all the bloom of health upon their countenances; and the very air of the surrounding landscape strikes sharp and wholesome on the sense. Rubens had another excellence: he has given all that relates to the expression of motion, in his allegorical figures, in his children, his animals, even in his trees, to a degree which no one else has equalled, or indeed approached. His drawing is often deficient in proportion, in knowledge, and in elegance, but it is always picturesque. The drawing of N. Poussin, on the contrary, which has been much cried up, is

merely learned and anatomical: he has a knowledge of the structure and measurements of the human body, but very little feeling of the grand, or beautiful, or striking in form.

All Rubens' forms have ease, freedom, and excessive elasticity. In the grotesque style of history, as in groups of satyrs, nymphs, bacchanals, and animals, where striking contrasts of form are combined with every kind of rapid and irregular movement, he has not a rival. Witness his *Silenus* at Blenheim, where the lines seem drunk and staggering; and his *Procession of Cupids riding on Animals* at Whitehall, with that adventurous leader of the infantine crew, who, with a spear, is urging a lion, on which he is mounted, over the edge of the world; for beyond we only see a precipice of clouds and sky. Rubens' power of expressing motion, perhaps, arose from the facility of his pencil, and his habitually trusting a good deal to memory and imagination in his compositions; for this quality can be given in no other way. His portraits are the least valuable productions of his pencil. His landscapes are often delightful, and appear like the work of fairy hands.

It remains to speak of Vandyke and Rembrandt; the one the disciple of Rubens, the other the entire founder of his own school. It is not possible for two painters to be more opposite. The characteristic merits of the former are very happily summed up in a single

line of a poetical critic, where he speaks of

"The soft precision of the clear Vandyke."

The general object of this analysis of the works of the great masters has been to show that their pre-eminence has constantly depended, not on the creation of a fantastic, abstract excellence, existing nowhere but in their own mind, but in their selecting and embodying some one view of nature, which came immediately under their habitual observation, and which their particular genius led them to study and imitate with success. This is certainly the case with Vandyke. His portraits, mostly of English women, in the Louvre, have a cool, refreshing air about them, a look of simplicity and modesty even in the very tone, which forms a fine contrast to the voluptuous glow and mellow golden lustre of Titian's Italian women. There is a quality of flesh-colour in Vandyke which is to be found in no other painter, and which exactly conveys the idea of the soft, smooth, sliding, continuous, delicately varied surface of the skin. The objects in his pictures have the least possible difference of light and shade, and are presented to the eye without passing through any indirect medium. It is this extreme purity and silvery clearness of tone, together with the facility and precision of his particular forms, and a certain air of fashionable elegance, characteristic of the age in which he flourished, that places Vandyke in the first rank of portrait-painters.

If ever there was a man of genius in the art, it was Rembrandt. He might be said to have created a medium of his own, through which he saw all objects. He was the grossest and the least vulgar, that is to say, the least commonplace in his grossness, of all men. He was the most downright, the least fastidious of the imitators of nature. He took any object, he cared not what, how mean soever in form, colour, and expression; and from the light and shade which he threw upon it, it came out gorgeous from his hands. As Vandyke made use of the smallest contrasts of light and shade, and painted as if in the open air, Rembrandt used the most violent and abrupt contrasts in this respect, and painted his objects as if in a dungeon. His pictures may be said to be "bright with excessive darkness." His vision had acquired a lynx-eyed sharpness from the artificial obscurity to which he had accustomed himself. "Mystery and silence hung upon his pencil." Yet he could pass rapidly from one extreme to another, and dip his colours with equal success in the gloom of night or in the blaze of the noon-day sun. In surrounding different objects with a medium of imagination solemn or dazzling, he was a true poet; in all the rest he was a mere painter, but a painter of no common stamp. The powers of his hand were equal to those of his eye; and, indeed, he could not have attempted the subjects he did, without an execution as masterly as his know-

ledge was profound. His colours are sometimes dropped in lumps on the canvas; at other times they are laid on as smooth as glass; and he not unfrequently painted with the handle of his brush. He had an eye for all objects as far as he had seen them. His history and landscapes are equally fine in their way. His landscapes one could look at for ever, though there is nothing in them. But "they are of the earth, earthy." It seems as if he had dug them out of nature. Everything is so true, so real, so full of all the feelings and associations which the eye can suggest to the other senses, that we immediately take as strong an affection to them as if they were our home—the very place where we were brought up. No length of time could add to the intensity of the impressions they convey. Rembrandt is the least classical and the most romantic of all painters. His *Jacob's Ladder* is more like a dream than any other picture that ever was painted. The figure of Jacob himself is thrown in one corner of the picture like a bundle of clothes, while the angels hover above the darkness in the shape of airy wings.

It would be needless to prove that the generality of the Dutch painters copied from actual objects. They have become almost a bye-word for carrying this principle into its abuse, by copying everything they saw, and having no choice or preference of one thing to another unless that they preferred that which was most

obvious and common. I forgive them. They perhaps did better in faithfully and skilfully imitating what they had seen than in imagining what they had not seen. Their pictures, at least, show that there is nothing in nature, however mean or trivial, that has not its beauty, and some interest belonging to it, if truly represented. I prefer Vangoyen's views on the borders of a canal, the yellow-tufted bank and passing sail, or Ruysdael's woods and sparkling waterfalls, to the most classical or epic compositions which could have been invented out of nothing; and I think that Teniers's boors, old women, and children, are very superior to the little carved ivory Venuses in the pictures of Vanderneer; just as I think Hogarth's *Marriage à-la-Mode* is better than his *Sigismunda,* or as Mr. Wilkie's *Card-Players* is better than his *Alfred.* I should not assuredly prefer a *Dutch Fair* by Teniers to a *Cartoon* by Raphael; but I suspect I should prefer a *Dutch Fair* by Teniers to a *Cartoon* by the same master; or, I should prefer truth and nature in the simplest dress, to affectation and inanity in the most pompous disguise. Whatever is genuine in art must proceed from the impulse of nature and individual genius.

In the French school there are but two names of high and established reputation—N. Poussin and Claude Lorraine. Of the former I have already spoken; of the latter I shall give my opinion when I come to speak of our own

Wilson. I ought not to pass over the names of Murillo and Velasquez, those admirable Spanish painters. It is difficult to characterize their peculiar excellences as distinct from those of the Italian and Dutch schools. They may be said to hold a middle rank between the painters of mind and body. They express not so much thought and sentiment, nor yet the mere exterior, as the life and spirit of the man. Murillo is probably at the head of that class of painters who have treated subjects of common life. After making the colours on the canvas feel and think, the next best thing is to make them breathe and live. But there is in Murillo's pictures of this kind a look of real life, a cordial flow of native animal spirits, which we find no where else. I might here refer particularly to his picture of the *Two Spanish Beggar Boys*, in the collection at Dulwich College, which cannot easily be forgotten by those who have ever seen it.

I come now to treat of the progress of art in Britain.

I shall first speak of Hogarth, both as he is the first name in the order of time that we have to boast of, and as he is the greatest comic painter of any age or country. His pictures are not imitations of still life, or mere transcripts of incidental scenes or customs; but powerful moral satires, exposing vice and folly in their most ludicrous points of view, and, with a pro-

found insight into the weak sides of character and manners, in all their tendencies, combinations, and contrasts. There is not a single picture of his containing a representation of merely natural or domestic scenery. His object is not so much "to hold the mirror up to nature," as "to show vice her own feature, scorn her own image." Folly is there seen at the height—the moon is at the full—it is the very error of the time. There is a perpetual collision of eccentricities, a tilt and tournament of absurdities, pampered into all sorts of affectation, airy, extravagant, ostentatious! Yet he is as little a caricaturist as he is a painter of still life. Criticism has not done him justice, though public opinion has. His works have received a sanction which it would be vain to dispute, in the universal delight and admiration with which they have been regarded, from their first appearance to the present moment. If the quantity of amusement, or of matter for reflection, which they have afforded, is that by which we are to judge of precedence among the intellectual benefactors of mankind, there are perhaps few persons who can put in a stronger claim to our gratitude than Hogarth. The wonderful knowledge which he possessed of human life and manners is only to be surpassed (if it can be) by the powers of invention with which he has arranged his materials, and by the mastery of execution with which he has embodied and made tangible the very thoughts and

passing movements of the mind. Some persons object to the style of Hogarth's pictures, or to the class to which they belong. First, Hogarth belongs to no class, or, if he belongs to any, it is to the same class as Fielding, Smollett, Vanbrugh, and Molière. Besides, the merit of his pictures does not depend on the nature of his subjects, but on the knowledge displayed of them, in number of ideas, in the fund of observation and amusement contained in them. Make what deductions you please for the vulgarity of the subjects—yet in the research, the profundity, the absolute truth and precision of the delineation of character,—in the invention of incident, in wit and humour, in life and motion, in everlasting variety and originality,—they never have been, and probably never will be, surpassed. They stimulate the faculties as well as amuse them. "Other pictures we see, Hogarth's we read!"*

There is one error which has been frequently entertained on this subject, and which I wish to correct, namely, that Hogarth's genius was confined to the imitation of the coarse humour and broad farce of the lowest life. But he excelled quite as much in exhibiting the vices, the folly and frivolity of the fashionable manners of his time. His fine ladies do not yield the palm of

* See an admirable Essay on the Genius of Hogarth, by Charles Lamb.

ridicule to his waiting-maids, and his lords and his porters are on a very respectable footing of equality. He is quite at home either in St. Giles's or St. James's. There is no want, for example, in his *Marriage à-la-Mode*, or his *Taste in High Life*, of affectation verging into idiotcy, or of languid sensibility that might

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain."

Many of Hogarth's characters would form admirable illustrations of Pope's 'Satires,' who was contemporary with him. In short, Hogarth was a painter of real, not of low, life. He was, as we have said, a satirist, and consequently his pencil did not dwell on the grand and beautiful, but it glanced with equal success at the absurdities and peculiarities of high or low life, "of the great vulgar and the small."

To this it must be added that he was as great a master of passion as of humour. He succeeded in low tragedy as much as in low or genteel comedy, and had an absolute power in moving the affections and rending the hearts of the spectators, by depicting the effects of the most dreadful calamities of human life on common minds and common countenances. Of this the *Rake's Progress*, particularly the Bedlam Scene, and many others, are unanswerable proofs. Hogarth's merits as a mere artist are not confined to his prints. In general, indeed, this is the case. But when he chose to take pains, he could

add the delicacies of execution and colouring in the highest degree to those of character and composition; as is evident in his series of pictures, all equally well painted, of the *Marriage à-la-Mode.*

I shall next speak of Wilson, whose landscapes may be divided into three classes,—his Italian landscapes, or imitations of the manner of Claude,—his copies of English scenery,—and his historical compositions. The first of these are, in my opinion, by much the best; and I appeal, in support of this opinion, to the *Apollo and the Seasons,* and to the *Phaeton.* The figures are of course out of the question (these being as uncouth and slovenly as Claude's are insipid and finical); but the landscape in both pictures is delightful. In looking at them we breathe the air which the scene inspires, and feel the genius of the place present to us. In the first, there is the cool freshness of a misty spring morning; the sky, the water, the dim horizon, all convey the same feeling. The fine gray tone and varying outline of the hills; the graceful form of the retiring lake, broken still more by the hazy shadows of the objects that repose on its bosom; the light trees that expand their branches in the air, and the dark stone figure and mouldering temple, that contrast strongly with the broad clear light of the rising day,—give a charm, a truth, a force, and harmony to this composition, which produce the greater pleasure the longer it is dwelt

on. The distribution of light and shade resembles the effect of light on a globe. The *Phaeton* has the dazzling fervid appearance of an autumnal evening; the golden radiance streams in solid masses from behind the flickering clouds; every object is baked in the sun; the brown foreground, the thick foliage of the trees, the streams, shrunk and stealing along behind the dark high banks, combine to produce that richness and characteristic unity of effect which is to be found only in nature, or in art derived from the study and imitation of nature. The glowing splendour of this landscape reminds us of the saying of Wilson, that in painting such subjects he endeavoured to give the effect of insects dancing in the evening sun. His eye seemed formed to drink in the light. These two pictures, as they have the greatest general effect, are more carefully finished in the particular details than the other pictures in the collection. This circumstance may be worth the attention of those who are apt to think that strength and slovenliness are the same thing.

Cicero at his Villa is a clear and beautiful representation of nature. The sky is admirable for its pure azure tone. Among the less finished productions of Wilson's pencil, which display his great knowledge of perspective, is *A Landscape with Figures Bathing*, in which the figures are wonderfully detached from the sea beyond; and a *View in Italy*, with a lake and a little boat, which

appear at an immeasurable distance below; the boat diminished to

"A buoy almost too small for sight."

A View of Ancona, Adrian's Villa at Rome, a small blue greenish landscape; *The Lake of Neuni,* a small richly coloured landscape of the banks of a river; and a landscape containing some light and elegant groups of trees, are masterly and interesting sketches. *A View on the Tiber,* near Rome; a dark landscape which lies finely open to the sky; and *A View of Rome,* are successful imitations of N. Poussin. *A View of Sion House,* which is hung almost out of sight, is remarkable for the clearness of the perspective, particularly in the distant windings of the River Thames, and still more so for the parched and droughty appearance of the whole scene. The air is adust, the grass burned up and withered; and it seems as if some figures, reposing on the level smooth-shaven lawn, on the river's side, would be annoyed by the parching heat of the ground. We consider this landscape, which is an old favourite, as one of the most striking proofs of Wilson's genius, as it conveys not only the image, but the feeling, of nature, and excites a new interest unborrowed from the eye, like the fine glow of a summer's day. There is a sketch of the same subject, called *A View on the Thames. A View near Llangollen, North Wales; Oakhampton Castle, Devonshire;* and *The*

Bridge at Llangollen, are the principal of Wilson's English landscapes.

In general this artist's views of home scenery want almost every thing that ought to recommend them. The subjects he has chosen are not well fitted for the landscape painter, and there is nothing in the execution to redeem them. Ill-shaped mountains, or great heaps of earth, —trees that grow against them without character or elegance,—motionless waterfalls,—a want of relief, of transparency and distance, without the imposing grandeur of real magnitude (which it is scarcely within the province of art to give),— are the chief features and defects of this class of his pictures.

The same general objections apply to *Solitude* and to one or two other pictures near it, which are masses of common-place confusion. In more confined scenes the effect must depend almost entirely in the differences in the execution and the details; for the difference of colour alone is not sufficient to give relief to objects placed at a small distance from the eye. But in Wilson there are commonly no details, — all is loose and general; and this very circumstance, which might assist him in giving the mighty contrasts of light and shade, deprived his pencil of all force and precision within a limited space. In general, air is necessary to the landscape painter; and, for this reason, the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland afford few subjects for landscape

painting. However stupendous the scenery of that part of the country is, and however powerful and lasting the impression which it must always make on the imagination, yet the effect is not produced merely through the medium of the eye, but arises chiefly from collateral and associated feelings. There is the knowledge of the physical magnitude of the objects in the midst of which we are placed,—the slow, improgressive motion which we make in traversing them;—there is the abrupt precipice, the torrent's roar, the boundless expanse of the prospect from the highest mountains,—the difficulty of their ascent, their loneliness and silence; in short, there is a constant sense and superstitious awe of the collective power of matter, on which, from the beginning of time, the hand of man has made no impression, and which, by the lofty reflections they excite in us, give a sort of intellectual sublimity even to our sense of physical weakness. But there is little in all these circumstances that can be translated into the *picturesque,* which makes its appeal immediately to the eye. In a picture, a mountain shrinks to a mole-hill, and the lake that expands its broad bosom to the sky seems hardly big enough to launch a fleet of cockle-shells.

Wilson's historical landscapes, the two *Niobes, Celadon and Amelia, Meleager and Atalanta,* do not, in our opinion, deserve the name; that is, they do not excite feelings corresponding with

the scene and story represented. They neither display true taste nor fine imagination, but are affected and violent exaggerations of clumsy common nature. They are made up mechanically of the same stock of materials, an overhanging rock, bare shattered trees, black rolling clouds, and forked lightning. The scene of *Celadon & Amelia*, though it may be proper for a thunder-storm, is not a place for lovers to walk in. The *Meleager & Atalanta* is remarkable for nothing but a castle at a distance, very much "resembling a goose-pie." The figures in the most celebrated of these are not, like the children of Niobe, punished by the gods, but like a group of rustics crouching from a hail storm. I agree with Sir Joshua Reynolds, that Wilson's mind was not, like N. Poussin's, sufficiently imbued with the knowledge of antiquity to transport the imagination three thousand years back, to give natural objects a sympathy with preternatural events, and to inform rocks, and trees, and mountains, with the presence of a God, but nevertheless, his landscapes will ever afford a high treat to the lover of the art. In all that relates to the gradation of tint, to the graceful conduct and proportions of light and shade, and to the fine, deep, and harmonious tones of nature, they are models for the student. In his Italian landscapes his eye seems almost to have drunk in the light.

To sum up this general character, I may observe that, besides his excellence in aërial per-

spective, Wilson had great truth, harmony, and depth of local colouring. He had a fine feeling of the proportions and conduct of light and shade, and also an eye for graceful form, as far as regards the bold and varying outlines of indefinite objects, as may be seen in his foregrounds, hills, &c.; where the mind is left to muse according to an abstract principle, as it is filled or affected agreeably by certain combinations, and is not tied down to an imitation of characteristic and articulate forms. In his figures, trees, cattle, and in every thing having a determinate and regular form, his pencil was not only deficient in accuracy of outline, but even in perspective and actual relief. His trees, in particular, seem pasted on the canvas, like botanical specimens. In fine, I cannot subscribe the opinion of those who assert that Wilson was superior to Claude as a man of genius; nor can I discern any other grounds for this opinion than what would lead to the general conclusion, that the more slovenly the work the finer the picture, and that that which is imperfect is superior to that which is perfect. It might be said, on the same principle, that the coarsest sign-painting is better than the reflection of a landscape in a mirror. The objection that is sometimes made to the mere imitation of nature cannot be made to the landscapes of Claude, for in them the graces themselves have, with their own hands, assisted in selecting and disposing every object. Is the

truth inconsistent with the beauty of the imitation? Does the perpetual profusion of objects and scenery, all perfect in themselves, interfere with the simple grandeur and comprehensive magnificence of the whole? Does the precision with which a plant is marked in the foreground take away from the air-drawn distinctions of the blue glimmering horison? Is there any want of that endless airy space, where the eye wanders at liberty under the open sky, explores distant objects, and returns back as from a delightful journey? There is in fact no comparison between Claude and Wilson. Sir Joshua Reynolds used to say that there would be another Raphael before there would be another Claude. His landscapes have all that is exquisite and refined in art and nature. Every thing is moulded into grace and harmony; and, at the touch of his pencil, shepherds with their flocks, temples, and groves, and winding glades and scattered hamlets, rise up in never-ending succession, under the azure sky and the resplendent sun, while

> "Universal Pan,
> Knit with the graces, and the hours, in dance,
> Leads on the eternal spring."

Michael Angelo has left, in one of his sonnets, a fine apostrophe to the earliest poet of Italy:

> "Fain would I, to be what our Dante was,
> Forego the happiest fortunes of mankind."

What landscape-painter does not feel this of Claude?*

I have heard an anecdote, connected with the reputation of Gainsborough's pictures, which rests on pretty good authority. Sir Joshua Reynolds, at one of the Academy dinners, speaking of Gainsborough, said to a friend, "He is undoubtedly the best English landscape-painter." "No," said Wilson, who overheard the conversation, "he is not the best landscape-painter; but he is the best portrait-painter in England." They were both wrong; but the story is creditable to the versatility of Gainsborough's talents. Those of his portraits which we have seen are not in the first rank. They are, in a good measure, imitations of Vandyke, and have more an air of gentility than of nature.† His landscapes'

* This painter's book of studies from nature, commonly called 'Liber Veritatis,' disproves the truth of the general opinion that his landscapes are mere artificial compositions, for the finished pictures are nearly fac-similes of the original sketches.

† *Gainsborough's Portrait of a Youth*, that used to be in Lord Grosvenor's collection, has been sometimes mistaken for a Vandyke. There is a spirited glow of youth about the face, and the attitude is striking and elegant. The drapery of blue satin is admirably painted. His *Portrait of Garrick* is interesting as a piece of biography. He looks much more like a gentleman than in Reynolds's tragi-comic representation of him. There is a considerable lightness and intelligence in the expression of the face, and a piercing vivacity about the eyes, to which the

The genius of painting lies buried under the Vatican, or skulks behind some old portrait of Titian, from which it stole out to paint a miniature of Lady Montague.

What is become of the successors of Rubens, Rembrandt, and Vandyke! What have the French academicians done for the art; or what will they ever do, but add intolerable affectation and grimace to centos of heads from the antique, and caricature Greek forms by putting them into opera attitudes? Nicholas Poussin is the only example on record in favour of the contrary theory, and I have already sufficiently noticed his defects. What extraordinary advances have we made in our own country in consequence of the establishment of the Royal Academy? What greater names has the English school to boast than those of Hogarth, Reynolds, and Wilson, who created it? *

Again, I might cite, in support of my assertion, the works of Carlo Maratti, of Raphael Mengs, or of any of the effeminate school of critics and copyists who have attempted to blend the borrowed beauties of others in a perfect whole. What do they contain but a negation

* Were Claude Lorraine, or Nicholas Poussin, formed by the rules of Dr. Piles or Du Fresnoy? There are no general tickets of admission to the Temple of Fame, transferable to large societies or organized bodies:—the paths leading to it are steep and narrow, for, by the time they are worn plain and easy, the niches are full.

of every excellence which they pretend to combine? Inoffensive insipidity is the utmost that can ever be expected, because it is the utmost that ever was attained, from the desire to produce a balance of good qualities, and to animate lifeless compositions by the transfusion of a spirit of originality. The assiduous, but thoughtless, imitator, in his attempts to grasp all, loses his hold of that which was placed within his reach; and, from aspiring at universal excellence, sinks into uniform mediocrity. There is a certain pedantry, a given division of labour, an almost exclusive attention to some one object, which is necessary in Art, as in all the works of man. Without this, the unavoidable consequence is a gradual dissipation and prostitution of intellect, which leaves the mind without energy to devote to any pursuit the pains necessary to excel in it, and suspends every purpose in irritable imbecility. But the modern painter is bound not only to run the circle of his own art, but of all others. He must be "statesman, chemist, fiddler, and buffoon." He must have too many accomplishments to excel in his profession. When every one is bound to know every thing, there is no time to do any thing. Besides, the student who has models of every kind of excellence constantly before him is not only diverted from that particular walk of art in which, by patient exertion, he might have obtained ultimate success, but from having his im-

agination habitually raised to an over-strained standard of refinement, by the sight of the most exquisite examples in art, he becomes impatient and dissatisfied with his own attempts, determines to reach the same perfection all at once, or throws down his pencil in despair. Thus the young enthusiast, whose genius and energy were to rival the great masters of antiquity, or create a new era in the art itself, baffled in his first sanguine expectations, reposes in indolence on what others have done,—wonders how such perfection could have been achieved,—grows familiar with the minutest peculiarities of the different schools,—flutters between the splendour of Rubens and the grace of Raphael,—finds it easier to copy pictures than to paint them, easier to see than to copy them, and ends in nothing. Such was not Correggio. He saw and felt for himself; he was of no school, but had his own world of art to create. That image of truth and beauty which existed in his mind he was forced to construct for himself, without rules or models. As it could only have arisen in his mind from the contemplation of nature, so he could only hope to embody it to others by the imitation of nature. I can conceive the work growing under his hand by slow and patient touches, approaching nearer to perfection, softened into finer grace, gaining strength from delicacy, and at last reflecting the pure image of nature on the canvas. Such is always the true progress of art; such

are the necessary means by which the greatest works of every kind have been produced. They have been the effect of power gathering strength from exercise, and warmth from its own impulse — stimulated to fresh efforts, by conscious success, and by the surprise and strangeness of a new world of beauty opening to the delighted imagination. The triumphs of art were victorious over the difficulties of art; the prodigies of genius, the result of that strength which had grappled with nature. Titian copied even a plant or a piece of common drapery from the objects themselves; and Raphael is known to have made elaborate studies of the principal heads in his pictures. All the great painters of this period were thoroughly grounded in the first principles of their art; had learned to copy a head, a hand, or an eye, and had acquired patience to finish a single figure before they undertook to paint extensive compositions. They knew that though Fame is represented with her head above the clouds, her feet rest upon the earth. Genius can only have its full scope where, though much may have been done, more remains to do; where models exist chiefly to show the deficiencies of art, and where the perfect idea is left to be filled up in the painter's imagination. Where the stimulus of novelty and necessary exertion is wanting, generations repose on what has been done for them by their predecessors, as individuals, after a certain period, rest satis-

fied with the knowledge they have already acquired.

With regard to the supposed pecuniary advantages arising from the public patronage of the arts, the plan unfortunately defeats itself; for it multiplies its objects faster than it can satisfy their claims, and raises up a swarm of competitors for the prize of genius from the dregs of idleness and dullness. The real patron is anxious to reward merit, not to encourage gratuitous pretenders to it; to see that the man of genius *takes no detriment*, that another Wilson is not left to perish for want; not to propagate the breed, for that he knows to be impossible. But there are some persons who think it as essential to the interests of art to keep up "an aerie of children,"—the young fry of embryo candidates for fame,—as others think it essential to the welfare of the kingdom to preserve the spawn of the herring fisheries. In general, public, that is, indiscriminate patronage, is, and can be nothing better than a species of intellectual seduction, by administering provocatives to vanity and avarice—it is leading astray the youth of this nation by fallacious hopes, which can scarcely ever be realized; it is beating up for raw dependents, sending out into the highways for the halt, the lame, and the blind, and making a scramble among a set of idle boys for prizes of the first, second, and third class, like those we make among children,

for gingerbread toys. True patronage does not consist in ostentatious professions of high keeping, and promiscuous intercourse with the arts. At the same time the good that might be done by private taste and benevolence is in a great measure defeated. The moment that a few individuals of discernment and liberal spirit become members of a public body, they are no longer anything more than parts of a machine, which is usually wielded at will by some officious, overweening pretender; their good sense and good nature are lost in a mass of ignorance and presumption; their names only serve to reflect credit on proceedings in which they have no share, and which are determined upon by a majority of persons who have no interest in the arts, but what arises to them from the importance attached to them by regular organization, and no opinions but what are dictated to them by some self-constituted judge. Whenever vanity and self-importance are (as in general they must be) the governing principles of systems of public patronage, there is an end at once of all candour and directness of conduct. Their decisions are before the public: and the individuals who take the lead in these decisions are responsible for them. They have therefore to manage the public opinion, in order to secure that of their own body. Hence, as far as I have had an opportunity of observing the conduct of such bodies of men, instead of taking the

lead of public opinion, of giving a firm, manly, and independent tone to that opinion, they make it their business to watch all its caprices, and follow it in every casual turning. They dare not give their sanction to sterling merit, struggling with difficulties, but take advantage of its success to reflect credit on their own reputation for sagacity. Their taste is a servile dependent on their vanity, and their patronage has an air of pauperism about it. They neglect or treat with insult the favourite whom they suspect of having fallen off in the opinion of the public; but, if he is able to recover his ground without their assistance, are ready to heap their mercenary bounties upon those of greeting with friendly congratulations and share his triumph with him.

Perhaps the only public patronage which was ever really useful to the arts, or worthy of them, was that which they received first in Greece, and afterwards in Italy, from the religious institutions of the country; when the artist felt himself, as it were, a servant at the altar; when his hand gave a visible form to gods or heroes, angels or apostles; and when the enthusiasm of genius was exalted by mingling with the flame of national devotion. The artist was not here degraded by being made the dependent on the caprice of wealth or fashion, but felt himself at once a public benefactor. He had to embody, by the highest

efforts of his art, subjects which were sacred to the imaginations and feelings of the spectators; there was a common link, a mutual sympathy, between them in their common faith.* Every other mode of patronage but that which arises either from the general institutions and manners of a people, or from the real, unaffected taste of individuals, must, I conceive, be illegitimate, corrupted in its source, and either ineffectual or injurious to its professed object. Positive encouragements and rewards will not make an honest man, or a great artist. The assumed familiarity, and condescending goodness of patrons and vice-patrons will serve to intoxicate rather than to sober the mind, and a card to dinner in Cleveland-row or Portland-place will have a tendency to divert the

* Of the effect of *the authority* of the subject of a composition, in suspending the exercise of personal taste and feeling in the spectators, we have a striking instance in our own country, where this cause must, from collateral circumstances, operate less forcibly. Mr. West's pictures would not be tolerated, but from the respect inspired by the subjects of which he treats. When a young lady and her mother, the wife and daughter of a clergyman, are told that a gawky ill-favoured youth is the beloved disciple of Christ, and that a tall, starched figure of a woman visible near him is the Virgin Mary, whatever they might have thought before, they can no more refrain from shedding tears than if they had seen the very persons recorded in sacred history. It is not the picture, but the associations connected with it, that produce the effect.

student's thoughts from his morning's work, rather than to rivet them upon it. The device by which a celebrated painter has represented the Virgin teaching the infant Christ to read by pointing with a butterfly to the letters of the alphabet, has not been thought a very wise one. Correggio is the most melancholy instance on record of the want of a proper encouragement of the arts: but a golden shower of patronage, tempting as that which fell into the lap of his own Danaë, and dropping prize medals and epic mottoes, would not produce another Correggio!

Lastly, Academicians and institutions may be supposed to assist the progress of the fine arts, by promoting a wider taste for them.

In general, it must happen in the first stages of the arts that, as none but those who had a natural genius for them would attempt to practise them, so none but those who had a natural taste for them would pretend to judge of or criticise them. This must be an incalculable advantage to the man of true genius; for it is no other than the privilege of being tried by his peers. In an age when connoisseurship had not become a fashion,—when religion, war, and intrigue, occupied the time and thoughts of the great,—only those minds of superior refinement would be led to notice the works of art, who had a real sense of their excellence; and in giving way to the powerful

bent of his own genius, the painter was most likely to consult the law of his judges. He had not to deal with pretenders to taste, through vanity, affectation, and idleness. He had to appeal to the higher faculties of the soul,—to that deep and innate sensibility to truth and beauty, which required only fit objects to have its enthusiasm excited, and to that independent strength of mind which, in the midst of ignorance and barbarism, hailed and fostered genius wherever it met with it. Titian was patronised by Charles the Fifth. Count Castiglione was the friend of Raphael. These were true patrons and true critics; and, as there were no others (for the world, in general, merely looked on and wondered), there can be little doubt that such a period of dearth of factitious patronage would be most favourable to the full development of the greatest talents, and to the attainment of the highest excellence.

The diffusion of taste is not, then, the same thing as the improvement of taste; but it is only the former of these objects that is promoted by public institutions and other artificial means. The number of candidates for fame, and of pretenders to criticism, is thus increased beyond all proportion, but the quantity of genius and feeling remains the same, with this difference, that the man of genius is lost in the crowd of competitors, who would never have become such but from encouragement and example;

and that the opinion of those few persons whom nature intended for judges is drowned in the noisy decisions of shallow smatterers in taste.

The principle of universal suffrage, however applicable to matters of government, which concern the common feelings and common interests of society, is by no means so to matters of taste, which can only be decided upon by the most refined understandings. It is throwing down the barriers which separate knowledge and feeling from ignorance and vulgarity, and proclaiming a Bartholomew-fair shew of fine arts,—

"And fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

The public taste is, therefore, necessarily vitiated, in proportion as it is public; it is lowered with every infusion it receives of common opinion. The greater the number of judges, the less capable must they be of judging, for the addition to the number of good ones will always be small, while the multitude of bad ones is endless, and thus the decay of art may be said to be the necessary consequence of its progress.

Can there be a greater confirmation of these remarks than to look at the texture of that assemblage of select critics who every year visit the exhibition at Somerset House from all parts of the metropolis of this United Kingdom? Is it at all wonderful that, for such a succession of connoisseurs, such a collection of works of art should be provided; where the eye in vain

seeks relief from the glitter of the frames in the glare of the pictures; where vermilion cheeks make vermilion lips look pale: where the merciless splendour of the painter's pallet puts nature out of countenance; and where the unmeaning grimace of fashion and folly is almost the only variety in the wide dazzling waste of colour. Indeed, the great error of British art has hitherto been a desire to produce a popular effect by the cheapest and most obvious means, at the expense of everything else;—to lose all the delicacy and variety of nature in one undistinguished bloom of florid health; and all precision, truth, and refinement of character, in the same harmless mould of smiling, self-complacent insipidity.

"Pleased with itself, that all the world can please."

It is probable that in all that stream of idleness and curiosity which flows in, hour after hour, and day after day, to the richly hung apartments of Somerset House, there are not fifty persons to be found who can really distinguish "a Guido from a daub," or who would recognise a work of the most refined genius from the most common and every-day performance. Come, then, ye banks of Wapping, and classic haunts of Ratcliffe Highway, and join thy fields, blithe Tothill—let the post-chaises, gay with oaken boughs, be put in requisition for schoolboys from Eton and Harrow, and school-girls

from Hackney and Mile-end,—and let a jury be empannelled to decide on the merits of Raphael and ———. The verdict will be infallible. We remember having been formerly a good deal amused with seeing a smart, handsome-looking Quaker lad, standing before a picture of Christ as the Saviour of the World, with a circle of young female friends around him, and a newspaper in his hand, out of which he read to his admiring auditors a criticism on the picture, ascribing to it every perfection, human or divine. Now, in truth, the colouring was anything but solemn, the drawing anything but grand, the expression anything but sublime. The friendly critic had, however, bedaubed it so with praise that it was not easy to gainsay its wondrous excellence. In fact, one of the worst consequences of the establishment of academies, &c., is that the rank and station of the painter throw a lustre round his pictures, which imposes completely on the herd of spectators, and makes it a kind of treason against the art for any one else to speak his mind freely, or detect the imposture. If, indeed, the election to title and academic honours went by merit, this might form a kind of clue or standard for the public to decide justly upon:—but we have heard that genius and taste determine precedence there almost as little as at Court; and that modesty and talent stand very little chance indeed with interest, cabal, impudence, and cunning. The

purity or liberality of professional decisions cannot, therefore, in such cases be expected to counteract the tendency which an appeal to the public has to lower the standard of taste. The artist, to succeed, must let himself down to the level of his judges, for he cannot raise them up to his own. The highest efforts of genius, in every walk of art, can never be properly understood by mankind in general: there are numberless beauties and truths which lie far beyond their comprehension. It is only as refinement or sublimity are blended with other qualities of a more obvious and common nature, that they pass current with the world. Common sense, which has been sometimes appealed to as the criterion of taste, is nothing but the common capacity, applied to common facts and feelings; but it neither is, nor pretends to be, the judge of anything else.—To suppose that it can really appreciate the excellence of works of high art is as absurd as to suppose that it could produce them. Taste is the highest degree of sensibility, or the impression of the most cultivated and sensible minds, as genius is the result of the highest powers of feeling and invention. It may be objected that the public taste is capable of gradual improvement, because in the end the public do justice to works of the greatest merit. This is a mistake. The reputation ultimately and slowly affixed to works of genius is stamped upon them by authority,

not by popular consent, nor the common sense of the world. We imagine that the admiration of the works of celebrated men has become common because the admiration of their names has become so. But does not every ignorant connoisseur pretend the same veneration, and talk with the same vapid assurance of M. Angelo, though he has never seen even a copy of any of his pictures, as if he had studied them accurately,—merely because Sir J. Reynolds has praised him? Is Milton more popular now than when the Paradise Lost was first published? Or does he not rather owe his reputation to the judgment of a few persons in every successive period, accumulating in his favour, and overpowering by its weight the public indifference? Why is Shakspere popular? Not from his refinement of character or sentiment, so much as from his power of telling a story,—the variety and invention,—the tragic catastrophe, and broad farce, of his plays! His characters of Imogen or Desdemona, Hamlet or Kent, are little understood or relished by the generality of readers. Does not Boccaccio pass to this day for a writer of ribaldry, because his jests and lascivious tales were all that caught the vulgar ear, while the story of the Falcon is forgotten?

ON

THE ELGIN MARBLES.

Who to the life an exact piece would make,
Must not from others' work a copy take;
No, not from Rubens or Vandyke:
Much less content himself to make it like
Th' ideas and the images which lie
In his own Fancy or his Memory.
No: he before his sight must place
The natural and living face;
The real object must command
Each judgment of his eye and motion of his hand.

THE true lesson to be learnt by our students and professors from the Elgin marbles is the one which the ingenious and honest Cowley has expressed in the above spirited lines. The great secret is to recur at every step to nature—

—To learn
Her manner, and with rapture taste her style.

It is evident to any one who views these admirable remains of Antiquity (nay, it is acknowledged by our artists themselves, in despite

are of two classes, or periods, his early and his later pictures. The former are minute imitations of nature, or of painters who imitated nature, such as Ruysdael, &c., some of which have great truth and clearness. His later pictures are flimsy caricatures of Rubens, who himself carried inattention to the details to the utmost limit that it would bear. Many of Gainsborough's later landscapes may be compared to bad water-colour drawings, washed in by mechanical movements of the hand, without any communication with the eye. The truth seems to be that Gainsborough found there was something wanting in his early manner, that is, something beyond the literal imitations of the details of natural objects; and he appears to have concluded, rather hastily, that the way to arrive at that something more was to discard truth and nature altogether.* His fame rests principally,

attention is immediately directed. Gainsborough's own portrait, which has, however, much truth and character, and makes a fine print, seems to have been painted with the handle of his brush. There is a portrait of *the Prince Regent leading a Horse*, in which, it must be confessed, the man has the advantage of the animal.—*Morning Chronicle*, 1815.

* He, accordingly, ran from one extreme into the other. We cannot conceive anything carried to a greater excess of slender execution and paltry glazing, than a *Fox hunted with Greyhounds*, a *Romantic Landscape, with Sheep at a Fountain*, and many others. We were, however, much pleased with an upright landscape, with figures, which has a fine, fresh appearance of the open

at present, on his fancy pieces, cottage children, shepherd boys, &c. These have often great truth, great sweetness, and the subjects are generally chosen with great felicity. We too often find, however, in his happiest efforts, a consciousness in the turn of the limbs, and a

sky, with a dash of the wildness of Salvator Rosa; and also with *A Bank of a River*, which is remarkable for the elegance of the forms, and the real delicacy of the execution. *A Groupe of Cattle in a Warm Landscape*, is an evident imitation of Rubens, but no more like to Rubens than I to Hercules. *Landscape with a Waterfall* should be noticed for the sparkling clearness of the distance. *Sportsmen in a Landscape* is copied from Teniers with much taste and feeling, though very inferior to the original picture, in Lord Radnor's collection.

Of the fancy pictures, on which Gainsborough's fame chiefly rests, we are disposed to give the preference to his *Cottage Children*. There is, we apprehend, greater truth, variety, force, and character, in this groupe than in any other. The colouring of the light-haired child is particularly true to nature, and forms a sort of natural and innocent contrast to the dark complexion of the elder sister, who is carrying it. *The Girl going to the Well* is, however, the general favourite. The little dog is certainly admirable; his hair looks as if it had been just washed and combed. The attitude of the *girl* is also perfectly easy and natural. But there is a consciousness in the turn of the head, and a sentimental pensiveness in the expression, which is not taken from nature, but intended as an improvement on it! There is a regular insipidity, a systematic vacancy, a round, unvaried smoothness, to which real nature is a stranger, and which is only an idea existing in the painter's mind.—*Morning Chronicle*, 1814.

pensive languor in the expression, which is not taken from nature. I think the gloss of art is never so ill-bestowed as on such subjects, the essence of which is simplicity. It is, perhaps, the general fault of Gainsborough, that he presents us with an ideal common life, of which we have had a surfeit in poetry and romance. His subjects are softened and sentimentalized too much; it is not simple unaffected nature that we see, but nature sitting for her picture. Our artist, we suspect, led the way to that masquerade style which piques itself on giving the air of an Adonis to the driver of a hay-cart, and models the features of a milk-maid on the principles of the antique. His *Woodman's Head* is admirable. Nor can too much praise be given to his *Shepherd Boy in a Storm*, in which the unconscious simplicity of the boy's expression, looking up with his hands folded and with timid wonder;—the noisy chattering of a magpie perched above,—and the rustling of the coming storm in the branches of the trees,—produce a most delightful and romantic impression on the mind. Gainsborough was to be considered, perhaps, rather as a man of delicate taste, and of an elegant and feeling mind, than as a man of genius; as a lover of the art rather than an artist. He devoted himself to it, with a view to amuse and soothe his mind, with the ease of a gentleman, not with the severity of a professional student. He wished to make his pictures, like

himself, amiable; but a too constant desire to please almost unavoidably leads to affectation and effeminacy. He wanted that vigour of intellect which perceives the beauty of truth: and thought that painting was to be gained, like other mistresses, by flattery and smiles. It was an error which we are disposed to forgive in one around whose memory, both as an artist and a man, many fond recollections, many vain regrets, must always linger.*

The authority of Sir Joshua Reynolds, both from his example and instructions, has had, and still continues to have, a considerable influence on the state of art in this country. That influence has been, on the whole, unquestionably beneficial in itself, as well as highly creditable to the rare talents and elegant mind of Sir Joshua; for it has raised the art of painting from the lowest state of degradation,—of dry, meagre, lifeless inanity,—to something at least respectable, and bearing an affinity to the rough strength and bold spirit of the national character. Whether the same implicit deference to his authority, which has helped to advance the art thus far, may not, among other causes, limit and retard its future progress,—whether there are not certain original errors, both in his principles and practice, which

* The idea of the necessity of improving upon nature, and giving what was called a flattering likeness, was universal in this country fifty years ago, so that Gainsborough is not to be so much blamed for tampering with his subjects.

the farther they are proceeded in, the farther they will lead us from the truth,—whether there is not a systematic bias from the right line, by which alone we can arrive at the goal of the highest perfection, are questions well worth considering.

I shall begin with Sir Joshua's merits as an artist. There is one error which I wish to correct at setting out, because I think it important. There is not a greater or more unaccountable mistake than the supposition that Sir Joshua Reynolds owed his success or excellence in his profession to his having been the first who introduced into this country more general principles of the art, and who raised portrait to the dignity of history, from the low drudgery of copying the peculiarities, meannesses, and details of individual nature, which was all that had been attempted by his immediate predecessors. This is so far from being true that the very reverse is the fact. If Sir Joshua did not give these details and peculiarities so much as might be wished, those who went before him did not give them at all. Those pretended general principles of the art, which, it is said, "alone give value and dignity to it," had been pushed to their extremest absurdity before his time; and it was in getting rid of the mechanical systematic monotony and *middle forms*, by the help of which Lely, Kneller, Hudson, the French painters, and others, carried on their manufactories of history and face-

painting, and in returning (as far as he did return) to the truth and force of individual nature, that the secret both of his fame and fortune lay. The pedantic servile race of artists whom Reynolds superseded had carried the abstract principle of improving on nature to such a degree of refinement that they left it out altogether, and confounded all the varieties and irregularities of form, feature, character, expression, or attitude, in the same artificial mould of fancied grace and fashionable insipidity. The portraits of Kneller, for example, seem all to have been turned in a machine; the eye-brows are arched as if by a compass, the mouth curled, and the chin dimpled; the head turned on one side, and the hands placed in the same affected position. The portraits of this mannerist, therefore, are as like one another as the dresses which were then in fashion, and have the same "dignity and value" as the full bottomed wigs which graced their originals. The superiority of Reynolds consisted in his being varied and natural, instead of being artificial and uniform. The spirit, grace, or dignity which he added to his portraits, he borrowed from nature, and not from the ambiguous quackery of rules. His feeling of truth and nature was too strong to permit him to adopt the unmeaning style of Kneller and Hudson; but his logical acuteness was not such as to enable him to detect the verbal fallacies and speculative absurdities which he had learned

from Richardson and Coypel; and, from some defects in his own practice, he was led to confound negligence with grandeur. But of this hereafter.

Sir Joshua Reynolds owed his great superiority over his contemporaries to incessant practice and habitual attention to nature, to quick organic sensibility, to considerable power of observation, and still greater taste in perceiving and availing himself of those excellences of others which lay within his own walk of art. I can by no means look upon Sir Joshua as having a claim to the first rank of genius. He would hardly have been a great painter if other great painters had not lived before him. He would not have given a first impulse to the art; nor did he advance any part of it beyond the point where he found it. He did not present any new view of nature, nor is he to be placed in the same class with those who did. Even in colour, his pallet was spread for him by the old masters; and his eye imbibed its full perception of depth and harmony of tone from the Dutch and Venetian schools rather than from nature. His early pictures are poor and flimsy. He indeed learned to see the finer qualities of nature through the works of art, which he, perhaps, might never have discovered in nature itself. He became rich by the accumulation of borrowed wealth, and his genius was the offspring of taste. He combined and applied the materials of others to his own purpose with

admirable success; he was an industrious compiler or skilful translator, not an original inventor, in art. The art would remain, in all its essential elements, just where it is if Sir Joshua had never lived. He has supplied the industry of future plagiarists with no new materials. But it has been well observed that the value of every work of art, as well as the genius of the artist, depends not more on the degree of excellence than on the degree of originality displayed in it. Sir Joshua, however, was perhaps the most original imitator that ever appeared in the world; and the reason of this, in a great measure, was that he was compelled to combine what he saw in art with what he saw in nature, which was constantly before him. The portrait-painter is, in this respect, much less liable than the historical painter to deviate into the extremes of manner and affectation; for he cannot discard nature altogether under the excuse that *she only puts him out.* He must meet her face to face; and if he is not incorrigible, he will see something there that cannot fail to be of service to him. Another circumstance which must have been favourable to Sir Joshua was that, though not the originator in *point of time,* he was the first Englishman who transplanted the higher excellences of his profession into his own country, and had the merit, if not of an inventor, of a reformer of the art. His mode of painting had the graces of novelty in the age and country in which he

lived; and he had, therefore, all the stimulus to exertion which arose from the enthusiastic applause of his contemporaries, and from a desire to expand and refine the taste of the public.

To an eye for colour, and for effects of light and shade, Sir Joshua united a strong perception of individual character, a lively feeling of the quaint and grotesque in expression, and great mastery of execution. He had comparatively little knowledge of drawing, either as it regarded proportion or form. The beauty of some of his female faces and figures arises almost entirely from their softness and fleshiness. His pencil wanted firmness and precision. The expression, even of his best portraits, seldom implies either lofty or impassioned intellect or delicate sensibility. He also wanted grace, if grace requires simplicity. The mere negation of stiffness and formality is not grace; for looseness and distortion are not grace. His favourite attitudes are not easy and natural, but the affectation of ease and nature. They are violent deviations from a right line. Many of the figures in his fancy pieces are placed in postures in which they could not remain for an instant without extreme difficulty and awkwardness. I may instance the *Girl Drawing with a Pencil,* and some others. His portraits are his best pictures, and of these his portraits of men are the best; his pictures of children are the next in value. He had fine subjects for the former, from the masculine sense

and originality of character of many of the persons whom he painted; and he had also a great advantage, as far as practice went, in painting a number of persons of every rank and description. Some of the finest and most interesting are those of Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith (which is, however, too much a mere sketch), Baretti, Dr. Burney, John Hunter, and the inimitable portrait of Bishop Newton. The elegant simplicity of character, expression, and drawing, preserved throughout the last picture, even to the attitude and mode of handling, discover the true genius of a painter. I also remember to have seen a print of Thomas Warton, than which nothing could be mere characteristic or more natural. These were all Reynolds' intimate acquaintance, and it could not be said of them that they were men of "no mark or likelihood." Their traits had probably sunk deep into the artist's mind; he painted them as pure studies from nature, copying the real image existing before him, with all its known characteristic peculiarities; and, with as much wisdom as good nature, sacrificing the graces on the altar of friendship. They are downright portraits and nothing more, and they are valuable in proportion. In his portraits of women, on the contrary, with very few exceptions, Sir Joshua appears to have consulted either the vanity of his employers or his own fanciful theory. They have not the look of individual nature, nor have they, to compensate the want

of this, either peculiar elegance of form, refinement of expression, delicacy of complexion, or gracefulness of manner. Vandyke's attitudes have been complained of as stiff and confined. Reynolds, to avoid this defect, has fallen into the contrary extreme of negligence and contortion. His female figures which aim at gentility are twisted into that serpentine line, the idea of which he ridiculed so much in Hogarth. Indeed, Sir Joshua, in his 'Discourses' (see his account of Correggio), speaks of grace as if it were nearly allied to affectation. Grace signifies that which is pleasing and natural in the posture and motions of the human form, as beauty is more properly applied to the form itself. That which is stiff, inanimate, and without motion, cannot therefore be graceful; but to suppose that a figure, to be graceful, need only be put into some languishing or extravagant posture, is to mistake flutter and affectation for ease and elegance.

Sir Joshua's children, as I have said above, are among his *chefs-d'œuvre*. The faces of children have in general that want of precision of outline, that prominence of relief and strong contrast of colour, which were peculiarly adapted to his style of painting. The arch simplicity of expression, and the grotesque character which he has given to the heads of his children, were, however, borrowed from Correggio. His *Puck* is the most masterly of all these; and the colouring, execution, and character, are alike exquisite. The

single figure of the *Infant Hercules* is also admirable. Many of those to which his friends have suggested historical titles are mere common portraits or casual studies. Thus the *Infant Samuel* is an innocent little child saying its prayers at the bed's feet: it has nothing to do with the story of the Hebrew prophet. The same objection will apply to many of his fancy pieces and historical compositions. There is often no connexion between the picture and the subject but the name. Even his celebrated *Iphigenia,* beautiful as she is, and prodigal of her charms, does not answer to the idea of the story. In drawing the naked figure, Sir Joshua's want of truth and firmness of outline became more apparent; and his mode of laying on his colours, which in the face and extremities was relieved and broken by the abrupt inequalities of surface and variety of tints in each part, produce a degree of heaviness and opacity in the larger masses of flesh colour, which can indeed only be avoided by extreme delicacy or extreme lightness of execution.

Shall I speak the truth at once? In my opinion, Sir Joshua did not possess either that high imagination, or those strong feelings, without which no painter can become a poet in his art. His larger historical compositions have been generally allowed to be most liable to objection in a critical point of view. I shall not attempt to judge them by scientific or technical rules, but make

one or two observations on the character and feeling displayed in them. The highest subject which Sir Joshua has attempted was the *Count Ugolino*, and it was, as might be expected from the circumstances, a total failure. He had, it seems, painted a study of an old beggar-man's head; and some person, who must have known as little of painting as of poetry, persuaded the unsuspecting artist that it was the exact expression of Dante's *Count Ugolino*, one of the most grand, terrific, and appalling characters in modern fiction. Reynolds, who knew nothing of the matter but what he was told, took his good fortune for granted, and only extended his canvas to admit the rest of the figures. The attitude and expression of Count Ugolino himself are what the artist intended them to be, till they were pampered into something else by the officious vanity of friends, — those of a common mendicant at the corner of a street, waiting patiently for some charitable donation. The imagination of the painter took refuge in a parish workhouse, instead of ascending the steps of the Tower of Famine. The hero of Dante is a lofty, high-minded, and unprincipled Italian nobleman, who had betrayed his country to the enemy, and who, as a punishment for his crime, is shut up with his four sons in the dungeon of the citadel, where he shortly finds the doors barred upon him, and food withheld. He in vain watches with eager feverish eye the opening of the door

at the accustomed hour, and his looks turn to stone; his children one by one drop down dead at his feet; he is seized with blindness, and, in the agony of his despair, he gropes on his knees after them,

> "Calling each by name
> For three days after they were dead."

Even in the other world he is represented with the same fierce, dauntless, unrelenting character, "gnawing the skull of his adversary, his fell repast." The subject of the *Laocoon* is scarcely equal to that described by Dante. The horror *there* is physical and momentary; in the other, the imagination fills up the long, obscure, dreary void of despair, and joins its unutterable pangs to the loud cries of nature. What is there in the picture to convey the ghastly horrors of the scene, or the mighty energy of soul with which they are borne? His picture of *Macbeth* is full of wild and grotesque images; and the apparatus of the witches contains a very elaborate and well arranged inventory of dreadful objects. His *Cardinal Beaufort* is a fine display of rich, mellow colouring; and there is something gentlemanly and Shakespearian in the King and the Attendant Nobleman. At the same time, I think the expression of the Cardinal himself is too much one of physical horror, a canine gnashing of the teeth, like a man strangled. This is not the best style of history.

Mrs. Siddons as the *Tragic Muse* is neither the Tragic Muse nor Mrs. Siddons; and I have still stronger objections to *Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy.*

There is a striking similarity between Sir Joshua Reynolds' theory and his practice; and, as each of these has been appealed to in support of the other, it is necessary that I should examine both. Sir Joshua's practice was generally confined to the illustration of that part of his theory which relates to the more immediate imitation of nature; and it is to what he says on this subject that I shall chiefly direct my observations at present.

He lays it down, as a general and invariable rule, that "*the great style in art, and the most* PERFECT IMITATION OF NATURE, *consists in avoiding the details and peculiarities of particular objects.*" This sweeping principle he applies almost indiscriminately to *portrait, history,* and *landscape;* and he appears to have been led to the conclusion itself from supposing the imitation of particulars to be inconsistent with general rule and effect. It appears to me that the highest perfection of the art depends, not on separating, but on uniting general truth and effect with individual distinctness and accuracy.

First,—It is said that the great style in painting, as it relates to the immediate imitation of external nature, consists in avoiding the details of particular objects. It consists neither in

giving nor avoiding them, but in something quite different from both. Any one may avoid the details. So far there is no difference between the *Cartoons* and a common sign-painting. Greatness consists in giving the larger masses and proportions with truth;—this does not prevent giving the smaller ones too. The utmost grandeur of outline, and the broadest masses of light and shade, are perfectly compatible with the utmost minuteness and delicacy of detail, as may be seen in nature. It is not, indeed, common to see both qualities combined in the imitations of nature, any more than the combinations of other excellences; nor am I here saying to which the principal attention of the artist should be directed; but I deny that, considered in themselves, the absence of the one quality is necessary or sufficient to the production of the other.

If, for example, the form of the eye-brow is correctly given, it will be perfectly indifferent to the truth or grandeur of the design whether it consists of one broad mark, or is composed of a number of hair-lines arranged in the same order. So, if the lights and shades are disposed in fine and large masses, the *breadth* of the picture, as it is called, cannot possibly be affected by the filling up of these masses with the details; that is, with the subordinate distinctions which appear in nature. The anatomical details in Michael Angelo, the ever-varying outline of Raphael, the perfect execution of the Greek statues

do not destroy their symmetry nor dignity of form; and in the finest specimens of the composition of colour we may observe the largest masses combined with the greatest variety in the parts of which these masses are composed.

The *gross* style consists in giving no detail, the *finical* in giving nothing else. Nature contains both large and small parts, both masses and details; and the same may be said of the most perfect works of art. The union of both kinds of excellence, of strength with delicacy, as far as the limits of human capacity and the shortness of human life would permit, is that which has established the reputation of the most successful imitators of nature. Farther, their most finished works are their best. The predominance, indeed, of either excellence in the best masters has varied according to their opinion of the relative value of these qualities,—the labour they had the time or the patience to bestow on their works,—the skill of the artist,—or the nature and extent of his subject. But if the rule here objected to, that the careful imitation of the parts injures the effect of the whole, be once admitted, slovenliness would become another name for genius, and the most unfinished performances be the best. That such has been the confused impression left on the mind by the perusal of Sir Joshua Reynolds' 'Discourses,' is evident from the practice as well as conversation of many (even eminent) artists. The late Mr. Opie

proceeded entirely on this principle. He left many admirable studies of portraits, particularly in what relates to the disposition and effect of light and shade; but he never finished any of the parts, thinking them beneath the attention of a great artist. He went over the whole head the second day as he had done the first, and therefore made no progress. The pictures, at last, having neither the lightness of a sketch, nor the accuracy of a finished work, looked coarse, laboured, and heavy. Titian is the most perfect example of high finishing. In him the details are engrafted on the most profound knowledge of effect, and attention to the character of what he represented. His pictures have the exact look of nature, the very tone and texture of flesh. The variety of his tints is blended into the greatest simplicity. There is a proper degree both of solidity and transparency. All the parts hang together; every stroke tells, and adds to the effect of the rest. Sir Joshua seems to deny that Titian finished much, and says that he produced by two or three strokes of his pencil effects which the most laborious copyist would in vain attempt to equal. It is true, he availed himself in some degree of what is called *execution*, to facilitate his imitation of the details and peculiarities of nature; but it was to facilitate, not supersede. There can be nothing more distinct than execution and daubing. Titian, however, made a very moderate, though a very

admirable, use of this power; and those who copy his pictures will find that the simplicity is in the results, not in the details. To conclude my observations on this head, I will only add that, while the artist thinks there is any thing to be done, either to the whole or the parts of his picture, which can give it still more the look of nature, if he is willing to proceed, I would not advise him to desist. This rule is the more necessary to the young student, for he will relax in his attention as he grows older. And again, with respect to the subordinate parts of a picture, there is no danger that he will bestow a disproportionate degree of labour upon them, because he will not feel the same interest in copying them, and because a much less degree of accuracy will serve every purpose of deception.

Secondly,—With regard to the imitation of expression, I can hardly agree, with Sir Joshua, that "the perfection of portrait-painting consists in giving the general idea or character without the individual peculiarities." No doubt, if we had to choose between the general character and the peculiarities of feature, we ought to prefer the former. But they are so far from being incompatible with, that they are not without some difficulty distinguishable from, each other. There is a general look of the face, a predominant expression arising from the correspondence and connexion of the different parts, which it is of the first and last importance to give, and without

which no elaboration of detached parts, or marking of the peculiarities of single features, is worth any thing; but which at the same time is not destroyed, but assisted, by the careful finishing, and still more by giving the exact outline, of each part.

It is on this point that the modern French and English schools differ, and, in my opinion, are both wrong. The English seem generally to suppose, that if they only leave out the subordinate parts, they are sure of the general result. The French, on the contrary, as erroneously imagine that, by attending successively to each separate part, they must infallibly arrive at a correct whole: not considering that, besides the parts, there is their relation to each other, and the general impression stamped upon them by the character of the individual, which, to be seen, must be felt; for it is demonstrable, that all character and expression, to be adequately represented, must be perceived by the mind, and not by the eye only. The French painters give only lines and precise differences, the English, only general masses and strong effects. Hence the two nations reproach one another with the difference of their styles of art,—the one as dry, hard, and minute,—the other as gross, gothic, and unfinished; and they will probably remain for ever satisfied with each other's defects, as they afford a very tolerable fund of consolation on either side.

Much has been said of *historical portraits*, and I have no objection to this phrase, if properly understood. The giving of historical truth to a portrait means, then, the representing of the individual under one consistent, probable, and striking view; or shewing the different features, muscles, &c., in one action, and modified by one principle. A portrait thus painted may be said to be *historical;* that is, it carries internal evidence of truth and propriety with it; and the number of individual peculiarities, as long as they are true to nature, cannot lessen, but must add to, the strength of the general impression.

It might be shewn, if there were room in this place, that Sir Joshua has constructed his theory of the *ideal* in art upon the same mistaken principle of the negation or abstraction of a *particular nature.* The *ideal* is not a negative, but a positive thing. The leaving out the details or peculiarities of an individual face does not make it one jot more ideal. To paint history is to paint nature as answering to a general, predominant, or pre-conceived idea in the mind, of strength, beauty, action, passion, thought, &c.; but the way to do this is not to leave out the details, but to incorporate the general idea with the details: that is, to show the same expression actuating and modifying every movement of the muscles, and the same character preserved consistently through every

part of the body. Grandeur does not consist in omitting the parts, but in connecting all the parts into a whole, and in giving their combined and varied action; abstract truth, or ideal perfection does not consist in rejecting the peculiarities of form, but in rejecting all those which are not consistent with the character intended to be given, and in following up the same *general idea* of softness, voluptuousness, strength, activity, or any combination of these, through every ramification of the frame.

But these modifications of form or expression can only be learnt from nature, and therefore the perfection of art must always be sought in nature. The ideal properly applies as much to the *idea* of ugliness, weakness, folly, meanness, vice, as of beauty, strength, wisdom, magnanimity, or virtue. The antique heads of fauns and satyrs, of Pan or Silenus, are quite as ideal as those of Apollo or Bacchus; and Hogarth adhered to an idea of humour in his faces, as Raphael did to an idea of sentiment. But Raphael found the character of sentiment in nature as much as Hogarth did that of humour, otherwise neither of them would have given one or the other with such perfect truth, purity, force, and keeping. Sir Joshua Reynolds' *ideal*, as consisting in a mere negation of individuality, bears just the same relation to real beauty or grandeur as caricature does to true comic character.

It is owing either to a mistaken theory of elevated art, or to the want of models in nature, that the English are hitherto without any painter of serious historical subjects, who can be placed in the first rank of genius. Many of the pictures of modern artists have evidenced a capacity for correct and happy delineations of actual objects and domestic incidents only inferior to the masterpieces of the Dutch school. I might here mention the names of Wilkie, Collins, Heaphy, and others. We have portrait-painters who have attained to a very high degree of excellence in all the branches of their art. In landscape, Turner has shown a knowledge of the effects of air, and of powerful relief in objects which was never surpassed. But in the highest walk of art—in giving the movements of the finer and loftier passions of the mind, this country has not produced a single painter who has made even a faint approach to the excellence of the great Italian painters. We have, indeed, a good number of specimens of the clay figure, the anatomical mechanism, the regular proportions measured by a two-foot rule;—large canvasses, covered with stiff figures, arranged in deliberate order, with the characters and story correctly expressed by uplifted eyes or hands, according to old receipt-books for the passions; with all the hardness and inflexibility of figures carved in wood, and painted over in good strong body colours, that look

"as if some of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well." But we still want a Prometheus to give life to the cumbrous mass,—to throw an intellectual light over the opaque image,—to embody the inmost refinements of thought to the outward eye,—to lay bare the very soul of passion. That picture is of little comparative value which can be completely *translated* into another language,—of which the description in a common catalogue conveys all that is expressed by the picture itself; for it is the excellence of every art to give what can be given by no other in the same degree. Much less is that picture to be esteemed which only injures and defaces the idea already existing in the mind's eye; which does not come up to the conception which the imagination forms of the subject, and substitutes a dull reality for high sentiment; for the art is in this case an encumbrance, not an assistance, and interferes with, instead of adding to, the stock of our pleasurable sensations. But I should be at a loss to point out, I will not say any English picture, but certainly any English painter, who, in heroical and classical composition, has risen to the height of his subject, and answered the expectations of the well-informed spectator, or excited the same impression by visible means as had been excited by words or by reflection.*

* If I were to make any qualification of this censure, it would be in favour of some of Northcote's compositions from early English history.

That this inferiority in English art is not owing to a deficiency of English genius, imagination, or passion, is proved sufficiently by the works of our poets and dramatic writers, which in loftiness and force are not surpassed by those of any other nation. But whatever may be the depth of internal thought and feeling in the English character, it seems to be *more internal;* and, whether this is owing to habit or physical constitution, to have comparatively a less immediate and powerful communication with the organic expression of passion,—which exhibits the thoughts and feelings in the countenance, and furnishes matter for the historic muse of painting. The English artist is instantly sensible that the flutter, grimace, and extravagance of the French physiognomy are incompatible with high history; and we are at no loss to explain, in this way, that is from the defect of living models, that the productions of the French school on the one hand are marked with all the affectation of national caricature, or on the other sink into tame and lifeless imitations of the antique. May we not account satisfactorily for the general defects of our own historic productions in a similar way—from a certain inertness and constitutional phlegm, which does not habitually impress the workings of the mind in correspondent traces on the countenance, and which may also render us less sensible of these outward and visible signs of passion, even when

they are so impressed there? The irregularity of proportion and want of symmetry in the structure of the national features, though it certainly enhances the difficulty of infusing natural grace and grandeur into the works of art, rather accounts for our not having been able to attain the exquisite refinements of Grecian sculpture, than for our not having rivalled the Italian painters in expression.

Mr. West formed no exception to, but a confirmation of, these general observations. His pictures have all that can be required in what relates to the composition of the subject; to the regular arrangement of the groups; the anatomical proportions of the human body; and the technical knowledge of expression,—as far as expression is reducible to abstract rules, and is merely a vehicle for the telling of a story; so that anger, wonder, sorrow, pity, &c. have each their appropriate and well-known designations. These, however, are but the instrumental parts of the art, the means, not the end; but beyond these Mr. West's pictures do not go. They never "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art." They exhibit the *mask*, not the *soul*, of expression. I doubt whether, in the entire range of Mr. West's productions, meritorious and admirable as the design and composition often are, there is to be found one truly fine head. They display a total want of gusto. In Raphael, the same divine spirit

breathes through every part; it either agitates the inmost frame, or plays in gentle undulations on the trembling surface. Whether we see his figures bending with all the blandishments of maternal love, or standing in the motionless silence of thought, or hurried into the tumult of action, the whole is under the impulse of deep passion. But Mr. West saw hardly any thing in the human face but bones and cartilages; or if he availed himself of the more flexible machinery of nerves and muscles it was only by rule and method. The effect is not that which the soul of passion impresses on the countenance, and which the soul of genius alone can seize; but such as might in a good measure, be given to wooden puppets or pasteboard figures, pulled by wires, and taught to open the mouth, or knit the forehead, or raise the eyes in a very scientific manner. In fact, there is no want of art or limning in his pictures, but of nature and feeling.

It is not long since an opinion was very general that all that was wanting to the highest splendour and perfection of the arts in this country might be supplied by academies and public institutions. There are *three* ways in which academies and public institutions may be supposed to promote the fine arts; either by furnishing the best models to the student, or by holding out immediate emolument and patronage,

or by improving the public taste. I shall bestow a short consideration on the influence of each.

First, a constant reference to the best models of art necessarily tends to enervate the mind, to intercept our view of nature, and to distract the attention by a variety of unattainable excellence. An intimate acquaintance with the works of the celebrated masters may indeed add to the indolent refinements of taste, but will never produce one work of original genius, one great artist. In proof of the general truth of this observation, I might cite the history of the progress and decay of art in all countries where it has flourished.

The directors of the British Institution conclude the preface to their catalogue of the works of Hogarth, Wilson, &c., in the following words: "The present exhibition, while it gratifies the taste and feeling of the lover of art, may tend to excite animating reflections in the mind of the artist: *if at a time when the art received little comparative support such works were produced, a reasonable hope may be entertained that we shall see productions of still higher attainment, under more encouraging circumstances.*"

It should seem that a contrary conclusion might more naturally have suggested itself from a contemplation of the collection with which the directors of the institution have so highly gratified the public taste and feeling. When the real lover of art looks round and sees the works of Hogarth and Wilson—works which were

produced in obscurity and poverty,—and recollects the pomp and pride of patronage under which these works are at present recommended to public notice, the obvious inference which strikes him is how little the production of such works depends on "the most encouraging circumstances." The visits of the Gods of old did not always add to the felicity of those whose guests they were; nor do we know that the countenance and favours of the great will lift the arts to that height of excellence, or will confer all those advantages which are expected from the proferred boon. The arts are of humble growth and station; they are the product of labour and self-denial; they have their seat in the heart of man and in his imagination; it is there they labour, have their triumphs there, and, unseen and unthought of, perform their ceaseless task.—Indeed patronage, and works of art deserving patronage, rarely exist together; for it is only when the arts have attracted public esteem, and reflect credit on the patron, that they receive this flattering support, and then it generally proves fatal to them. We do not see how the man of genius should be improved by being transplanted from his closet to the ante-chambers of the great, or to a fashionable rout. He has no business there—but to bow, to flatter, to smile, to submit to the caprice of taste, to adjust his dress, to think of nothing but his own person and his own

interest, to talk of the antique, and furnish designs for the lids of snuff boxes, and ladies fans.

The passage above alluded to evidently proceeds on the common mistaken notion that the progress of the arts depends entirely on the cultivation and encouragement bestowed on them; as if taste and genius were perfectly mechanical, arbitrary things,—as if they could be bought and sold, and regularly contracted for at a given price. It confounds the fine arts with the mechanic arts,—arts with science. It supposes that feeling, imagination, invention, are the creatures of positive institutions; that the temples of the Muses may be raised and supported by voluntary contributions; that we can enshrine the soul of art in a stately pile of royal patronage, inspire corporate bodies with taste, and carve out the direction to fame in letters of stone on the front of public buildings. That the arts in any country may be at so low an ebb as to be capable of great improvement by positive means, so as to reach the common level to which such means can carry them, there is no doubt or question; but after they have in any particular instance, by native genius and industry, reached their highest eminence, to say that they will, by mere artificial props and officious encouragement, arrive at a point of "still higher attainment," is assuming a great deal too much. Are we to understand that the laudable efforts of the British Institution

are likely, by mere operation of natural causes, to produce a greater comic painter, a more profound describer of manners, than Hogarth? or even that the lights and expectations held out in the preface to the British Catalogue, will enable some one speedily to surpass the general excellence of Wilson's landscapes? Is there any theory in the history of art to warrant such a conclusion,—to suppose this theory of progressive perfectibility under the auspices of patrons and vice-patrons, presidents and select committees? On the contrary, as far as the general theory is concerned, the traces of youth, manhood, and old age, are almost as distinctly marked in the history of the art as of the individual. The arts have in general risen rapidly from their first obscure dawn to their meridian height and greatest lustre, and have no sooner reached this proud eminence than they have as rapidly hastened to decay and desolation. It is a little extraordinary that, if the real sources of perfection are to be sought in schools, in models, and public institutions, that wherever there are schools, models, and public institutions, there the art should regularly disappear; that the effect should never follow from the cause. The Greek statues remain to this day unrivalled, the undisputed standard of the most perfect symmetry of form. What then has the genius of progressive improvement been doing all this time? Has he been reposing after his labours? How is it that the moderns are still so far behind, notwithstanding

all that was done ready to their hands by the ancients, when they possess a double advantage over them, and have not nature only to form themselves upon, but nature and the antique?

In Italy the art of painting has had the same fate. After its long and painful struggles in the time of the earliest artists, Cimabue, Ghirlandaio, Massaccio, &c., it bursts out into a light too dazzling to behold, in the works of Titian, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Correggio; which was reflected with diminished lustre in the productions of their immediate disciples; lingered for a while with the school of Domenichino and the Caraccis, and expired with Guido Reni; for with him disappears

> "the last of those bright days
> That on the unsteady breeze of honour sailed
> In long procession, calm and beautiful."
>
> *Champion*, 1815.

From that period, painting sunk to so low a state in Italy as to excite only pity or contempt. There is not a single name to redeem its faded glory from utter oblivion. Yet this has not been owing to any want of Dilettanti and Della Cruscan Societies, of Academies of Florence, of Bologna, of Parma, and Pisa, of honorary members, and foreign correspondents, — of pupils and teachers, professors and patrons, and the whole busy tribe of critics and connoisseurs. Art will not be constrained by mastery, but at sight of the formidable array prepared to receive it

> Spreads it light wings, and in a moment flies.

of all the melancholy sophistry which they have been taught or have been teaching others for half a century) that the chief excellence of the figures depends on their having been copied from nature, and not from imagination. The communication of art with nature is here everywhere immediate, entire, palpable. The artist gives himself no fastidious airs of superiority over what he sees. He has not arrived at that stage of his progress described at much length in Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses, in which, having served out his apprenticeship to nature, he can set up for himself in opposition to her. According to the old Greek form of drawing up the indentures in this case, we apprehend they were to last for life. At least, we can compare these Marbles to nothing but human figures petrified: they have every appearance of absolute *fac-similes* or casts taken from nature. The details are those of nature; the masses are those of nature; the forms are from nature; the action is from nature; the whole is from nature. Let any one, for instance, look at the leg of the Ilissus or River-God, which is bent under him—let him observe the swell and undulation of the calf, the inter-texture of the muscles, the distinction and union of all the parts, and the effect of action every where impressed on the external form, as if the very marble were a flexible substance, and contained the various springs of life and motion within itself, and

he will own that art and nature are here the same thing. It is the same in the back of the Theseus, in the thighs and knees, and in all that remains unimpaired of these two noble figures. It is not the same in the cast (which was shown at Lord Elgin's) of the famous Torso by Michael Angelo, the style of which that artist appears to have imitated too well. There every muscle has obviously the greatest prominence and force given to it of which it is capable in itself, not of which it is capable in connection with others. This fragment is an accumulation of mighty parts, without that play and re-action of each part upon the rest, without that "alternate action and repose," which Sir Thomas Lawrence speaks of as characteristic of the Theseus and the Ilissus, and which are as inseparable from nature as waves from the sea. The learned, however, here make a distinction, and suppose that the truth of nature is, in the Elgin marbles, combined with ideal forms. If by *ideal forms* they mean fine natural forms, we have nothing to object; but if they mean that the sculptors of the Theseus and Ilissus got the forms out of their own heads, and then tacked the truth of nature to them, we can only say, "Let them look again, let them look again." We consider the Elgin Marbles as a demonstration of the impossibility of separating art from nature, without a proportionable loss at every

remove. The utter absence of all setness of appearance proves that they were done as studies from actual models. The separate parts of the human body may be given from scientific knowledge:—their modifications or inflections can only be learnt by seeing them in action; and the truth of nature is incompatible with ideal form, if the latter is meant to exclude actually existing form. The mutual action of the parts cannot be determined where the object itself is not seen. That the forms of these statues are not common nature, such as we see it every day, we readily allow: that they were not select Greek nature, we see no convincing reason to suppose. That truth of nature, and ideal or fine form, are not always or generally united, we know; but how they can ever be united in art, without being first united in nature, is to us a mystery, and one that we as little believe as understand!

Suppose, for illustration's sake, that these Marbles were originally done as casts from actual nature, and then let us enquire whether they would not have possessed all the same qualities that they now display, granting only that the forms were in the first instance selected with the eye of taste, and disposed with knowledge of the art and of the subject.

First, the larger masses and proportions of entire limbs and divisions of the body would have been found in the casts, for they would

have been found in nature. The back, and trunk, and arms, and legs, and thighs, would have been there, for these are parts of the natural man, or actual living body, and not inventions of the artist, or *ideal* creations borrowed from the skies. There would have been the same sweep in the back of the Theseus; the same swell in the muscles of the arm on which he leans; the same division of the leg into calf and small, *i. e.* the same general results, or aggregation of parts, in the principal and most striking divisions of the body. The upper part of the arm would have been thicker than the lower, the thighs larger than the legs, the body larger than the thighs, in a cast taken from common nature; and in casts taken from the finest nature they would have been so in the same proportion, form, and manner, as in the statue of the Theseus, if the Theseus answers to the *idea* of the finest nature; for the idea and the reality must be the same; only, we contend that the idea is taken from the reality, instead of existing by itself, or being the creature of fancy. That is, there would be the same grandeur of proportions and parts in a cast taken from finely developed nature, such as the Greek sculptors had constantly before them, naked and in action, that we find in the limbs and masses of bone, flesh, and muscle, in these much and justly admired remains.

Again, and incontestibly, there would have

been, besides the grandeur of form, all the *minutiæ* and individual details in the cast that subsist in nature, and that find no place in the theory of *ideal* art—in the omission of which, indeed, its very grandeur is made to consist. The Elgin Marbles give a flat contradiction to this gratuitous separation of grandeur of design and exactness of detail, as incompatible in works of art, and we conceive that, with their whole ponderous weight to crush it, it will be difficult to set this theory on its legs again. In these majestic colossal figures, nothing is omitted, nothing is made out by negation. The veins, the wrinkles in the skin, the indications of the muscles under the skin (which appear as plainly to the anatomist as the expert angler knows from an undulation on the surface of the water what fish is playing with his bait beneath it), the finger-joints, the nails, every the smallest part cognizable to the naked eye, is given here with the same ease and exactness, with the same prominence, and the same subordination, that it would be in a cast from nature, *i. e.*, in nature itself. Therefore, so far these things, *viz.* nature, a cast from it, and the Elgin Marbles, are the same; and all three are opposed to the fashionable and fastidious theory of the *ideal*. Look at Sir Joshua's picture of Puck, one of his finest-coloured, and most spirited, performances. The fingers are mere *spuds*, and we doubt whether any one can make out whether there are four

toes or five allowed to each of the feet. If there had been a young Silenus among the Elgin Marbles, we don't know that in some particulars it would have surpassed Sir Joshua's masterly sketch, but we are sure that the extremities, the nails, &c., would have been studies of natural history. The life, the spirit, the character of the grotesque and imaginary little being would not have made an abortion of any part of his natural growth or form.

Farther, in a cast from nature there would be, as a matter of course, the same play and flexibility of limb and muscle, or, as Sir Thomas Lawrence expresses it, the same "alternate action and repose," that we find so admirably displayed in the Elgin Marbles. It seems here as if stone could move: where one muscle is strained, another is relaxed, where one part is raised, another sinks in, just as in the ocean, where the waves are lifted up in one place, they sink proportionally low in the next: and all this modulation and affection of the different parts of the form by others arises from an attentive and coinstantaneous observation of the parts of a flexible body, where the muscles and bones act upon, and communicate with, one another, like the ropes and pulleys in a machine, and where the action or position given to a particular limb or membrane naturally extends to the whole body. This harmony, this combination of motion, this unity of spirit diffused through the wondrous

mass, and every part of it, is the glory of the Elgin Marbles: — put a well-formed human body in the same position, and it will display the same character throughout; make a cast from it while in that position and action, and we shall still see the same bold, free, and comprehensive truth of design. There is no alliteration or antithesis in the style of the Elgin Marbles, no setness, squareness, affectation, or formality of appearance. The different muscles do not present a succession of *tumuli*, each heaving with big throes to rival the other. If one is raised, the other falls quietly into its place. Neither do the different parts of the body answer to one another, like shoulder-knots on a lacquey's coat, or the different ornaments of a building. The sculptor does not proceed on architectural principles. His work has the freedom, the variety, and stamp of nature. The form of corresponding parts is indeed the same, but it is subject to inflection, from different circumstances. There is no primness or *petit maître-ship*, as in some of the later antiques, where the artist seemed to think that flesh was glass or some other brittle substance; and that if it were put out of its exact shape it would break in pieces. Here, on the contrary, if the foot of one leg is bent under the body, the leg itself undergoes an entire alteration. If one side of the body is raised above the other, the original, or abstract, or *ideal* form of the two sides is not preserved strict and inviolable, but

varies, as it necessarily must do in conformity to the law of gravitation, to which all bodies are subject. In this respect, a cast from nature would be the same. Chantrey once made a cast from Wilson the Black. He put him into an attitude at first, and made the cast, but not liking the effect when done, got him to sit again, and made use of the plaster of Paris once more. He was satisfied with the result; but Wilson, who was tired with going through the operation, as soon as it was over, went and leaned upon a block of marble with his hands covering his face. The sagacious sculptor was so struck with the superiority of this natural attitude over those into which he had been arbitrarily put that he begged him (if possible) to continue in it for another quarter of an hour, and another impression was taken off. All three casts remain, and the last is a proof of the superiority of nature over art. The effect of lassitude is visible in every part of the frame, and the strong feeling of this affection, impressed on every limb and muscle, and venting itself naturally in an involuntary attitude which gave immediate relief, is that which strikes every one who has seen this fine study from the life. The casts from this man's figure have been much admired: — it is from no superiority of form: it is merely that, being taken from nature, they bear her "image and superscription."

As to expression, the Elgin Marbles (at least

the Ilissus and Theseus) afford no examples, the heads being gone.

Lastly, as to the *ideal* form, we contend it is nothing but a selection of fine nature, such as it was seen by the ancient Greek sculptors; and we say that a sufficient approximation to this form may be found in our own country, and still more in other countries, at this day, to warrant the clear conclusion that, under more favourable circumstances of climate, manners, &c., no vain imagination of the human mind could come up to entire natural forms; and that actual casts from Greek models would rival the common Greek statues, or surpass them in the same proportion and manner as the Elgin Marbles do. Or if this conclusion should be doubted, we are ready at any time to produce at least one cast from living nature, which, if it does not furnish practical proof of all that we have here advanced, we are willing to forfeit the last thing we can afford to part with—a theory!

If then the Elgin Marbles are to be considered as authority in subjects of art, we conceive the following principles, which have not hitherto been generally received or acted upon in Great Britain, will be found to result from them:—

1. That art is (first and last) the imitation of nature.

2. That the highest art is the imitation of the finest nature, that is to say, of that which con-

veys the strongest sense of pleasure or power, of the sublime or beautiful.

3. That the *ideal* is only the selecting a particular form which expresses most completely the idea of a given character or quality, as of beauty, strength, activity, voluptuousness, &c., and which preserves that character with the greatest consistency throughout.

4. That the *historical* is nature in action. With regard to the face, it is expression.

5. That grandeur consists in connecting a number of parts into a whole, and not in leaving out the parts.

6. That, as grandeur is the principle of connexion between different parts, beauty is the principle of affinity between different forms, or their gradual conversion into each other. The one harmonizes, the other aggrandizes our impressions of things.

7. That grace is the beautiful or harmonious in what relates to position or motion.

8. That grandeur of motion is unity of motion.

9. That strength is the giving the extremes, softness, the uniting them.

10. That truth is to a certain degree beauty and grandeur, since all things are connected, and all things modify one another in nature. Simplicity is also grand and beautiful for the same reason. Elegance is ease and lightness, with precision.

We shall now proceed to elucidate these general principles in such manner as we are able.

1. The first is, that *art is* (*first and last*) *the imitation of nature.*

By nature, we mean actually existing nature or some one object to be found *in rerum naturâ*, not an idea of nature existing solely in the mind, got from an infinite number of different objects, but which was never yet embodied in an individual instance. Sir Joshua Reynolds may be ranked at the head of those who have maintained the supposition that nature (or the universe of things) was indeed the ground-work or foundation on which art rested; but that the superstructure rose above it, that it towered by degrees above the world of realities, and was suspended in the regions of thought alone—that a middle form, a more refined idea, borrowed from the observation of a number of particulars, but unlike any of them, was the standard of truth and beauty, and the glittering phantom that hovered round the head of the genuine artist:

> ———So from the ground
> Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
> More airy, last the bright consummate flower!

We have no notion of this vague, equivocal theory of art, and contend, on the other hand, that each image in art should have a *tally* or corresponding prototype in some object in nature. Otherwise, we do not see the use of art at all:

it is a mere superfluity, an encumbrance to the mind, a piece of "laborious foolery,"—for the word, the mere name of any object or class of objects will convey the general idea, more free from particular details or defects than any the most neutral and indefinite representation that can be produced by forms and colours. The word Man, for instance, conveys a more filmy, impalpable, abstracted, and (according to this hypothesis) sublime idea of the species, than Michael Angelo's Adam, or any real image can possibly do. If this then is the true object of art, the language of painting, sculpture, &c., becomes quite supererogatory. Sir Joshua and the rest contend that nature (properly speaking) does not express any single individual, nor the whole mass of things as they exist, but a general principle, a *something common* to all these, retaining the perfections, that is, all in which they are alike, and abstracting the defects, namely, all in which they differ: so that, out of actual nature, we compound an artificial nature, never answering to the former in any one part of its mock-existence, and which last is the true object of imitation to the aspiring artist. Let us adopt this principle of abstraction as the rule of perfection, and see what havoc it will make in all our notions and feelings in such matters. If the *perfect* is the *intermediate*, why not confound all objects, all forms, all colours at once? Instead of painting a landscape with blue sky,

or white clouds, or green earth, or grey rocks and towers; what should we say if the artist (so named) were to treat all these "fair varieties" as so many imperfections and mistakes in the creation, and mass them altogether, by mixing up the colours on his palette in the same dull leaden tone, and call this the true principle of epic landscape-painting? Would not the thing be abominable, an abortion, and worse than the worst Dutch picture? Variety then is one principle, one beauty in external nature, and not an everlasting source of pettiness and deformity, which must be got rid of at all events, before taste can set its seal upon the work, or fancy own it.

But, it may be said, it is different in things of the same species, and particularly in man, who is cast in a regular mould, which mould is one. What then, are we, on this pretext, to confound the difference of sex in a sort of hermaphrodite softness, as Mr. Westall, Angelica Kauffman, and others, have done in their effeminate performances? Are we to leave out of the scale of legitimate art the extremes of infancy and old age, as not *middle terms* in man's life? Are we to strike off from the list of available topics and sources of interest the varieties of character, of passion, of strength, activity, &c.? Is every thing to wear the same form, the same colour, the same unmeaning face? Are we only to repeat the same average idea of perfection, that is,

our own want of observation and imagination, for ever, and to melt down the inequalities and excrescences of individual nature in the monotony of abstraction? Oh no! As well might we prefer the cloud to the rainbow; the dead corpse to the living moving body! So Sir Joshua debated upon Rubens's landscapes, and has a whole chapter to inquire whether *accidents in nature*, that is, rainbows, moonlight, sun-sets, clouds and storms, are the proper thing in the classical style of art.

Again, it is urged that this is not what is meant, *viz.* to exclude different classes or characters of things, but that there is in each class or character a *middle point*, which is the point of perfection. What middle point? Or how is it ascertained? What is the middle age of childhood? Or are all children to be alike, dark or fair? Some of Titian's children have black hair, and others yellow or auburn: who can tell which is the most beautiful? May not a St. John be older than an infant Christ? Must not a Magdalen be different from a Madonna, Diana from a Venus? Or may not a Venus have more or less gravity, a Diana more or less sweetness? What then becomes of the abstract idea in any of these cases? It varies as it does in nature; that is, there is indeed a general principle or character to be adhered to, but modified everlastingly by various other given or nameless circumstances. The highest art, like nature, is a living spring of

unconstrained excellence, and does not produce a continued repetition of itself, like plaster-casts from the same figure.

But once more it may be insisted that, in what relates to mere form or organic structure, there is necessarily a middle line or central point, any thing short of which is deficiency, and any thing beyond it excess, being the average form to which all the other forms included in the same species tend, and approximate more or less. Then this average form, as it exists in nature, should be taken as the model for art. What occasion to do it out of your own head, when you can bring it under the cognizance of your senses? Suppose a foot of a certain size and shape to be the standard of perfection, or if you will, the *mean proportion* between all other feet. How can you tell this so well as by seeing it? How can you copy it so well as by having it actually before you? But, you will say, there are particular minute defects in the best-shaped actual foot which ought not to be transferred to the imitation. Be it so. But are there not also particular minute beauties in the best, or even the worst shaped actual foot, which you will only discover by ocular inspection, which are reducible to no measurement or precepts, and which in finely developed nature outweigh the imperfections a thousand fold, the proper general form being contained there also, and these being only the distinctly articulated

parts of it with their inflections which no artist can carry in his head alone? For instance, in the bronze monument of Henry VII. and his wife, in Westminster Abbey, by the famous Torregiano, the fingers and finger nails of the woman in particular are made out as minutely, and, at the same time, as beautifully, as it is possible to conceive; yet they have exactly the effect that a cast taken from a fine female hand would have, with every natural joint, muscle, and nerve, in complete preservation. Does this take from the beauty or magnificence of the whole? No: it aggrandizes it. What then does it take from? Nothing but the conceit of the artist that he can paint a hand out of his own head (that is, out of nothing, and by reducing it again as near as can be to nothing, to a mere vague image) that shall be better than any thing in nature. A hand, or foot, is not *one thing*, because it is *one word* or name; and the painter of mere abstractions had better lay down his pencil at once, and be contented to write the descriptions or titles under works of art.

Lastly, it may be objected that a whole figure can never be found perfect or equal; that the most beautiful arm will not belong to the same figure as the most beautiful leg, and so on. How is this to be remedied? By taking the arm from one, and the leg from the other, and clapping them both on the same body? That will never do; for however admirable in

themselves, they will hardly agree together. One will have a different character from the other; and they will form a sort of natural patchwork.

Or, to avoid this, will you take neither from actual models, but derive them from the neutralizing medium of your own imagination? Worse and worse. Copy them from the same model, the best in all its parts you can get; so that, if you have to alter, you may alter as little as possible, and retain nearly the whole substance of nature. You may depend upon it that what is so retained will alone be of any specific value.* The rest may have a negative merit, but will be positively good for nothing. It will be to the vital truth and beauty of what is taken from the best nature, like the piecing of an antique statue. It fills a gap, but nothing more. It is, in fact, a mental blank.

2. This leads us to the second point laid down before, which was that *the highest art is the imitation of the finest nature, or, in other words, of that which conveys the strongest sense of pleasure or power, of the sublime or beautiful.*

The artist does not pretend to *invent* an absolutely new class of objects, without any foundation in nature. He does not spread his palette on the canvas, for the mere finery of the thing,

* I believe this rule will apply to all except grotesques, which are evidently taken from opposite natures.

and tell us that it makes a brighter show than the rainbow, or even than a bed of tulips. He does not draw airy forms, moving above the earth, " gay creatures of the element, that play i' th' plighted clouds," and scorn the mere material existences, the concrete descendants of those that came out of Noah's Ark, and that walk, run, or creep upon it. No, he does not paint only what he has seen *in his mind's eye*, but the common objects that both he and others daily meet—rocks, clouds, trees, men, women, beasts, fishes, birds, or what he calls such. He is then an imitator by profession. He gives the appearances of things that exist outwardly by themselves, and have a distinct and independent nature of their own. But these know their own nature best; and it is by consulting them that he can alone trace it truly, either in the immediate details, or characteristic essences. Nature is consistent, unaffected, powerful, subtle: art is forgetful, apish, feeble, coarse. Nature is the original, and therefore right: art is the copy, and can but tread lamely in the same steps. Nature penetrates into the parts, and moves the whole mass: it acts with diversity, and in necessary connexion; for real causes never forget to operate, and to contribute their portion. Where, therefore, these causes are called into play to the utmost extent that they ever reach, there we shall have a strength and a refinement that art may imitate but cannot surpass. But it is said

that art can surpass this most perfect image in nature by combining others with it. What! by joining to the most perfect in its kind something less perfect? Go to,—this argument will not pass. Suppose you have a goblet of the finest wine that ever was tasted: you will not mend it by pouring into it all sorts of samples of an inferior quality. So the best in nature is the stint and limit of what is best in art: for art can only borrow from nature still: and, moreover, must borrow entire objects, for bits only make patches.

We defy any landscape-painter to invent out of his own head, and by jumbling together all the different forms of hills he ever saw, by adding a bit to one, and taking a bit from another, any thing equal to Arthur's seat, with the appendage of Salisbury Crags, that overlooks Edinburgh. Why so? Because there are no levers in the mind of man equal to those with which nature works at her utmost need. No imagination can toss and tumble about huge heaps of earth as the ocean in its fury can. A volcano is more potent to rend rocks asunder than the most splashing pencil. The convulsions of nature can make a precipice more frightfully, or heave the backs of mountains more proudly, or throw their sides into waving lines more gracefully, than all the *beau ideal* of art. For there is in nature not only greater power and scope, but (so to speak) greater knowledge and unity of

purpose. Art is comparatively weak and incongruous, being at once a miniature and caricature of nature. We grant that a tolerable sketch of Arthur's seat, and the adjoining view, is better than Primrose Hill itself (our favourite Primrose Hill!), but no pencil can transform or dandle Primrose Hill into a thing of equal character and sublimity with Arthur's seat:—a concession which gives us some pain to make.

We do not recollect a more striking illustration of the difference between art and nature, in this respect, than Mr. Martin's very singular, and, in some things, very meritorious pictures. But he strives to outdo nature. He wants to give more than she does, or than his subject requires or admits. He sub-divides his groups into infinite littleness, and exaggerates his scenery into absolute immensity. His figures are like rows of shiny pins; his mountains are piled up one upon the back of the other, like the stories of houses. He has no notion of the moral principle in all art, that a part may be greater than the whole. He reckons that if one range of lofty square hills is good, another range above that with clouds between must be better. He thus wearies the imagination, instead of exciting it. We see no end of the journey, and turn back in disgust. We are tired of the effort, we are tired of the monotony of this sort of reduplication of the same object. We were satisfied before; but it seems the painter was not,

and we naturally sympathise with him. This craving after quantity is a morbid affection. A landscape is not an architectural elevation. You may build a house as high as you can lift up stones with pulleys and levers, but you cannot raise mountains into the sky merely with the pencil. They lose probability and effect by striving at too much; and with their ceaseless throes, oppress the imagination of the spectator, and bury the artist's fame under them. The only error of these pictures is that art here puts on her seven-league boots, and thinks it possible to steal a march upon nature. Mr. Martin might make Arthur's Seat sublime, if he chose to take the thing as it is; but he would be for squaring it according to the mould in his own imagination, and for clapping another Arthur's Seat on the top of it, to make the Calton Hill stare!

Again, with respect to the human figure. This has an internal structure, muscles, bones, blood-vessels, &c., by means of which the external surface is operated upon according to certain laws. Does the artist, with all his generalizations, understand these as well as nature does? Can he predict, with all his learning, that, if a certain muscle is drawn up in a particular manner, it will present a particular appearance in a different part of the arm or leg, or bring out other muscles, which were before hid, with certain modifications? But in nature all this is brought about by necessary

laws, and the effect is visible to those, and those only, who look for it in actual objects.

This is the great and master-excellence of the ELGIN MARBLES, that they do not seem to be the outer surface of a hard and immoveable block of marble, but to be actuated by an internal machinery, and composed of the same soft and flexible materials as the human body. The skin (or the outside) seems to be protruded or tightened by the natural action of a muscle beneath it. This result is miraculous in art: in nature it is easy and unavoidable. That is to say, art has to imitate or produce certain effects or appearances without the natural causes: but the human understanding can hardly be so true to those causes as the causes to themselves; and hence the necessity (in this sort of *simulated creation*) of recurring at every step to the actual objects and appearances of nature.

Having shown so far how indispensable it is for art to identify itself with nature, in order to preserve the truth of imitation, without which it is destitute of value or meaning, it may be said to follow, as a necessary consequence, that the only way in which art can rise to greater dignity or excellence is by finding out models of greater dignity and excellence in nature. Will any one, looking at the Theseus, for example, say that it could spring merely from the artist's brain, or that it could be done from a common, ill-made, or stunted body? The fact is that its

superiority consists in this, that it is a perfect combination of art and nature, or an identical, and as it were spontaneous, copy of an individual picked out of a finer race of men than generally tread this ball of earth. Could it be made of a Dutchman's trunk-hose? No. Could it be made out of one of Sir Joshua's Discourses on the *middle form?* No. How then? Out of an eye, a head, and a hand, with sense, spirit, and energy to follow the finest nature, as it appeared exemplified in sweeping masses, and in subtle details, without pedantry, conceit, cowardice, or affectation!

Some one was asking at Mr. Haydon's one day, as a few persons were looking at the cast from this figure, why the original might not have been done as a cast from nature? Such a supposition would account at least for what seems otherwise unaccountable—the incredible labour and finishing bestowed on the back and other parts of this figure, placed at a prodigious height against the walls of a temple, where they could never be seen after they were once put up there. If they were done by means of a cast in the first instance, the thing appears intelligible, otherwise not. Our host stoutly resisted this imputation, which tended to deprive art of one of its greatest triumphs, and to make it as mechanical as a shaded profile. So far, so good. But the reason he gave was bad, *viz.* that the limbs could not remain in those actions long enough to be

cast. Yet surely this would take a shorter time than if the model sat to the sculptor; and we all agreed that nothing but actual, continued, and intense observation of living nature could give the solidity, complexity and refinement of imitation which we saw in the half animated, almost moving, figure before us.* Be this as it may, the principle here stated does not reduce art to the imitation of what is understood by common or low life. It rises to any point of beauty or sublimity you please, but it rises only as nature rises exalted with it too. To hear these critics talk, one would suppose there was nothing in the world really worth looking at. The Dutch pictures were the best that they could paint: they had no other landscapes or faces before them. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* Yet who is not alarmed at a Venus by Rembrandt? The Greek statues were (*cum grano salis*) Grecian youths and nymphs; and the women in the streets of Rome (it has been remarked †) look to this hour as if they had walked out of Raphael's pictures.

Nature is always truth: at its best, it is beauty and sublimity as well; though Sir Joshua tells us in one of the papers in the IDLER that

* Some one finely applied to the repose of this figure the words:

——Sedet, in æternumque sedebit,
Infelix Theseus.

† By Mr, Coleridge.

in itself, or with reference to individuals, it is a mere tissue of meanness and deformity. Luckily, the Elgin Marbles say No to that conclusion: for they are decidedly *part and parcel thereof.* What constitutes fine nature we shall enquire under another head. But we would remark here, that it can hardly be the *middle form,* since this principle, however it might determine certain general proportions and outlines, could never be intelligible in the details of nature, or applicable to those of art. Who will say that the form of a finger nail is just midway between a thousand others that he has *not* remarked: we are only struck with it when it is more than ordinarily beautiful, from symmetry, an oblong shape, &c. The staunch partisans of this theory, however, get over the difficulty here spoken of, in practice, by omitting the details altogether, and making their works sketches, or rather what the French call *ébauches,* and the English *daubs.*

3. *The* IDEAL *is only the selecting of a particular form which expresses most completely the idea of a given character or quality, as of beauty, strength, activity, voluptuousness, &c., and which preserves that character with the greatest consistency throughout.*

Instead of its being true in general that the *ideal* is the *middle point,* it is to be found in the *extremes;* or, it is carrying any *idea* as far it will go. Thus, for instance, a Silenus is as much

an *ideal* thing as an Apollo, as to the principle on which it is done, *viz.* giving to every feature, and to the whole form, the utmost degree of grossness and sensuality that can be imagined, with this exception (which has nothing to do with the understanding of the question), that the *ideal* means by custom this extreme on the side of the good and beautiful. With this reserve, the *ideal* means always the *something more* of any thing which may be anticipated by the fancy, and which must be found in nature (by looking long enough for it) to be expressed as it ought. Suppose a good heavy Dutch face (we speak by the proverb)—this, you will say, is gross; but it is not gross enough. You have an idea of something grosser, that is, you have seen something grosser, and must seek for it again. When you meet with it, and have stamped it on the canvas, or carved it out of the block, this is the true *ideal*, namely, that which answers to and satisfies a pre-conceived idea; not that which is made out of an abstract idea, and answers to nothing.

In the Silenus, also, according to the notion we have of the properties and character of that figure, there must be vivacity, slyness, wantonness, &c. Not only the image of the mind, but a real face, may express these combined together; another may express them more, and another most, which last is the *ideal*; and when the image in nature coalesces with,

and gives a body, force, and reality to the idea in the mind, then it is that we see the true perfection of art. The forehead should be "villainous low;" the eye-brows bent in; the eyes small and gloating; the nose *pugged*, and pointed at the end, with distended nostrils; the mouth large and shut; the cheeks swollen; the neck thick, &c. There is, in all this process, nothing of softening down, of compromising qualities, of finding out a *mean proportion* between different forms and characters; the sole object is to *intensify* each as much as possible. The only fear is "to o'erstep the modesty of nature," and run into caricature. This must be avoided; but the artist is only to stop short of this. He must not outrage probability. We must have seen a class of such faces, or something so nearly approaching as to prevent the imagination from revolting against them. The forehead must be low, but not so low as to lose the character of humanity in the brute. It would thus lose all its force and meaning. For that which is extreme and ideal in one species is nothing, if, by being pushed too far, it is merged in another. Above all, there should be *keeping* in the whole and every part. In the Pan, the horns and goat's feet, perhaps, warrant the approach to a more *animal* expression than would otherwise be allowable in the human features; but yet this tendency to excess must be restrained within certain limits. If Pan is made into a beast, he

will cease to be a God! Let Momus distend his jaws with laughter as far as laughter can stretch them, but no farther; or the expression will be that of pain and not of pleasure. Besides, overcharging the expression or action of any one feature will suspend the action of others. The whole face will no longer laugh. But this universal suffusion of broad mirth and humour over the countenance is very different from a placid smile, midway between grief and joy. Yet a classical Momus, by modern theories of the *ideal*, ought to be such a nonentity in expression. The ancients knew better. They pushed art into such subjects to the verge of "all we hate," while they felt the point beyond which it could not be urged with propriety, *i. e.* with truth, consistency, and consequent effect.

There is no difference, in philosophical reasoning, between the mode of art here insisted on, and the *ideal* regularity of such figures as the Apollo, the Hercules, the Mercury, the Venus, &c. All these are, as it were, *personifications, essences, abstractions* of certain qualities or virtues in human nature, not of human nature in general, which would make nonsense. Instead of being abstractions of all sorts of qualities jumbled together in a neutral character, they are in the opposite sense *abstractions* of some single quality or customary combination of qualities, leaving out all others as much as possible, and imbuing every part with that one predominant character

to the utmost. The Apollo is a representation of graceful dignity and mental power; the Hercules of bodily strength; the Mercury of swiftness; the Venus of female loveliness, and so on. In these, in the Apollo, is surely implied and found more grace than usual; in the Hercules more strength than usual; in the Mercury more lightness than usual; in the Venus more softness than usual. Is it not so? What then becomes of the pretended *middle form*? One would think it would be sufficient to prove this, to ask, "Do not these statues differ from one another? And is this difference a defect?" It would be ridiculous to call them by different names, if they were not supposed to represent different and peculiar characters: sculptors should, in that case, never carve any thing but the statue of *a man*, the statue of *a woman*, &c., and this would be the name of perfection.

This theory of art is not at any rate justified by the history of art. An extraordinary quantity of bone and muscle is as proper to the Hercules as his club, and it would be strange if the Goddess of Love had not a more delicately rounded form, and a more languishing look withal, than the Goddess of Hunting. That a form combining and blending the properties of both, the downy softness of the one with the elastic buoyancy of the other, would be more perfect than either, we no more see than that grey is the most perfect of colours. At any rate, this is the

march neither of nature nor of art. It is not denied that these antique sculptures are models of the *ideal;* nay, it is on them that this theory boasts of being founded. Yet they give a flat contradiction to its insipid mediocrity. Perhaps some of them have a slight bias to the false *ideal,* to the smooth and uniform, or the negation of nature: any error on this side is, however, happily set right by the ELGIN MARBLES, which are the paragons of sculpture and the mould of form.

As the *ideal,* then, requires a difference of character in each figure as a whole, so it expects the same character (or a corresponding one) to be stamped on each part of every figure. As the legs of a Diana should be more muscular and adapted for running than those of a Venus or a Minerva, so the skin of her face ought to be more tense, bent on her prey, and hardened by being exposed to the winds of heaven. The respective characters of lightness, softness, strength, &c., should pervade each part of the surface of each figure, but still varying according to the texture and functions of the individual part. This can only be learned or practised from an attentive observation of nature in those forms in which any given character or excellence is most strikingly displayed, and which has been selected for imitation and study on that account.

Suppose a dimple in the chin to be a mark of voluptuousness; then the Venus should have

a dimple in the chin; and she has one. But this will imply certain correspondent indications in other parts of the features, about the corners of the mouth, a gentle undulation and sinking in of the cheek, as if it had just been pinched, and so on: yet so as to be consistent with the other qualities of roundness, smoothness, &c., which belong to the idea of the character. Who will get all this and embody it out of the idea of a *middle form*, I cannot say: it may be, and has been, got out of the idea of a number of distinct enchanting graces in the mind, and from some heavenly object unfolded to the sight!

4. *That the historical is nature in action. With regard to the face, it is expression.*

Hogarth's pictures are true history. Every feature, limb, figure, group, is instinct with life and motion. He does not take a subject and place it in a position, like a lay figure, in which it stirs neither limb nor joint. The scene moves before you: the face is like a frame-work of flexible machinery. If the mouth is distorted with laughter, the eyes swim in laughter. If the forehead is knit together, the cheeks are puckered up. If a fellow squints most horribly, the rest of his face is awry. The muscles pull different ways, or the same way, at the same time, on the surface of the picture, as they do in the human body. What you see is the reverse of *still life*. There is a continual and complete action and reaction of one variable part upon

another, as there is in the ELGIN MARBLES. If you pull the string of a bow, the bow itself is bent. So it is in the strings and wires that move the human frame. The action of any one part, the contraction or relaxation of any one muscle, extends more or less perceptibly to every other:

Thrills in each nerve, and lives along the line.

Thus the celebrated Io of Correggio is imbued, steeped, in a manner, in the same voluptuous feeling all over—the same passion languishes in her whole frame, and communicates the infection to the feet, the back, and the reclined position of the head. This is history, not carpenter's work. Some painters fancy that they paint history, if they get the measurement from the foot to the knee, and put four bones where there are four bones. This is not our idea of it; but we think it is to show how one part of the body sways another in action and in passion. The last relates chiefly to the expression of the face, though not altogether. Passion may be shown in a clenched fist as well as in clenched teeth. The face, however, is the throne of expression. Character implies the feeling, which is fixed and permanent; expression that which is occasional and momentary, at least, technically speaking. Portrait treats of objects as they are; history of the events and changes to which they are liable. And so far history has a double superiority, or a double

difficulty to overcome, *viz.* in the rapid glance over a number of parts subject to the simultaneous action of the same law, and in the scope of feeling required to sympathize with the critical and powerful movements of passion. It requires greater capacity of muscular motion to follow the progress of a carriage in violent motion, than to lean upon it standing still. If, to describe passion, it were merely necessary to observe its outward effects, these, perhaps, in the prominent points, become more visible and more tangible as the passion is more intense. But it is not only necessary to see the effects, but to discern the cause, in order to make the one true to the other. No painter gives more of intellectual or impassioned appearances than he understands or feels. It is an axiom in painting, that sympathy is indispensable to truth of expression. Without it you get only caricatures, which are not the thing. But to sympathise with passion, a greater fund of sensibility is demanded in proportion to the strength or tenderness of the passion. And as he feels most of this whose face expresses most passion, so he also feels most by sympathy whose hand can describe most passion. This amounts nearly, we take it, to a demonstration of an old and very disputed point. The same reasoning might be applied to poetry, but this is not the place.

Again, it is easier to paint a portrait than an historical face, because the head *sits* for the first,

but the expression will hardly *sit* for the last. Perhaps those passions are the best subjects for painting the expression of which may be retained for some time, so as to be better caught, which throw out a sort of lambent fire, and leave a reflected glory behind them, as we see in Madonnas, Christ's heads, and what is understood by sacred subjects in general. The violences of human passion are too soon over to be copied by the hand, and the mere conception of the internal workings is not here sufficient, as it is in poetry. A portrait is to history what still life is to portraiture: that is, the whole remains the same while you are doing it, or while you are occupied about each part, the rest wait for you. Yet, what a difference is there between taking an original portrait, and making a copy of one! This shows that the face in its most ordinary state is continually varying and in action. So much of history is there in portrait! — No one should pronounce definitively on the superiority of history over portrait, without recollecting Titian's heads. The finest of them are very nearly (say quite) equal to the finest of Raphael's. They have almost the look of *still-life*, yet each part is decidedly influenced by the rest. Every thing is *relative* in them. You cannot put any other eye, nose, lip, in the same face. As is one part, so is the rest. You cannot fix on any particular beauty; the charm is in the whole. They have least action, and the most expression

of any portraits. They are doing nothing, and yet all other business seems insipid in comparison of their thoughts. They are silent, retired, and do not court observation: yet you cannot keep your eyes from them. Some one said that you would be as cautious of your behaviour in a room where a picture of Titian's was hung as if there was somebody by—so entirely do they look you through. They are the least tiresome *furniture-company* in the world!

5. *Grandeur consists in connecting a number of parts into a whole, and not leaving out the parts.*

Sir Joshua lays it down that the great style in art consists in the omission of the details. A greater error never man committed. The great style consists in preserving the masses and general proportions; not in omitting the details. Thus, suppose, for illustration's sake, the general form of an eye-brow to be commanding and grand. It is of a certain size, and arched in a particular curve. Now surely this general form or outline will be equally preserved, whether the painter daubs it in, in a bold, rough way, as Reynolds or perhaps Rembrandt would, or produces the effect by a number of hair-lines arranged in the same form as Titian sometimes did; and in his best pictures. It will not be denied (for it cannot) that the characteristic form of the eye-brow would be the same, or that the effect of the picture at a small distance would be nearly the same in either case; only in the latter,

it would be rather more perfect, as being more like nature. Suppose a strong light to fall on one side of a face, and a deep shadow to involve the whole of the other. This would produce two distinct and large masses in the picture; which answers to the conditions of what is called the grand style of composition. Well, would it destroy these masses to give the smallest veins or variation of colour or surface in the light side, or to shade the other with the most delicate and elaborate *chiaro-scuro?* It is evident not; from common sense, from the practice of the best masters, and, lastly, from the example of nature, which contains both the larger masses, the strongest contrasts, and the highest finishing, within itself. The integrity of the whole, then, is not impaired by the indefinite subdivision and smallness of the parts. The grandeur of the ultimate effects depends entirely on the arrangement of these in a certain form or under certain masses. The Ilissus, or River-god, is floating in his proper element, and is, in appearance, as firm as a rock, as pliable as a wave of the sea. The artist's breath might be said to mould and play upon the undulating surface. The whole is expanded into noble proportions, and heaves with general effect. What then? Are the parts unfinished; or are they not there? No; they are there with the nicest exactness, but in due subordination; that is, they are there as they are found in fine nature; and float upon

the general form, like straw or weeds upon the tide of ocean. Once more: in Titian's portraits we perceive a certain character stamped upon the different features. In the Hippolito de Medici the eye-brows are angular, the nose is peaked, the mouth has sharp corners, the face is (so to speak) a pointed oval. The drawing in each of these is as careful and distinct as can be. But the unity of intention in nature, and in the artist, does not the less tend to produce a general grandeur and impressiveness of effect; which at first sight it is not easy to account for. To combine a number of particulars to one end is not to omit them altogether; and is the best way of producing the grand style, because it does this without either affectation or slovenliness.

6. The sixth rule we proposed to lay down was that, *as grandeur is the principle of connexion between different parts, beauty is the principle of affinity between different forms, or their gradual conversion into each other. The one harmonizes, the other aggrandizes, our impressions of things.*

There is a harmony of colours and a harmony of sounds, unquestionably: why then there should be all this squeamishness about admitting an original harmony of forms as the principle of beauty and source of pleasure there we cannot understand. It is true that there is in organized bodies a certain standard of form to which they approximate more or less, and from which they cannot very widely deviate without shocking the

sense of custom, or our settled expectations of what they ought to be. And hence it has been pretended that there is in all such cases a *middle central form*, obtained by leaving out the peculiarities of all the others, which alone is the pure standard of truth and beauty. A conformity to custom is, we grant, one condition of beauty or source of satisfaction to the eye, because an abrupt transition shocks; but there is a conformity (or correspondence) of colours, sounds, lines, among themselves, which is soft and pleasing for the same reason. The average or customary form merely determines what is *natural*. A thing cannot please, unless it is to be found in nature; but that which is natural is most pleasing, according as it has other properties which in themselves please. Thus the colour of a cheek must be the natural complexion of a human face;—it would not do to make it the colour of a flower or a precious stone;—but among complexions ordinarily to be found in nature, that is most beautiful which would be thought so abstractedly, or in itself. Yellow hair is not the most common, nor is it a *mean proportion* between the different colours of women's hair. Yet, who will say that it is not the most beautiful? Blue or green hair would be a defect and an anomaly, not because it is not the *medium* of nature, but because it is not in nature at all. To say that there is no difference in the sense of form except from custom, is like saying that there is no dif-

ference in the sensation of smooth or rough. Judging by analogy, a gradation or symmetry of form must affect the mind in the same manner as a gradation of recurrence at given intervals of tones or sounds; and if it does so in fact, we need not inquire further for the principle. Sir Joshua (who is the arch-heretic on this subject) makes grandeur or sublimity consist in the middle form, or abstraction of all peculiarities; which is evidently false, for grandeur and sublimity arise from extraordinary strength, magnitude, &c., or, in a word, from an excess of power, so as to startle and overawe the mind. But as sublimity is an excess of power, beauty is, we conceive, the blending and harmonizing of different powers or qualities together, so as to produce a soft and pleasurable sensation. That it is not the middle form of the species seems proved in various ways. First, because one species is more beautiful than another, according to common sense. A rose is the queen of flowers, in poetry at least; but in this philosophy any other flower is as good. A swan is more beautiful than a goose; a stag, than a goat. Yet if custom were the test of beauty, either we should give no preference, or our preference would be reversed. Again, let us go back to the human face and figure. A straight nose is allowed to be handsome, that is, one that presents nearly a continuation of the line of the forehead, and the sides of which are nearly parallel. Now this

cannot be the mean proportion of the form of noses. For, first, most noses are broader at the bottom than at the top, inclining to the negro head, but none are broader at the top than at the bottom, to produce the Greek form as a balance between both. Almost all noses sink in immediately under the forehead bone, none ever project there; so that the nearly straight line continued from the forehead cannot be a mean proportion struck between the two extremes of convex and concave form in this feature of the face. There must, therefore, be some other principle of symmetry, continuity, &c., to account for the variation from the prescribed rule. Once more (not to multiply instances tediously), a double calf is undoubtedly the perfection of beauty in the form of the leg. But this is a rare thing. Nor is it the medium between two common extremes. For the muscles seldom swell enough to produce this excrescence, if it may be so called, and never run to an excess there, so as, by diminishing the quantity, to subside into proportion and beauty. But this second or lower calf is a connecting link between the upper calf and the small of the leg, and is just like a second chord or half-note in music. We conceive that any one who does not perceive the beauty of the Venus de Medicis, for instance, in this respect, has not the proper perception of form in his mind. As this is the most disputable, or at least the most disputed part of our theory, we may,

perhaps, have to recur to it again, and shall leave an opening for that purpose.

7. That grace is the beautiful or harmonious in what relates to position or motion.

There needs not much be said on this point; as we apprehend it will be granted that, whatever beauty is as to the form, grace is the same thing in relation to the use that is made of it. Grace, in writing, relates to the transitions that are made from one subject to another, or to the movement that is given to a passage. If one thing leads to another, or an idea or illustration is brought in without effect, or without making a *boggle* in the mind, we call this a graceful style. Transitions must in general be gradual and pieced together. But sometimes the most violent are the most graceful, when the mind is fairly tired out and exhausted with a subject, and is glad to leap to another as a repose and relief from the first. Of these there are frequent instances in Mr. Burke's writings, which have something Pindaric in them. That which is not beautiful in itself, or in the mere form, may be made so by position or motion. A figure by no means elegant may be put in an elegant position. Mr. Kean's figure is not good; yet we have seen him throw himself into attitudes of infinite spirit, dignity, and grace. John Kemble's figure, on the contrary, is fine in itself; and he has only to show himself to be admired. The direction in which any thing is moved has evidently nothing

to do with the shape of the thing moved. The one may be a circle and the other a square. Little and deformed people seem to be well aware of this distinction, who, in spite of their unpromising appearance, usually assume the most imposing attitudes, and give themselves the most extraordinary airs imaginable.

8. *Grandeur of motion is unity of motion.*

This principle hardly needs illustration. Awkwardness is contradictory or disjointed motion.

9. *Strength in art is giving the extremes, softness the uniting them.*

There is no incompatibility between strength and softness, as is sometimes supposed by frivolous people. Weakness is not refinement. A shadow may be twice as deep in a finely coloured picture as in another, and yet almost imperceptible, from the gradations that lead to it, and blend it with the light. Correggio had prodigious strength and greater softness. Nature is strong and soft, beyond the reach of art to imitate. Softness, then, does not imply the absence of considerable extremes, but it is interposing a third thing between them, to break the force of the contrast. Guido is more soft than strong. Rembrandt is more strong than soft.

10. And lastly. *That truth is, to a certain degree, beauty and grandeur, since all things are connected, and all things modify one another in nature. Simplicity is also grand and beautiful for the same reason. Elegance is ease and lightness, with precision.*

This last head appears to contain a number of *gratis dicta*, got together for the sake of completing a decade of propositions. They have, however, some show of truth, and we should add little clearness to them by any reasoning upon the matter.

FONTHILL ABBEY.

THE old sarcasm—*Omne ignotum pro magnifico est*—cannot be justly applied here. FONTHILL ABBEY, after being enveloped in impenetrable mystery for a length of years, has been unexpectedly thrown open to the vulgar gaze, and has lost none of its reputation for magnificence—though, perhaps, its visionary glory, its classic renown, have vanished from the public mind for ever. It is, in a word, a desert of magnificence, a glittering waste of laborious idleness, a cathedral turned into a toy-shop, an immense Museum of all that is most curious and costly, and, at the same time, most worthless, in the productions of art and nature. Ships of pearl and seas of amber are scarce a fable here—a nautilus's shell surmounted with a gilt triumph of Neptune—tables of agate, cabinets of ebony, and precious stones, painted windows "shedding a gaudy, crimson light," satin borders, marble floors, and lamps of solid gold—Chinese pagodas and Per-

sian tapestry—all the splendour of Solomon's Temple is displayed to the view—in miniature whatever is far-fetched and dear-bought, rich in the materials, or rare and difficult in the workmanship—but scarce one genuine work of art, one solid proof of taste, one lofty relic of sentiment or imagination!

The difficult, the unattainable, the exclusive, are to be found here in profusion, in perfection; all else is wanting, or is brought in merely as a foil or as a stop-gap. In this respect the collection is as satisfactory as it is *unique*. The specimens exhibited are the best, the most highly finished, the most costly and curious, of that kind of ostentatious magnificence which is calculated to gratify the sense of property in the owner, and to excite the wondering curiosity of the stranger, who is permitted to see or (as a choice privilege and favour) even to touch baubles so dazzling and of such exquisite nicety of execution; and which, if broken or defaced, it would be next to impossible to replace. The same character extends to the pictures, which are mere furniture-pictures, remarkable chiefly for their antiquity or painful finishing, without beauty, without interest, and with about the same pretensions to attract the eye or delight the fancy as a well-polished mahogany table or a waxed oak-floor. Not one great work by one great name, scarce one or two of the worst specimens of the first masters, Lionardo's Laughing Boy, or a copy

from Raphael, or Correggio, as if to make the thing remote and finical—but heaps of the most elaborate pieces of the worst of the Dutch masters, Breughel's Sea-horses with coats of mother-of-pearl, and Rothenhamer's Elements turned into a Flower-piece. The Catalogue, in short, is guiltless of the names of any of those works of art

> WLich like a trumpet make the spirits dance;

and is sacred to those which rank no higher than veneering, and where the painter is on a precise par with the carver and gilder. Such is not our taste in art; and we confess we should have been a little disappointed in viewing Fonthill, had not our expectations been disabused beforehand. Oh! for a glimpse of the Escurial! where the piles of Titians lie; where nymphs, fairer than lilies, repose in green, airy, pastoral landscapes, and Cupids, with curled locks, pluck the wanton vine; at whose beauty, whose splendour, whose truth and freshness, Mengs could not contain his astonishment, nor Cumberland his raptures;

> While groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
> Live in description, and look green in song;

the very thought of which, in that monastic seclusion and low dell, surrounded by craggy precipices, gives the mind a calenture, a longing desire to plunge through wastes and wilds, to

visit at the shrine of such beauty, and be buried in the bosom of such verdant sweetness.—Get thee behind us, Temptation; or not all China and Japan will detain us, and this article will be left unfinished, or found (as a volume of Keats's poems was carried out by Mr. Ritchie to be dropped in the Great Desert) in the sorriest inn in the farthest part of Spain, or in the marble baths of the Moorish Alhambra, or amidst the ruins of Tadmor, or in barbaric palaces, where Bruce encountered Abyssinian queens! Any thing to get all this frippery, and finery, and tinsel, and glitter, and embossing, and system of tantalization, and fret-work of the imagination out of our heads, and take one deep, long, oblivious draught of the romantic and marvellous, the thirst of which the fame of Fonthill Abbey has raised in us, but not satisfied!

Mr. Beckford has undoubtedly shown himself an industrious *bijoutier*, a prodigious virtuoso, an accomplished patron of unproductive labour, an enthusiastic collector of expensive trifles—the only proof of taste (to our thinking) he has shown in this collection is *his getting rid of it.* What splendour, what grace, what grandeur might he substitute in lieu of it! What a handwriting might be spread out upon the walls! What a spirit of poetry and philosophy might breathe there! What a solemn gloom, what gay vistas of fancy, like chequered light and shade, might genius, guided by art, shed around! The

author of Vathek is a scholar; the proprietor of Fonthill has travelled abroad, and has seen all the finest remains of antiquity and boasted specimens of modern art. Why not lay his hands on some of these? He had power to carry them away. One might have expected to see, at least, a few fine old pictures, marble copies of the celebrated statues, the Apollo, the Venus, the Dying Gladiator, the Antinous, antique vases with their elegant sculptures, or casts, from them, coins, medals, bas-reliefs, something connected with the beautiful forms of external nature, or with what is great in the mind or memorable in the history of man,—Egyptian hieroglyphics, or Chaldee manuscripts on paper made of the reeds of the Nile, or mummies from the Pyramids! Not so; not a trace (or scarcely so) of any of these;—as little as may be of what is classical or imposing to the imagination from association or well-founded prejudice; hardly an article of any consequence that does not seem to be labelled to the following effect—*This is mine, and there is no one else in the whole world in whom it can inspire the least interest, or any feeling beyond a momentary surprise!* To show another *your* property is an act in itself ungracious, or null and void. It excites no pleasure from sympathy. Every one must have remarked the difference in his feelings on entering a venerable old cathedral, for instance, and a modern built private mansion. The one seems to fill

the mind and expand the form, while the other only produces a sense of listless vacuity, and disposes us to shrink into our own littleness.

Whence is this, but that in the first case our associations of power, of interest, are general, and tend to aggrandize the species; and that in the latter (*viz.* the case of private property) they are exclusive and tend to aggrandize none but the individual? This must be the effect, unless there is something grand or beautiful in the objects themselves that makes us forget the distinction of mere property, as from the noble architecture or great antiquity of a building; or unless they remind us of common and universal nature, as pictures, statues do, like so many mirrors, reflecting the external landscape, and carrying us out of the magic circle of self-love. But all works of art come under the head of property or showy furniture, which are neither distinguished by sublimity nor beauty, and are estimated only by the labour required to produce what is trifling or worthless, and are consequently nothing more than obtrusive proofs of the wealth of the immediate possessor. The motive for the production of such toys is mercenary, and the admiration of them childish or servile. That which pleases merely from its novelty, or because it was never seen before, cannot be expected to please twice: that which is remarkable for the difficulty or costliness of the execution can be interesting to no one but the

maker or owner. A shell, however rarely to be met with, however highly wrought or quaintly embellished, can only flatter the sense of curiosity for a moment in a number of persons, or the feeling of vanity for a greater length of time in a single person. There are better things than this (we will be bold to say) in the world both of nature and art—things of universal and lasting interest, things that appeal to the imagination and the affections. The village-bell that rings out its sad or merry tidings to old men and maidens, to children and matrons, goes to the heart, because it is a sound significant of weal or woe to all, and has borne no uninteresting intelligence to you, to me, and to thousands more who have heard it perhaps for centuries. There is a sentiment in it. The face of a Madonna (if equal to the subject) has also a sentiment in it, "whose price is above rubies." It is a shrine, a consecrated source of high and pure feeling, a well-head of lovely expression, at which the soul drinks and is refreshed, age after age. The mind converses with the mind, or with that nature which, from long and daily intimacy, has become a sort of second self to it: but what sentiment lies hid in a piece of porcelain? What soul can you look for in a gilded cabinet or a marble slab? Is it possible there can be any thing like a feeling of littleness or jealousy in this proneness to a merely ornamental taste, that, from not sympathising with the

higher and more expansive emanations of thought, shrinks from their display with conscious weakness and inferiority? If it were an apprehension of an invidious comparison between the proprietor and the author of any signal work of genius, which the former did not covet, one would think he must be at least equally mortified at sinking to a level in taste and pursuits with the maker of a Dutch toy. Mr. Beckford, however, has always had the credit of the highest taste in works of art as well as in *vertù*. As the showman in Goldsmith's comedy declares that "his bear dances to none but the genteelest of tunes—*Water parted from the Sea, The Minuet in Ariadne;*"—so it was supposed that this celebrated collector's money went for none but the finest Claudes and the choicest specimens of some rare Italian master. The two Claudes are gone. It is as well—they must have felt a little out of their place here—they are kept in countenance, where they are, by the very best company!

We once happened to have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Beckford in the Great Gallery of the Louvre—he was very plainly dressed in a loose great coat, and looked somewhat pale and thin—but what brought the circumstance to our minds was that we were told on this occasion one of those thumping matter-of-fact lies which are pretty common to other Frenchmen besides Gascons—*viz., That he had offered the First*

Consul no less a sum than two hundred thousand guineas for the purchase of the St. Peter Martyr. Would that he had! and that Napoleon had taken him at his word!—which we think not unlikely. With two hundred thousand guineas he might have taken some almost impregnable fortress. "Magdeburg," said Buonaparte, "is worth a hundred queens:" and he would have thought such another stronghold worth at least one Saint. As it is, what an opportunity have we lost of giving the public an account of this picture! Yet why not describe it, as we see it still "in our mind's eye," standing on the floor of the Tuileries, with none of its brightness impaired, through the long perspective of waning years? There it stands, and will for ever stand in our imagination, with the dark, scowling, terrific face of the murdered monk looking up to his assassin, the horror-struck features of the flying priest, and the skirts of his vest waving in the wind, the shattered branches of the autumnal trees that feel the coming gale, with that cold convent spire rising in the distance amidst the sapphire hills and golden sky—and overhead are seen the cherubim bringing with rosy fingers the crown of martyrdom; and (such is the feeling of truth, the soul of faith in the picture) you hear floating near, in dim harmonies, the pealing anthem, and the heavenly choir! Surely, the St. Peter Martyr surpasses all Titian's other works, as he himself did all other painters. Had

this picture been transferred to the present collection (or any picture like it) what a trail of glory would it have left behind it! for what a length of way would it have haunted the imagination! how often should we have wished to revisit it, and how fondly would the eye have turned back to the stately tower of Fonthill Abbey, that from the western horizon gives the setting sun to other climes, as the beacon and guide to the knowledge and the love of high Art!

The Duke of Wellington, it is said, has declared Fonthill to be "the finest thing in Europe." If so, it is since the dispersion of the Louvre. It is also said that the King is to visit it. We do not mean to say it is not a fit place for the King to visit, or for the Duke to praise: but we know this, that it is a very bad one for us to describe. The father of Mr. Christie was supposed to be "equally great on a ribbon or a Raphael." This is unfortunately not our case. We are not "great" at all, but least of all in little things. We have tried in various ways: we can make, nothing of it. Look here—this is the Catalogue. Now what can we say (who are not auctioneers' but critics) to

Six Japan heron-pattern embossed dishes; or,
Twelve burnt-in dishes in compartments; or,
Sixteen ditto enamelled with insects and birds; or,
Seven embossed soup-plates, with plants and rich borders; or,

Nine chocolate cups and saucers of egg-shell China, blue lotus pattern; or,

Two butter pots on feet, and a bason, cover, and stand, of Japan; or,

Two basons and covers, sea-green mandarin; or,

A very rare specimen of the basket-work Japan, ornamented with flowers in relief, of the finest kind, the inside gilt, from the Ragland Museum; or,

Two fine enamelled dishes scolloped; or,

Two *blue bottles* and two red and gold cups—extra fine; or,

A very curious egg-shell lanthern; or,

Two very rare Japan cups mounted as milk buckets, with silver rims, gilt and chased; or,

Two matchless Japan dishes; or,

A very singular tray, the ground *of a curious wood artificially waved* with storks in various attitudes on the shore, mosaic border, and aventurine back; or,

Two extremely rare bottles with chimæras and plants, mounted in silver gilt; or,

Twenty-four fine OLD SEVR dessert plates; or,

Two precious enamelled bowl dishes, with silver handles;—

Or, to stick to the capital letters in this Paradise of Dainty Devices, lest we should be suspected of singling out the meanest articles, we will just transcribe a few of them, for the satisfaction of the curious reader:—

A RICH and HIGHLY ORNAMENTED CASKET of the very rare gold JAPAN, completely covered with figures.

AN ORIENTAL SCULPTURED TASSA OF LAPIS LAZULI, mounted in silver gilt, and set with lapis lazuli intaglios. From the Garde Meuble of the late King of France.

A PERSIAN JAD VASE and COVER, inlaid with flowers and ornaments composed of *oriental rubies and emeralds, on stems of fine gold.*

A LARGE OVAL ENGRAVED ROCK CRYSTAL CUP, with the figure of a Syren, carved from the block, and embracing a part of the vessel with her wings, so as to form a handle; from the ROYAL COLLECTION OF FRANCE.

An OVAL CUP and COVER OF ORIENTAL MAMILLATED AGATE, richly marked in arborescent mocoa, elaborately chased and engraved in a very superior manner. *An unique article.*

Shall we go on with this fooling? We cannot. The reader must be tired of such an uninteresting account of empty jars and caskets—it reads so like Della Cruscan poetry. They are not even *Nugæ Canoræ*. The pictures are much in the same *mimminèe-pimminèe* taste. For instance, in the first and second days' sale we meet with the following:—

A high-finished miniature drawing of a Holy Family, and a portrait: one of those with which the patents of the Venetian nobility were usually embellished.

A small landscape, by Brueughel.

A small miniature painting after Titian, by Stella.

A curious painting, by Peter Peters Brueughel, the conflagration of Troy—a choice specimen of this scarce master.

A picture by Franks, representing the temptation of St. Anthony.

A picture by old Brueughel, representing a fête—a singular specimen of his first manner.

Lucas Cranach—The Madonna and Child—highly finished.

A crucifixion, painted upon a gold ground, by Andrea Orcagna, a rare and early specimen of Italic art. From the Campo Santo di Pisa.

A lady's portrait, by Cosway.

Netecher—a lady seated, playing on the harpsichord, &c.

Who cares any thing about such frippery,

time out of mind the stale ornaments of a pawnbroker's shop; or about old Brueughel, or Stella, or Franks, or Lucas Cranach, or Netecher, or Cosway?—But at that last name we pause, and must be excused if we consecrate to him a *petit souvenir* in our best manner: for he was Fancy's child. All other collectors are fools to him: they go about with painful anxiety to find out the realities:—he *said* he had them—and in a moment made them of the breath of his nostrils and the fumes of a lively imagination. His was the crucifix that Abelard prayed to—the original manuscript of the Rape of the Lock—the dagger with which Felton stabbed the Duke of Buckingham—the first finished sketch of the Jocunda—Titian's large colossal portrait of Peter Aretine—a mummy of some particular Egyptian king. Were the articles authentic? —no matter—his faith in them was true. What a fairy palace was his of specimens of art, antiquarianism, and *vertù*, jumbled all together in the richest disorder, dusty, shadowy, obscure, with much left to the imagination (how different from the finical, polished, petty, perfect, modernised air of Fonthill!) and with copies of the old masters, cracked and damaged, which he touched and retouched with his own hand, and yet swore they were the genuine, the pure originals! He was gifted with a *second-sight* in such matters: he believed whatever was incredible. Happy mortal! Fancy bore sway in him, and so vivid

were his impressions that they included the reality in them. The agreeable and the true with him were one. He believed in Swedenborgianism—he believed in animal magnetism—he had conversed with more than one person of the Trinity—he could talk with his lady at Mantua through some fine vehicle of sense, as we speak to a servant down stairs through an ear-pipe.—Richard Cosway was not the man to flinch from an *ideal* proposition. Once, at an Academy dinner, when some question was made, whether the story of Lambert's leap was true, he started up, and said it was,—for he was the man that performed it;—he once assured us, that the knee-pan of James I. at Whitehall was nine feet across (he had measured it in concert with Mr. Cipriani); he could read in the book of Revelations without spectacles, and foretold the return of Buonaparte from Elba and from St. Helena. His wife, the most lady-like of English-women, being asked, in Paris, what sort of a man her husband was, answered, *Toujours riant, toujours gai.* This was true. He must have been of French extraction. His soul had the life of a bird; and such was the jauntiness of his air and manner that, to see him sit to have his half-boots laced on, you would fancy (with the help of a figure) that, instead of a little withered elderly gentleman, it was Venus attired by the Graces. His miniatures were not fashionable—they were fashion itself. When more

than ninety, he retired from his profession, and used to hold up the palsied right hand that had painted lords and ladies for upwards of sixty years, and smiled, with unabated good humour, at the vanity of human wishes. Take him with all his faults or follies, "we scarce shall look upon his like again!"

After speaking of him, we are ashamed to go back to Fonthill, lest one drop of gall should fall from our pen. No, for the rest of our way, we will dip it in the milk of human kindness, and deliver all with charity. There are four or five very curious cabinets—a triple jewel cabinet of opaque, with panels of transparent amber, dazzles the eye like a temple of the New Jerusalem—the Nautilus's shell, with the triumph of Neptune and Amphitrite, is elegant, and the table on which it stands superb—the cups, vases, and sculptures, by Cellini, Berg, and John of Bologna, are as admirable as they are rare—the Berghem (a sea-port) is a fair specimen of that master—the Poulterer's Shop, by G. Douw, is passable—there are some middling Bassans—the Sibylla Libyca, of L. Caracci, is in the grand style of composition—there is a good copy of a head by Parmegiano—the painted windows in the centre of the Abbey have a surprising effect—the form of the building (which was raised by torch-light) is fantastical, to say the least—and the grounds, which are extensive and fine from situation, are laid out with the hand of a master. A quantity

of coot, teal, and wild fowl sport in a crysta stream that winds along the park; and their dark brown coats, seen in the green shadows of the water, have a most picturesque effect. Upon the whole, if we were not much pleased by our excursion to Fonthill, we were very little disappointed; and the place altogether is consistent and characteristic.

ON

FLAXMAN'S LECTURES ON SCULPTURE.

These lectures were delivered at the Royal Academy in an annual course, instituted expressly for that purpose. They are not, on the whole, ill calculated to promote the object for which they were originally designed, to guide the taste, and stimulate the enquiries of the student; but we should doubt whether there is much in them to interest the public. They may be characterized as the work of a sculptor by profession—dry and hard, a meagre outline, without colouring or adventitious ornament. The Editor states that he has left them scrupulously as he found them: there are, in consequence, some faults of grammatical construction, of trifling import; and many of the paragraphs are thrown into the form of notes, or loose memorandums, and read like a table of contents. Nevertheless, there is a great and evident knowledge of the questions treated of; and wherever there is knowledge there is power, and a certain degree of interest. It is only a pen guided by inanity or affectation that can strip such subjects of

instruction and amusement. Otherwise, the body of ancient or of modern art is like the loadstone, to which the soul vibrates, responsive, however cold or repulsive the form in which it appears. We have, however, a more serious fault to object to the present work than the mere defects of style, or mode of composition. It is with considerable regret and reluctance we confess that, though it may add to the students' knowledge of the art, it will contribute little to the *understanding* of it. It abounds in rules rather than principles. The examples, authorities, precepts, are full, just, and well-selected. The terms of art are unexceptionably applied; the different styles very properly designated; the mean is distinguished from the lofty; due praise is bestowed on the *graceful*, the *grand*, the *beautiful*, the *ideal*; but the reader comprehends no more of the meaning of these qualities at the end of the work than he did at the beginning. The tone of the lectures is dogmatical rather than philosophical. The judgment for the most part is sound, though no new light is thrown on the grounds on which it rests. Mr. Flaxman is contented to take up with traditional maxims, with adjudged cases, with the acknowledged theory and practice of art: and it is well that he does so; for when he departs from the habitual bias of his mind, and attempts to enter into an explanation or defence of first principles, the reasons which he advances are often weak,

warped, insufficient, or contradictory. His arguments are neither solid nor ingenious: they are merely quaint and gratuitous. If we were to hazard a general opinion, we should be disposed to say that a certain setness and formality, a certain want of flexibility and power, ran through the character of his whole mind. His compositions as a sculptor are classical,—cast in an approved mould; but, generally speaking, they are elegant outlines,—poetical abstractions converted into marble, yet still retaining the essential character of words; and the professor's opinions and views of art, as here collected, exhibit barely the surface and crust of commonly received maxims, with little depth or originality. The characteristics of his mind were precision, elegance, cool judgment, industry, and a laudable and exclusive attachment to *the best*. He wanted richness, variety, and force.

The first lecture, on the history of early British Sculpture, will be found to contain some novel and curious information. At its very commencement, however, we find two instances of perverse or obscure reasoning, which we cannot entirely pass over. In allusion to the original institution and objects of the Royal Academy, the author observes that, "as the study of sculpture was at that time confined within narrow limits, so the appointment of a professorship in that art was not required, until the increasing taste of the country had given great popularity to the art

itself, and native achievements had called on the powers of native sculpture to celebrate British heroes and patriots." Does Mr. Flaxman mean by this to insinuate that Britain had neither patriots nor heroes to boast of till after the establishment of the Royal Academy and a little before that of the professorship of sculpture? If so, we cannot agree with him. It would be only a single step farther to assert that the study of astronomy had not been much encouraged in this country, till the discovery of the *Georgium Sidus* was thought to call for it, and for the establishment of an observatory at Greenwich! In the next page, the lecturer remarks, "Painting is honoured with precedence, because design or drawing is more particularly and exclusively employed in illustration of history. Sculpture immediately follows in the enumeration, because the two arts possess the same common principles, expressed by painting in colour, and by Sculpture in form." Surely there is here some confusion, either in the thoughts or in the language. First, painting takes precedence of sculpture, because it illustrates history by design or form, which is common to both; next sculpture comes after painting, because it illustrates by form, what painting does *not* illustrate by form, but by colour. We cannot make any sense of this. It is from repeated similar specimens that we are induced to say that, when Mr. Flaxman reasons, he reasons ill.

After giving a condensed and patriotic sketch of the rise and early progress of sculpture in our own country, Mr. Flaxman proceeds to trace the progress of the art, and the growing passion for it among the English, through the reign of Henry VII. to the period when its prospects were blighted by the Reformation, and many of its monuments defaced by the Iconoclastic fury of the Puritans and zealots in the time of Charles I. The lecturer seems to be of opinion that the genius of sculpture in our island was arrested in the full career of excellence, and when it was approaching the goal of perfection, by these two events; which drew aside the public attention, and threw a stigma on the encouragement of sacred sculpture; whereas, it would perhaps be just as fair to argue that these events would never have happened had it not been for a certain indifference in the national character to mere outward impressions, and a slowness to appreciate, or form an enthusiastic attachment to, objects that appeal only to the imagination and the senses. We may be influenced by higher and more solid principles,—reason and philosophy; but that makes nothing to the question. Mr. Flaxman bestows great and deserved praise on the monuments of Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke. and Edmund Crouchback, in Westminster Abbey, which are by English artists, whose names are preserved; but speaks slightingly of the tomb of Henry VII.,

and his wife in Henry the seventh's chapel, by Torregiano; from whom, on trivial and insufficient grounds, he withholds the merit of the other sculptures and ornaments of the chapel. This is prejudice, and not wisdom. We think the tomb alone will be monument enough to that artist in the opinion of all who have seen it. We have no objection to, but on the contrary applaud, the lecturer's zeal to repel the imputation of incapacity from British art, and to detect the lurking traces and doubtful prognostics of it in the records of our early history: but we are, at the same time, convinced that tenaciousness on this point creates an unfavourable presumption on the other side; and we make bold to submit, that whenever the national capacity bursts forth in the same favourable and striking way in the Fine Arts that it has done in so many others, we shall no longer have occasion to praise ourselves for what we either have done or what we are to do:—the world will soon be loud in the acknowledgement of it. Works of ornament and splendour must dazzle and claim attention at the first sight, or they do not answer their end. They are not like the deductions of an abstruse philosophy, or even improvements in practical affairs, which may make their way slowly and under-ground. They are not a light placed under a bushel, but like "a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid!" To *appear*, and to *be*, are with them the same

thing. Neither are we much better satisfied with the arguments of the learned professor to show that the series of statuary in Wells Cathedral is of native English workmanship. The difference of style from the tombs of Edward the Confessor, and of Henry III., by Italians, can be of little weight at a period when the principles of art were so unsettled, and each person did the best he could, according to his own taste and knowledge; and as to the second branch of the evidence, viz., that 'the family name of the Bishop is English, Jocelyn Troteman,' it sounds too much like a parody on the story of him who wanted to prove his descent from the admirable Crichton, by his having a family cup in his possession, with the initials A. C.!

We dwell the longer and more willingly on the details and recollections of the early works of which the author speaks so feelingly, as first informed with life and sentiment, because all relating to that remote period of architecture and sculpture exercises a peculiar charm and fascination over our minds. It is not art in its "high and palmy state," with its boasted refinements about it, that we look at with envy and wonder, so much as in its first rude attempts and conscious yearnings after excellence. They were, indeed, the favoured of the earth, into whom genius first breathed the breath of life; who, born in a night of ignorance, first beheld the sacred dawn of light—those Deucalions of art,

who, after the deluge of barbarism and violence had subsided, stood alone in the world, and had to sow the seeds of countless generations of knowledge. We can conceive of some village Michael Angelo, with a soul too mighty for its tenement of clay, whose longing aspirations after truth and good were palsied by the refusal of his hand to execute them,—struggling to burst the trammels and trying to shake off the load of discouragement that oppressed him; what must be his exultation to see the speaking statue, the stately pile, rise up slowly before him,—the idea in his mind embodied out of nothing, without model or precedent,—to see a huge cathedral heave its ponderous weight above the earth, or the solemn figure of an apostle point from one corner of it to the skies; to think that future ages would, perhaps, gaze at the work with the same delight and wonder that his own did, and not suffer his name to sink into the same oblivion as those who had gone before him, or as the brutes that perish;—this was, indeed, to be admitted into the communion, the holiest of holies of genius, and to drink of the waters of life freely! Art, as it springs from the source of genius, is like the act of creation; it has the same obscurity and grandeur about it, afterwards, whatever perfection it attains, it becomes mechanical. Its strongest impulse and inspiration is derived, not from what it has done, but from what it has to do. It is not surprising

that from this state of anxiety and awe with which it regards its appointed task,—the unknown bourne that lies before it, such startling revelations of the world of truth and beauty are often struck out when one might least expect it, and that art has sometimes leaped at one vast bound from its cradle to its grave! Mr. Flaxman, however, strongly inculcates the contrary theory, and is for raising up art to its most majestic height by the slow and circuitous process of an accumulation of rules and machinery. He seems to argue that its advance is on a gradually inclined plane, keeping pace and co-extended with that of Science; 'growing with its growth, and strengthening with its strength.' It appears to us that this is not rightly to weigh the essential differences either of science or art; and that it is flying in the face both of fact and argument. He says it took sculpture nine hundred or a thousand years to advance from its first rude commencement to its perfection in Greece and Egypt: but we must remember that the greatest excellence of the fine arts, both in Greece and Italy, and in Holland, was concentrated into little more than a century; and again, if Art and Science were synonymous, there can be no doubt that knowledge of anatomy and geometry is more advanced in England in the present day than it was at Athens in the time of Pericles; but is our sculpture therefore superior? The answer to this is, "No; but it ought to be, and it will be."

Spare us, good Mr. Prophesier! Art cannot be transmitted by a receipt, or theorem, like science, and cannot therefore be improved *ad libitum*. It has inseparably to do with individual nature and individual genius.

The Second Lecture is on Egyptian Sculpture, and here Mr. Flaxman displays the same accurate information and diligent research as before. The Egyptian statues, the Sphynx, the Memnon, &c., were, as is well known, principally distinguished for their size, and the immense labour and expense bestowed upon them. The critic, after justly characterizing their style and merits, proceeds:—"Pythagoras, after he had studied several years in Egypt, sacrificed a hundred oxen in consequence of having discovered that a square of the longest side of a right-angled triangle is equal to the two squares of the lesser sides of the same triangle; and thence it follows that the knowledge of the Egyptians could not have been very great at that time in geometry. This will naturally account for that want of motion in their statues and relievos, which can only be obtained by a careful observation of nature, assisted by geometry."

This is, we apprehend, one of the weak points of Mr. Flaxman's reasoning. That geometry may be of great use to fix and ascertain certain general principles of the art, we are far from disputing; but surely it was no more necessary for the Egyptian sculptor to wait for the

discovery of Pythagoras's problem, before he could venture to detach the arms from the sides, than it was for the Egyptians themselves to remain swathed and swaddled up like mummies, without the power of locomotion, till Pythagoras came up with his geometrical diagram to set their limbs at liberty. If they could do this without a knowledge of mechanics, the sculptor could not help seeing it, and imperfectly copying it, if he had the use of his senses, or his wits about him. The greater probability is that the sepulchral statues were done from, or in imitation of, the mummies; or that, as the imitation of the variety of gesture or motion is always the most difficult, these stiff and monotonous positions were adopted (and subsequently adhered to from custom) as the safest and easiest.

After briefly noticing the defects of the Hindoo and other early sculpture, the author proceeds to account for the improved practice of the Greeks on the same formal and mechanical principles. "We find," he says, "upon these authorities (Vitruvius and the elder Pliny), that geometry and numbers were employed to ascertain the powers of motion and proportions; optics and perspective (as known to the ancients) to regulate projections, hollows, keeping, diminution, curvatures, and general effects in figures, groups, insulated or in relief, with accompaniments; and anatomy, to represent the bones, muscles, tendons, and veins, *as they appear on*

the surface of the human body and inferior animals. "In this enlightened age, when the circle of science is so generally and well understood,—when the connection and relation of one branch with another is demonstrated, and their principles applied from necessity and conviction, wherever possibility allows, in the liberal and mechanical arts, as well as all the other concerns of life,—no one can be weak or absurd enough to suppose it is within the ability and province of human genius, without the principles of science previously acquired,—*by slight observation only*,—to become possessed of the forms, characters, and essences of objects, in such a manner as to represent them with truth, force, and pathos at once! No; we are convinced, by reason and experience, that 'life is short, and art is long;' and the perfection of all human productions depends on the indefatigable accumulation of knowledge and labour through a succession of ages."

This paragraph, we cannot but think, proceeds altogether on a false estimate: it is a misdirection to the student. In following up the principles here laid down, the artist's life would not only be short, but misspent. Is there no medium, in our critic's view of this matter, between a "slight observation" of nature, and scientific demonstration? If so, we will say there can be no Fine Art at all: for mere abstract and formal rules cannot produce truth,

force, and pathos in individual forms; and it is equally certain that "slight observation" will not answer the end, if all but learned pedantry is to be accounted casual and superficial. This is to throw a slur on the pursuit, and an impediment in the way of the art itself.

Mr. Flaxman seems here to suppose that our observation is profound and just, not according to the delicacy, comprehensiveness, or steadiness of the attention we bestow upon a given object, but depends on the discovery of some other object, which was before hid; or on the intervention of mechanical rules, which supersede the exercise of our senses and judgments,—as if the outward appearance of things was concealed by a film of abstraction, which could only be removed by the spectacles of books. Thus, anatomy is said to be necessary "to represent the bones, muscles, tendons, and veins, as they appear on the surface of the human body;" so that it is to be presumed that the anatomist, when he has with his knife and instruments laid bare the internal structure of the body, sees at a glance what he did not before see; but that the artist, after poring over them all his life, is blind to the external appearance of veins, muscles, &c., till the seeing of what is concealed under the skin enables him, for the first time, to see what appears through it.

We do not deny that the knowledge of the internal conformation helps to explain and to

determine the *meaning* of the outward appearance; what we object to as unwarrantable and pernicious doctrine is substituting the one process for the other, and speaking slightly of the study of nature in the comparison. It shows a want of faith in the principles and purposes of the Art itself, and a wish to confound and prop it up with the grave mysteries and formal pretensions of Science; which is to take away its essence and its pride. The student who sets to work under such an impression may accumulate a great deal of learned lumber, and envelope himself in diagrams, demonstrations, and the whole circle of the sciences; but while he is persuaded that the study of nature is but a "slight" part of his task, he will never be able to draw, colour, or *express* a single object, further than this can be done by a rule and compasses. The crutches of Science will not lend wings to Genius.

Suppose a person were to tell us that, if he pulled off his coat and laid bare his arm, this would give us (with all the attention we could bestow upon it) no additional insight into its form, colour, or the appearance of veins and muscles on the surface, unless he at the same suffered us to *flay it;* should we not laugh in his face, as wanting common sense, or conclude that he was laughing at us? So the late Professor of sculpture lays little stress, in accounting for the progress of Grecian art, on the perfection

which the human form acquired, and the opportunities for studying its varieties and movements in the Olympic exercises, but considers the whole miracle as easily solved, when the anatomist came with his probe and ploughed up the surface of the flesh, and the geometrician came with his line and plummet, and demonstrated the centre of gravity. He sums up the question in these words: "In the early times of Greece, Pausanias informs us, the twelve gods were worshipped in Arcadia, under the forms of rude stones; and before Dœdalus, the statues had eyes nearly shut, the arms attached to their sides, and the legs close together; but as *geometry, mechanics, arithmetic, and anatomy improved, painting and sculpture acquired action, proportion, and detailed parts.*" As to the slight account of the immediate observation of visible objects, the point may be settled by an obvious dilemma; either the eye sees the whole of any object before it, or it does not. If it sees and comprehends the whole of it, with all its parts and relations, then it must retain and be able to give a faithful and satisfactory resemblance, without calling in the aid of rules or science to prevent or correct errors and defects; just as the human face or form is perfectly represented in a looking-glass. But if the eye sees only a small part of what any visible object contains in it,—has only a glimmering of colour, proportion, expression, &c., then this incipient and imperfect knowledge may

be improved to an almost infinite degree, by close attention, by study and practice, and by comparing a succession of objects with one another, which is the proper and essential province of the artist, independently of abstract rules or science. On further observation we notice many details in a face which escaped us at the first glance; by a study of faces and of mankind practically, we perceive expressions which the generality do not perceive; but this is not done by rule. The fallacy is in supposing that all that the first naked or hasty observation does not give is supplied by science and general theories, and not by a closer and continued observation of the thing itself, so that all that belongs to the latter department is necessarily casual and slight.

Mr. Flaxman enforces the same argument by quoting the rules laid down by Vitruvius for ascertaining the true principles of form and motion. This writer says, that if a man lies on his back, his arms and legs may be so extended that a circle may be drawn round, touching the extremities of his fingers and toes, the centre of which circle shall be his navel: also, a man standing upright, the length of his arms, when fully extended, is equal to his height; thus that the circle and the square equally contain the general form and motion of the human figure. From these hints, and the profound mathematical train of reasoning with which Lionardo

da Vinci has pursued the subject, the author adds that a complete system of the principles followed by the ancient Greek sculptors may be drawn out: that is to say that, because all the inflections of figure and motion of which the human body is susceptible are contained within the above-mentioned circle or square, the knowledge of this formal generality includes a knowledge of all the subordinate and implied particulars. The contortions of the Laocoon, the agony of the Children, the look of the Dying Gladiator, the contour of the Venus, the grace and spirit of the Apollo, are all, it seems, contained within the limits of the circle or the square! Just as well might it be contended that, having got a square or oval frame, of the size of a picture by Titian or Vandyck, every one is qualified to paint a face within it equal in force or beauty to Titian or Vandyck!

In the same spirit of a determination to make Art a handmaid attendant upon Science, the author thus proceeds: "Pliny says, lib. xxxiv. cap. 8., Leontius, the contemporary of Phidias, first expressed tendons and veins—*primus nervos et venas expressit*—which was immediately after the anatomical researches and improvements of Hippocrates, Democritus, and their disciples; and we shall find, in the same manner, all the improvements in art followed improvements in science." Yet almost in the next page, Mr. Flaxman himself acknowledges that even in the

best times of Grecian sculpture, and the era of Phidias and Praxiteles, dissections were rare, and anatomy very imperfectly understood, and cites "the opinion of the learned Professor of Anatomy, that the ancient artists owed much more to the study of living than dead bodies." Sir Anthony Carlisle, aware of the deficiences of former ages in this branch of knowledge, and yet conscious that he himself would be greatly puzzled to carve the Apollo or the Venus, very naturally and wisely concludes that the latter depends upon a course of study, and an acquaintance with forms very different from any which he possesses. It is a smattering and affectation of science that leads men to suppose that it is capable of more than it really is, and of supplying the undefined and evanescent creations of art with universal and infallible principles. There cannot be an opinion more productive of presumption and sloth. The same turn of thought is insisted on in the fourth lecture *on Science;* nearly the whole of which, indeed, is devoted to a fuller developement and exemplification of what appears to us a servile prejudice, though it would be unjust to Mr. Flaxman to suppose and to insinuate that he is without a better sense and better principles of art, whenever he trusted to his own feelings and experience, instead of being hood-winked by an idle theory.

The Lecturer bestows due and eloquent praise

on the horses in the Elgin collection, which he supposes to have been done under the superintendence and probably from designs by Phidias; but we are sorry he has not extended his eulogium to the figure of the Theseus, which appears to us a world of grace and grandeur in itself, and to say to the sculptor's art, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further!" What went before it was rude in the comparison; what came after it was artificial. It is the perfection of *style*, and would have afforded a much better exemplification of the force and meaning of that term than the school-boy definition adopted in the lecture on this subject; namely, that as poets and engravers use a *stylos*, or style, to execute their works, the name of the instrument was metaphorically applied to express the article itself. *Style* properly means the mode of representing nature; and this again arises from the various character of men's minds, and the infinite variety of views which may be taken of nature. After seeing the Apollo, the Hercules, and other celebrated works of antiquity, we seem to have exhausted our stock of admiration, and to conceive that there is no higher perfection for sculpture to attain, or to aspire to. But, at the first sight of the Elgin Marbles, we feel that we have been in a mistake, and the ancient objects of our idolatry fall into an inferior class or style of art. They are comparatively, and without disparagement of their vast and almost

superhuman merit, *stuck-up* gods and goddesses. But a new principle is at work in the others, which we had not seen or felt the want of before (not a studied trick, or curious refinement, but an obvious truth, arising from a more intimate acquaintance with, and firmer reliance on, nature); a principle of fusion, of motion, so that the marble flows like a wave. The common *antiques* represent the most perfect forms and proportions, with each part perfectly understood and executed; every thing is brought out, every thing is made as exquisite and imposing as it can be in itself; but each part seems to be cut out of the marble, and to answer to a model of itself in the artist's mind. But in the fragment of the Theseus, the whole is melted into one impression, like wax; there is all the flexibility, the malleableness of flesh; there is the same alternate tension and relaxation; the same sway and yielding of the parts; 'the right hand knows what the left hand doeth;' and the statue bends and plays under the framer's mighty hand and eye, as if, instead of being a block of marble, it was provided with an internal machinery of nerves and muscles, and felt every the slighest pressure or motion from one extremity to the other. This, then, is the greatest grandeur of style, from the comprehensive idea of the whole, joined to the greatest simplicity, from the entire union and subordination of the parts. There is

no ostentation, no stiffness, no over-laboured finishing. Every thing is in its place and degree, and put to its proper use. The greatest power is combined with the greatest ease; there is the perfection of knowledge, with the total absence of a conscious display of it. We find so little of an appearance of art or labour that we might be almost tempted to suppose that the whole of these groups were done by means of *casts* from fine nature; for it is to be observed that the commonest cast from nature has the same *style* or character of union, and re-action of parts, being copied from that which has life and motion in itself. What adds a passing gleam of probability to such a suggestion is that these statues were placed at a height where only the general effect could be distinguished, and that the back and hinder parts, which are just as scrupulously finished as the rest, and as true to the mould of nature, were fixed against a wall where they could not be seen at all; and where the labour (if we do not suppose it to be in a great measure abridged mechanically) was wholly thrown away. However, we do not lay much stress on this consideration; for we are aware that "the labour we delight in physics pain," and we believe that the person who *could* do the statue of the Theseus *would* do it, under all circumstances, and without fee or reward of any kind.

We conceive that the Elgin Marbles settle

another disputed point of vital interest to the arts. Sir Joshua Reynolds contends, among others, that grandeur of style consists in giving only the *masses*, and leaving out the details. The statues we are speaking of repudiate this doctrine, and at least demonstrate the possibility of uniting the two things, which had been idly represented to be incompatible, as if they were not obviously found together in nature. A great number of parts may be collected into one mass; as, on the other hand, a work may equally want minute details, or large and imposing masses. Suppose all the light to be thrown on one side of a face, and all the shadow on the other; the *chiaro-scuro* may be worked up with the utmost delicacy and pains in the one, and every vein or freckle distinctly marked on the other, without destroying the general effect—that is, the two broad masses of light and shade. Mr. Flaxman takes notice that there were two eras of Grecian art before the time of Pericles and Phidias, when it was at its height. In the first, they gave only a gross or formal representation of the objects; so that you could merely say, 'This is a man, that is a horse.' To this clumsy concrete style succeeded the most elaborate finishing of parts, without selection, grace, or grandeur. 'Elaborate finishing was soon afterwards' [after the time of Dœdalus and his scholars] 'carried to excess; undulating locks and spiral knots of hair like shells, as well as the drapery, were wrought with

the most elaborate care and exactness; whilst the tasteless and barbarous character of the face and limbs remained much the same as in former times.' This was the natural course of things, to denote first the gross object, then to run into the opposite extreme, and give none but the detached parts. The difficulty was to unite the two in a noble and comprehensive idea of nature.

We are chiefly indebted, for the information or amusement we derive from Mr. Flaxman's work, to the historical details of his subject. We cannot say that he has removed any of the doubts or stumbling-blocks in our way, or extended the land-marks of taste or reasoning. We turned with some interest to the Lecture on *Beauty*; for the artist has left specimens of this quality in several of his works. We were a good deal disappointed. It sets out in this manner: 'That beauty is not merely an imaginary quality, but a real essence, may be inferred from the harmony of the universe; and the perfection of its wondrous parts we may understand from all surrounding nature; and in this course of observation we find that man has more of beauty bestowed on him as he rises higher in creation.' The rest is of a piece with this exordium, containing a dissertation on the various gradations of being, of which man is said to be at the top,—on the authority of Socrates, who argues 'that the human form is

the most perfect of all forms, because it contains in it the principles and powers of all inferior forms.' This assertion is either a flat contradiction of the fact, or an *antique* riddle, which we do not pretend to solve. Indeed, we hold the antients, with all our veneration for them, to have been wholly destitute of philosophy in this department; and Mr. Flaxman, who was taught when he was young to look up to them for light and instruction in the philosophy of art, has engrafted too much of it on his lectures. He defines beauty thus: 'The most perfect human beauty is that *most free from deformity,* either of body or mind, and may be therefore defined—The most perfect soul in the most perfect body.' In support of this truism, he strings a number of quotations together, as if he were stringing pearls:

'In Plato's dialogue concerning the beautiful, he shows the power and influence of mental beauty on corporeal; and in his dialogue, entitled "The greater Hippias," Socrates observes in argument, "That as a beautiful vase is inferior to a beautiful horse, and as a beautiful horse is not to be compared with a beautiful virgin, in the same manner a beautiful virgin is inferior in beauty to the immortal Gods; for," says he, "there is a beauty incorruptible, ever the same." It is remarkable that, immediately after, he says, "Phidias is skilful in beauty." Aristotle, the scholar of Plato, begins his Treatise on Morals

thus :—"Every art, every method and institution, every action and council, seems to seek some good; therefore the ancients pronounced the beautiful to be good." Much, indeed, might be collected from this philosopher's treatises on morals, poetics, and physiognomy, of the greatest importance to our subject; but for the present we shall produce only two quotations from Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, which contain the immediate application of these principles to the arts of design. In the dialogue between Socrates and the sculptor Clito, Socrates concludes that "Statuary must represent the emotions of the soul by form;" and in the former part of the same dialogue, Parrhasius and Socrates agree that "the good and evil qualities of the soul may be represented in the figure of man by painting." In the applications from this dialogue to our subject, we must remember, philosophy demonstrates that rationality and intelligence, although connected with animal nature, rise above it, and properly exist in a more exalted state. From such contemplations and maxims, the ancient artists sublimated the sentiments of their works, expressed in their choicest forms of nature; thus they produced their divinities, heroes, patriots, and philosophers, adhering to the principle of Plato, that "nothing is beautiful which is not good;" it was this which, in ages of polytheism, and idolatry, still continued to enforce a popular impression of divine attributes and perfection."

If the ancient sculptors had had nothing but such maxims and contemplations as these to assist them in forming their statues, they would have been greatly to seek indeed! Take these homilies on the Beautiful and the Good, together with Euclid's Elements, into any country town in England, and see if you can make a modern Athens of it. The Greek artists did not learn to put expression into their works, because Socrates had said that 'statuary must represent the emotions of the soul by form;' but he said that they ought to do so because he had seen it done by Phidias and others. It was from the diligent study and contemplation of the 'choicest forms of nature,' and from the natural love of beauty and grandeur in the human breast, and not from 'shreds and patches' of philosophy, that they drew their conceptions of Gods and Men. Let us not, however, be thought hard on the metaphysics of the ancients: they were the first to propose these questions, and to feel the curiosity and the earnest desire to know what the *beautiful* and the *good* meant. If the will was not tantamount to the deed, it was scarcely their fault; and perhaps, instead of blaming their partial success, we ought rather to take shame to ourselves for the little progress we have made, and the dubious light that has been shed upon such questions since. If the professor of sculpture had sought for the principles of beauty in the antique statues, instead of the *scholia* of the

commentators, he probably might have found it to resolve itself (according, at least, to their peculiar and favourite view of it) into a certain symmetry of form, answering, in a great measure, to harmony of colouring, or of musical sounds. We do not here affect to lay down a metaphysical theory, but to criticise an historical fact. We are not bold enough to say that beauty in general depends on a regular gradation and correspondence of lines, but we may safely assert that Grecian beauty does. If we take any beautiful Greek statue, we shall find that, seen in profile, the forehead and nose form nearly a perpendicular straight line; and that, finely turned at that point, the lower part of the face falls by gentle and almost equal curves to the chin. The cheek is full and round, and the outline of the side of the face a general sloping line. In front, the eye-brows are straight, or greatly curved; the eyelids full and round to match, answering to that of Belphœbe, in Spenser—

> 'Upon her eye-brows many graces sat,
> Under the shadow of her even brows:'

The space between the eye-brows is broad, and the two sides of the nose straight, and nearly parallel; the nostrils form large and distinct curves; the lips are full and even, the corners being large; the chin is round and rather short, forming, with the two sides of the face,

a regular oval. The opposite to this, the Grecian model of beauty is to be seen in the contour and features of the African face, where all the lines, instead of corresponding to, or melting into, one another, in a kind of *rhythmus* of form, are sharp, angular, and at cross purposes. Where strength and majesty were to be expressed by the Greeks, they adopted a greater squareness, but there was the same unity and correspondence of outline. Greek grace is harmony of movement. The *ideal* may be regarded as a certain predominant quality or character (this may be ugliness or deformity as well as beauty, as is seen in the forms of fauns and satyrs) diffused over all the parts of an object, and carried to the utmost pitch that our acquaintance with visible models, and our conception of the imaginary object, will warrant. It is extending our impressions farther, raising them higher than usual, from the *actual* to the *possible*.* How far we can enlarge our discoveries from the one of these to the other is a point of some nicety. In treating on this question, our author thus distinguishes the natural and the ideal styles:

"The natural style may be defined thus: a representation of the human form, according to

* Verse and poetry has its source in this principle; it is the harmony of the soul imparted from the strong impulse of pleasure to language and to indifferent things; as a person hearing music walks in a sustained and measured step over uneven ground.

the distinction of sex and age, in action or repose, expressing the affections of the soul. The same words may be used to define the ideal style, but they must be followed by this addition —*selected from such perfect examples as may excite in our minds a conception of the preternatural.* By these definitions will be understood that the natural style is peculiar to humanity, and the ideal to spirituality and divinity."

We should be inclined to say that the female divinities of the ancients were Goddesses because they were *ideal,* rather than that they were *ideal* because they belonged to the class of Goddesses; "By their own beauty they were deified:" of the difficulty of passing the line that separates the actual from the imaginary world some test may be formed by the suggestion thrown out a little way back; *viz.* that the *ideal* is exemplified in systematizing and enhancing any idea, whether of beauty or deformity, as in the case of the fauns and satyrs of antiquity. The expressing of depravity and grossness is produced here by approximating the human face and figure to that of the brute; so that the mind runs along this line from one to the other, and carries the wished-for resemblance as far as it pleases. But here both the extremes are equally well-known, equally objects of sight and observation; in so much that there might be a literal substitution of the one for the other; but, in the other case, of elevating character and pourtraying Gods as

men, one of the extremes is missing; and the combining of the two is combining a positive image with an unknown abstraction. To represent a Jupiter or Apollo, we take the best species (as it seems to us), and select the best of that species: how we are to get beyond that *best*, without any given form or visible image to refer to, it is not easy to determine. The *ideal*, according to Mr. Flaxman, is the 'scale by which to heaven we do ascend;' but it is a hazardous undertaking to soar above reality, by embodying an abstraction. If the ancients could have seen the immortal Gods, with their bodily sense (as it was said that Jupiter had revealed himself to Phidias), they might have been enabled to give some reflection or shadow of their countenances to their human likenesses of them: otherwise poetry and philosophy lent their light in vain.

It is true, we may magnify the human figure to any extent we please, for that is a mechanical affair; but how we are to add to our ideas of grace or grandeur, beyond any thing we have ever seen, merely by contemplating grace and grandeur that we have never seen, is quite another matter. If we venture beyond the highest point of excellence of which we have any example, we quit our hold of the natural, without being sure that we have laid our hands on what is truly divine; for that has no earthly image or representative—nature is the only rule or 'legislator.' We may combine existing

qualities, but this must be consistently, that is, such as are found combined in nature. Repose was given to the Olympian Jupiter to express majesty; because the greatest power was found to imply repose, and to produce its effects with the least effort. Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, was represented young and beautiful; because wisdom was discovered not to be confined to age or ugliness. Not only the individual excellencies, but their bond of union, were sanctioned by the testimony of observation and experience. Bacchus is represented with full, exuberant features, with prominent lips, and a stern brow, as expressing a character of plenitude and bounty, and the tamer of savages and wild beasts. But this *ideal* conception is carried to the brink; the mould is full, and, with a very little more straining, it would overflow into caricature and distortion. Mercury has wings, which is merely a grotesque and fanciful combination of known images. Apollo was described by the poets (if not represented by the statuary) with a round jocund face, and golden locks, in allusion to the appearance of rays of the sun. This was an allegory, and would be soon turned to abuse in sculpture or painting. Thus we see how circumscribed and uncertain the province of the *ideal* is, when once it advances from the most perfect nature to spirituality and divinity! We suspect the improved Deity often fell short of the heroic original; and the Venus was only

the most beautiful woman of the time, with diminished charms and a finer name added to her. With respect to *ideal* expression, it is superior to common *every-day* expression, no doubt; that is, it must be raised to correspond with lofty characters placed in striking situations; but it is tame and feeble compared with what those characters would exhibit in the supposed circumstances. The expressions in the *Incendio del Borgo* are striking and grand; but could we see the expression of terror in the commonest face in real danger of being burnt to death, it would put all imaginary expressions to shame and flight.

Mr. Flaxman makes an attempt to vindicate the golden ornaments, and eyes of precious stones. in the ancient statues, as calculated to add to the awe of the beholder, and inspire a belief in their preternatural power. In this point of view, or as a matter of religious faith, we are not tenacious on the subject, any more than we object to the wonder-working images and moving eyes of the patron saints in popish churches. But the question, as it regards the fine arts in general, is curious, and treated at some length, and with considerable intricacy and learning, by the Lecturer.

He observes that adding flesh-colour to statues gives an appearance of death to them, *because the colour of life without motion argues a suspension of the vital powers.* The same might be said

of pictures which have colour without motion; but who would contend that, because a chalk drawing has the tints of flesh (denoting circulation) superadded to it, this gives it the appearance of a person in fits, or of death? On the contrary, Sir Joshua Reynolds makes it an objection to coloured statues that, as well as wax-work, they were too much like life. This was always the scope and 'butt-end' of his theories and rules on art, that it should avoid coming in too close contact with nature. Still we are not sure that this is not the true reason, *viz.* that the imitation ought not to amount to a deception, nor be effected by gross or identical means. We certainly hate all wax-work, of whatever description; and the idea of colouring a statue gives us a nausea; but, as is the case with most bigoted people, the clearness of our reasoning does not keep pace with the strength of our prejudices. It is easy to repeat that the object of painting is colour and form, while the object of sculpture is form alone; and to ring the changes on the purity, severity, and abstract truth of sculpture. The question returns as before: why should sculpture be more pure, more severe, more abstracted, than any thing else? The only clue we can suggest is that, from the immense pains bestowed in sculpture on mere form, or in giving solidity and permanence, this predominant feeling becomes an exclusive and unsociable one, and the mind rejects every addition

of a more fleeting or superficial kind as an excrescence and an impertinence. The form is hewn out of the solid rock; to tint and daub it over with a flimsy, perishable substance is a mockery and a desecration, where the work itself is likely to last for ever. A statue is the utmost possible developement of form; and that on which the whole powers and faculties of the artist have been bent. It has a right, then, by the laws of intellectual creation, to stand alone in that simplicity and unsullied nakedness in which it has been wrought. *Tangible form* (the primary idea) is blind, averse to colour. A statue, if it were coloured at all, ought to be inlaid, that is, done in Mosaic, where the colour would be part of the solid materials. But this would be an undertaking beyond human power. Where art has performed all that it can do, why require it to begin its task again? Or if the addition is to be made carelessly and lightly, it is unworthy of the subject. Colour is at best the mask of form: paint on a statue is like paint on a real face,—it is not of a piece with the work, it does not belong to the face, and justly obtains the epithet of *meretricious*.

Mr. Flaxman, in comparing the progress of ancient and modern sculpture, does not shrink from doing justice to the latter. He gives the preference to Scriptural over classical subjects; and, in one passage, seems half inclined to turn short round on the Greek mythology and mo-

rality, and to treat all these heathen gods and goddesses as a set of very improper people :— as to the Roman bas-reliefs, triumphs and processions, he dismisses them as no better than so many vulgar, 'military gazettes.' He, with due doubt and deference, places Michael Angelo almost above the ancients. His statues will not bear out this claim; and we have no sufficient means of judging of their paintings. In his separate groups and figures in the *Sistine Chapel,* there is, indeed, we think, a conscious vastness of purpose, a mighty movement, like the breath of Creation upon the waters, that we see in no other works, ancient or modern. The forms of his Prophets and Sibyls are like moulds of *thought.* Mr. Flaxman is also strenuous in his praises of the *Last Judgment;* but on that we shall be silent, as we are not converts to his opinion. Michael Angelo's *David* and *Bacchus,* done when he was young, are clumsy and unmeaning; even the grandeur of his *Moses* is confined to the horns and beard. The only works of his in sculpture, which sustain Mr. Flaxman's praise, are those in the chapel of Lorenzo de Medici at Florence; and these are of undoubted force and beauty.

After the glossiness, and splendour, and gorgeous perfection of Grecian art, the whole seems to sink into littleness and insignificance, compared with the interest we feel in the period of its restoration, and in the rude but mighty ef-

forts it made to reach to its former height and grandeur;—with more anxious thoughts, and with a more fearful experience to warn it—with the ruins of the old world crumbling around it, and the new one emerging out of the gloom of Gothic barbarism and ignorance—taught to look from the outspread map of time and change beyond it—and, if less critical in nearer objects, commanding a loftier and more extended range, like the bursting the bands of death asunder, or the first dawn of light and peace after darkness and the tempest!

THE END.

J. BENSLEY, PRINTER, WOKING.

APPENDIX I.

CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES

IN THE

NATIONAL GALLERY.

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
1.	The Raising of Lazarus	*Michael Angelo and Sebastian del Piombo.*
2.	Landscape—Reconciliation of Cephalus and Procris	*Claude.*
3.	A Music-master and Pupils	*Titian.*
4.	A Holy Family	
5.	Italian Sea-port at Sunset	*Claude.*
6.	Landscape—Sinon brought before Priam (*The Chigi Claude*)	
7.	Study of Heads	*Correggio.*
8.	Michael Angelo's Dream	*Michael Angelo.*
9.	Christ appearing to Peter	*Annibal Caracci.*
10.	Mercury instructing Cupid in the presence of Venus	*Correggio.*
11.	St. Jerome	*Guido Reni.*
12.	A Landscape—Rebecca awaiting Isaac	*Claude.*
13.	A Holy Family	*Murillo.*
14.	Sea-port—Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba	*Claude.*
15.	The "Ecce Homo"	*Correggio.*
16.	St. George and the Dragon	*Tintoretto.*
17.	The Holy Family	*Andrea del Sarto, or one of his pupils.*
18.	Christ disputing with the doctors	*L. da Vinci.*
19.	Landscape—Narcissus	*Claude.*
20.	Portraits of Cardinal Hippolito de' Medici and of Sebastian del Piombo	*Sebastian del Piombo.*
21.	Portrait of a Lady	*C. A. Bronzino.*
22.	A Dead Christ with Angels	*Guercino.*
23.	The Holy Family (*La Vierge au Panier*)	*Correggio.*

No.	Title of Picture	Painted by
24.	Portrait of Giulia Gonzaga	*Sebastian del Piombo.*
25.	St. John in the Wilderness	*Annibal Caracci.*
26.	The Consecration of St. Nicholas	*Paul Veronese.*
27.	Portrait of Pope Julius II.	*Raphael.*
28.	Susanna and the Elders	*Ludovico Caracci.*
29.	The Holy Family (*Madonna del Gatto*)	*Baroccio.*
30.	The Embarkation of St. Ursula	*Claude.*
31.	A Landscape—Abraham and Isaac	*Gaspar Poussin.*
32.	The Rape of Ganymede	*Titian.*
33.	The Vision of St. Jerome	*Parmegiano.*
34.	Venus and Adonis	*Titian.*
35.	Bacchus and Ariadne	———
36.	A Land-storm	*Gaspar Poussin.*
37.	A Study of Heads	*Correggio.*
38.	The Rape of the Sabines	*Rubens.*
39.	The Nursing of Bacchus	*Nicholas Poussin.*
40.	A Classical Landscape	———
41.	The Martyrdom of Peter the Dominican	*Giorgione.*
42.	A Bacchanalian Scene	*Nicholas Poussin.*
43.	Christ taken down from the Cross	*Rembrandt.*
44.	Charity	*Giulio Romano.*
45.	The Woman taken in Adultery	*Rembrandt.*
46.	Peace driving away the Horrors of War	*Rubens.*
47.	The Adoration of the Shepherds	*Rembrandt.*
48.	Landscape—Tobias and the Angel	*Domenichino.*
49.	The Portrait of Rubens	*Vandyke.*
50.	The Emperor Theodosius refused admittance into the Church by St. Ambrose	———
51.	A Portrait of a Jew Merchant	*Rembrandt.*
52.	Portrait of Cornelius Vander Geest	*Vandyke.*
53.	Evening; with Cattle and Figures	*Cuyp.*
54.	A Woman Bathing	*Rembrandt.*
55.	A Landscape—Death of Procris	*Claude.*
56.	A Landscape with Figures	*Annibal Caracci.*
57.	St. Bavon	*Rubens.*
58.	Study from Nature	*Claude.*
59.	The Brazen Serpent	*Rubens.*
60.	The building of the Tower of Babel	*L. Bassano.*
61.	A Landscape—The Annunciation	*Claude.*
62.	A Bacchanalian Dance	*Nicholas Poussin.*
63.	A Landscape—Prince Giustiniani returning from a Hunting Party	*Annibal Caracci.*
64.	A Landscape—Return of the Ark	*S. Bourdon.*
65.	Cephalus and Aurora	*Nicholas Poussin.*
66.	Rubens' Chateau—A Landscape	*Rubens.*
67.	The Holy Family, with St. George, a Female Saint and Angels	———
68.	View near Albano	*Gaspar Poussin.*
69.	St. John Preaching	*Pietro Francesco Mola.*
70.	Cornelia and her Children	*Paduanino.*
71.	Morning—A Landscape	*Jan Both.*
72.	Landscape, with Tobias and the Angel	*Rembrandt.*
73.	The Conversion of St. Paul	*Ercole da Ferrara.*
74.	A Spanish Peasant Boy	*Murillo.*
75.	A Landscape, with St. George and the Dragon	*Domenichino.*
76.	Christ Praying in the Garden	[*After*] *Correggio.*
77.	The Stoning of St. Stephen	*Domenichino.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
78.	The Holy Family	*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*
79.	The Graces	———
80.	The Market Cart	*Gainsborough.*
81.	The Vision of St. Augustine	*Garofalo.*
82.	Holy Family	*Mazzolino da Ferrara.*
83.	Phineas and his followers turned to stone, at the sight of the Gorgon	*Nicholas Poussin.*
84.	Mercury and the Woodman	*Salvator Rosa.*
85.	St. Jerome with the Angel	*Domenichino.*
86.	The Entombment of Christ	*Ludovico Caracci.*
87.	Perseus and Andromeda	*Guido Reni.*
88.	Erminia discovering the Shepherds,	*A. Caracci [by some assigned to Domenichino].*
89.	Portraits of Ferdinand de Medicis, and his Wife	*Velasquez.*
90.	Venus attired by the Graces	*Guido Reni.*
91.	Antiope sleeping, surprised by Jupiter	*N. Poussin.*
92.	Cupid and Psyche	*Alessandro Veronese.*
93.	Silenus	*Annibal Caracci.*
94.	Pan teaching Bacchus to play	———
95.	A Landscape	*Gaspar Poussin.*
96.	The "Ecce Homo"	*L. Caracci, after Correggio (No. 15).*
97.	The Rape of Europa	*Paul Veronese.*
98.	View of Larici	*Gaspar Poussin.*
99.	The Blind Fiddler	*Wilkie.*
100.	The Death of Lord Chatham	*Copley.*
101 to 104	The Four Ages of Man	*Lancret.*
105.	Landscape	*Sir George Beaumont.*
106.	A Man's Head	*Reynolds.*
107.	The Banished Lord	———
108.	Mæcenas' Villa at Tivoli	*Wilson.*
109.	The Watering Place	*Gainsborough.*
110.	Landscape and Niobe	*Wilson.*
111.	Portrait of Lord Heathfield	*Reynolds.*
112.	Portrait of himself	*Hogarth.*
113 to 118	The "Marriage à-la-mode"	———
119.	A Landscape—Jaques & the Wounded Stag	*Sir George Beaumont.*
120.	Portrait of J. Nollekens, Sculptor	*Sir W. Beechy.*
121.	Cleombrotus ordered into banishment by Leonidas	*West.*
122.	The Village Festival	*Wilkie.*
123.	A Landscape, with Figures by Moonlight	*Pether.*
124.	Portrait of the Rev. W. Holwell Carr	*Jackson.*
125.	Portrait of Isaac Walton	*Housman.*
126.	Pylades and Orestes	*West.*
127.	A View of Venice	*Canaletti.*
128.	Portrait of the Right Hon. William Windham	*Reynolds.*
129.	Portrait of Mr. Angerstein	*Sir T. Lawrence.*
130.	The Corn Field	*John Constable.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
131.	Christ healing the Sick in the Temple	*West.*
132.	The Last Supper	———
133.	Portrait of Mr. Smith, the Actor	*Hoppner.*
134.	A Landscape, with building and figures	*Decker.*
135.	Ruins and Figures	*Canaletti.*
136.	Portrait of Mrs. Robertson	*Lawrence.*
137.	Landscape with Figures	*Van Goyen.*
138.	Ruins, with Figures	*Paulo Panini.*
139.	Religion attended by the Virtues	*A. Kauffman.*
140.	Portrait of a Lady	*Vander Helst.*
141.	Æneas presenting himself before Dido	*Steenwyck.*
142.	John Kemble as Hamlet	*Lawrence.*
143.	Portrait of Lord Ligonier	*Reynolds.*
144.	Portrait of Benj. West, P. R. A.	*Lawrence.*
145.	A Man's Portrait	*Vander Helst.*
146.	View of Rotterdam	*Storck.*
147.	Cephalus and Aurora	*Annibal Caracci.*
148.	Galatea	*Agostino Caracci.*
149.	A Calm at Sea	*William Vandervelde.*
150.	A Gale at Sea	———
151.	Leda	*Mola.*
152.	A Landscape—Evening	*Vander neer.*
153.	The Cradle	*Maes.*
154.	A Musical Party	*D. Teniers, the younger.*
155.	The Misers	———
156.	A Study of Horses	*Vandyke.*
157.	A Landscape—Sunset	*Rubens.*
158.	Dutch Boors Regaling	*D. Teniers, the younger.*
159.	A Dutch Housewife	*Maes.*
160.	The Repose	*Mola.*
161.	A Landscape, with a Cascade	*Gaspar Poussin.*
162.	The Infant Samuel	*Reynolds.*
163.	A View on the Grand Canal, Venice	*Canaletti.*
164.	The Holy Family	*Jacob Jordaens.*
165.	The Plague at Ashdod	*Nicholas Poussin.*
166.	Portrait of a Capuchin Friar	*Rembrandt.*
167.	The Adoration of the Kings	*Baldassare Peruzzi.*
168.	St. Catherine (of Alexandria)	*Raphael.*
169.	St. Francis adoring the Infant Christ	*Mazzolino da Ferrara.*
170.	The Holy Family, St. John &c	*Garofolo.*
171.	Portrait of John Soane, Architect	*John Jackson.*
172.	Christ and his disciples at Emmaus	*Caravaggio.*
173.	Portrait of a Gentleman	*Il Bassano.*
174.	Portrait of a Cardinal	*Carlo Maratti.*
175.	Portrait of a Gentleman; by some said to be Milton	*Vander Plaas.*
176.	St. John	*Murillo.*
177.	The Magdalen	*Guido Reni.*
178.	Serena rescued by the Red Cross Knight, Sir Calepine	*William Hilton.*
179.	The Virgin, Child, and St. John	*Francesco Francia.*
180.	Dead Christ, Virgin, and Angels	———
181.	The Virgin, Child, and St. John	*Pietro Perugino.*
182.	Studies of Angels	*Reynolds.*

APPENDIX II.

CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES

IN THE

DULWICH GALLERY.

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
1.	Portraits of Mrs. R. B. Sheridan, and her sister Mrs. Tickell	*Gainsborough.*
2.	Louis XIV. of France	*H. Rigaud.*
3.	Portrait of himself	*Opie.*
4.	Landscape and Cattle	*Sir F. Bourgeois.*
5.	Cows, Sheep, and Buildings	*Cuyp.*
6.	Figures at a Well	*Le Nain.*
7.	Three Cows, Sheep, and Landscape	*Paul Potter.*
8.	Landscape—Woman Milking Goats	*Roghman.*
9.	Peasant, Cows, Sheep, and Landscape	*Cuyp.*
10.	Mules, Cows, &c. in Landscape	*Roland Roghman.*
11.	Landscape—Cow Drinking	*Wynants.*
12.	Landscape	———
13.	Landscape, with Men, Horses, and Dogs	*Cuyp.*
14.	Fawn and Nymph Dancing, (oval)	*Poelemberg.*
15.	Landscape, with Ruins	*Breemberg.*
16.	Landscape	———
17.	Sunset, with Figures	*Karel du Jardin.*
18.	Winter—Man Walking in the Snow	*Teniers.*
19.	Hawk, Sparrows, and Honeysuckle	*Weeninx.*
20.	Friar before a Crucifix	*Sir F. Bourgeois.*
21.	Figures and Ruins	*Jan Miel.*
22.	Cows and Landscape	*P. Potter.*
23.	Horses on Sea-shore	*Sir F. Bourgeois.*
24.	Sketch of Figures	———
25.	Man Holding a Horse—a Sketch	———
26.	Descent from the Cross	*Vandyke.*
27.	Women at Work	*G. M. Crespi.*
28.	Ferry boat	*F. Casanova.*
29.	Fruit in China Bowl	*Van Huysum.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
30.	Figures and Landscape	*Jan Both.*
31.	Buildings and Cascade	*Il Bourgognone.*
32.	Pan and Syrinx	*G. Lairesse.*
33.	Circle of Cupids	*Rubens.*
34.	Magdalen in a Cave	*Teniers.*
35.	Hermit before a Cross, in a Cave	———
36.	Landscape and Figures	*Jan Both.*
37.	Blowing Hot and Cold	*Jordaens.*
38.	Landscape and Cattle	*Sir F. Bourgeois.*
39.	Flowers	———
40.	St. Barbara	*Parmegiano.*
41.	Figures and Landscape	*Jan Both.*
42.	Apollo and Daphne	*G. Lairesse.*
43.	Ruins and Landscape	*Il Bourgognone.*
44.	Publican crowned with Vine Leaves before his Door	*Teniers.*
45.	Cavalry Skirmishing	*Peter Snayers.*
46.	Shepherd, Sheep, and Landscape	*Teniers.*
47.	Figures and Landscape	*K. Du Jardin.*
48.	Landscape (not hung)	———
49.	Figures and Vessels in-shore	*Vernet.*
50.	Guard-Room, with Armour, Drums, &c.	*Teniers.*
51.	Landscape	*Jacob Ruysdael.*
52.	Peasants before a Cottage Door	*Teniers.*
53.	Haymakers and Landscape	*Wouvermans.*
54.	Boors Regaling in an Ale-house	*A. Brouwer.*
55.	Landscape and Cattle	*De Loutherbourg.*
56.	Village on Fire	*Teniers.*
57.	Religion in the Desert	*Sir F. Bourgeois.*
58.	Sketch	*G. B. Tiepolo.*
59.	Boys, Sheep, Goats, and Landscape	*Cuyp.*
60.	A Sow and Pigs	*Teniers.*
61.	Figures before a Cottage	———
62.	Figures and Landscape	*K. Du Jardin.*
63.	Horseman and Landscape	*P. Wouvermans.*
64.	Figures near a River	———
65.	Huntsmen	———
66.	A Bull	*J. H. Ommeganck.*
67.	Portrait of a Lady	*A. Caracci.*
68.	Figures, Bridge, and Landscape	*Cuyp.*
69.	An Old Man	*Teniers.*
70.	A Cow	*Paul Potter.*
71.	An Old Woman (not hung)	*Teniers.*
72.	Cattle, Sheep, and Landscape	*A. Vandevelde.*
73.	Woman with a Pitcher and Glass	*A. Van Ostade.*
74.	Soldiers and Landscape	*Sir F. Bourgeois.*
75.	A Sea-storm	*Backhuysen.*
76.	Banks of a River and Cows	*Cuyp.*
77.	A Market with Figures	*Lingelbach.*
78.	Four Saints—A Sketch	*Rubens.*
79.	Interior of a Cathedral	*P. Neefs.*
80.	Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, (not hung)	*Francesco Albano.*
81.	The Infant Jesus, (not hung)	*Titian.*
82.	A Funeral Procession, (not hung)	*Sir F. Bourgeois.*
	Of these pictures the situation is occupied by portraits of Mrs. Moody and her two children, by Gainsborough.	
83.	Cows, Sheep, Horse, and Peasant, in Landscape	*Cuyp.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
84.	Cottage and Figures	*Teniers.*
85.	Old Woman and Pipkin	*Gerard Douw.*
86.	Cottage and Figures	*Teniers.*
87.	Portrait of a Lady	*A. Sacchi [or more probably, Carlo Maratti].*
88.	Tiger Hunt	*Sir F. Bourgeois.*
89.	Watering Cattle, and Landscape	*Loutherbourg.*
90.	Farrier shoeing a Mule, and other Figures	*Van Slingelandt.*
91.	Sketch	*Sir F. Bourgeois.*
92.	A Calm at Sea	*W. Vandervelde.*
93.	Fishermen, &c. on Sea-Shore	*P. Wouvermans.*
94.	Interior of a Church	*J. Saenredam.*
95.	Tobit and the Angel, (a circle)	*Sir F. Bourgeois.*
96.	Landscape, (not hung)	———
97.	Portrait of C. S. Pybus, Esq.	*Sir W. Beechey.*
98.	Portrait of Boileau	*H. Rigaud.*
99.	Joseph Receiving Pharaoh's Ring	*G. B. Tiepolo.*
100.	Figures and Landscape	*Teniers.*
101.	River View	*Jan Vosterman.*
102.	Flowers	*Daniel Seghers.*
103.	Figures	*Jan Miel.*
104.	Figures, &c. seen through an Arch	*Cornelius Dusart.*
105.	Cupid, Nymph, and Fawn	*Poelemberg.*
106.	A Lady Playing a Musical Instrument	*Douw.*
107.	Man and Woman Drinking in a Cottage	*A. Van Ostade.*
108.	Figures at a Watering Place	*A. Vandervelde.*
109.	Sketch of Figures	*Sir F. Bourgeois.*
110.	Landscape	*Breemberg.*
	SECOND ROOM.	
111.	James Philip de Loutherbourg	*Gainsborough.*
112.	Moonlight	*Vanderneer.*
113.	A Calm	*William Vandervelde.*
114.	Interior, with Men and Horses	*Cuyp.*
115.	Education of Bacchus	*Nicholas Poussin.*
116.	Winter Scene	*Teniers.*
117.	Cupids Reaping Portrait, not numbered	*Rubens.*
118.	Portrait of a Gentleman	*H. Rigaud.*
119.	Landscape and Figures	*Teniers.*
120.	Cattle and Figures before a Barn	*Paul Potter.*
121.	Flowers	*Van Huysum.*
122.	Portrait of a Lady	*Vandyck.*
123.	Portrait of a Lady	*Grimoux.*
124.	Charity	*Vandyck.*
125.	Travellers halting at a Tavern	*Wouvermans.*
126.	Landscape and Figures	———
127.	Cupid	*Sir F. Bourgeois.*
128.	A Musical Party	*Giorgione.*
129.	St. John	*Murillo.*
130.	Huntsmen, with Dogs and Game, Landscape, *Pynaker.* Figures	*Berghem.*
131.	Landscape, with Buildings and Figures	*Hobbema.*
132.	Farrier Shoeing an Ass, with other Figures near Ruins	*Berghem.*
133.	Portrait of a Young Man	*L. da Vinci.*
134.	Portrait of a Lady, (not hung)	*Vandyke.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
	Portrait, not numbered	
135.	Madonna and Child	*Vandyck.*
136.	Return from Hunting	*Wouvermans.*
137.	Traveller Halting, with other Figures	———
138.	Man on Horseback, (Study)	*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*
	Portrait, not numbered	
139.	Landscape, with the Artist, his Wife, and his House	*Teniers.*
140.	Flowers	*Van Huysum.*
141.	Landscape and Figures	*Cuyp.*
142.	Landscape	*N. Poussin.*
143.	Mother and Sick Child	*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*
144.	Travellers Halting before a Smithy. *Le Colombier du Maréchal*	*Wouvermans.*
145.	Figures on the Ice	*Cuyp.*
146.	Portrait of Himself	*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*
147.	Shepherd, Sheep, &c., and Landscape	*Weenix.*
148 149	Heads of an Old Man and Woman	*Teniers.*
150.	Figures Crossing a Bridge	*Pynaker.*
151.	Boy and Bird's Nest	*Van Slingelandt.*
152.	Man Smoking	*A. Van Ostade.*
153.	Portrait of John Philip Kemble	*Sir W. Beechey.*
154.	A Waterfall	*Jacob Ruysdael.*
155.	Landscape, with Gipsies	*Teniers.*
156.	Horses	*Cuyp.*
157.	Landscape	*Hobbema.*
158.	Musicians	*Le Brun.*
159.	Monks Fishing, and Landscape	*Salvator Rosa.*
160.	Figures in a Wood	*Ruysdael.*
161.	Vespasian Rewarding his Soldiers	*S. Ricci.*
162.	Shepherd and Shepherdess	*Rubens.*
163.	Cattle and Figures, in Landscape	*Cuyp.*
164.	St. Lawrence	*P. da Cortona.*
165.	Holy Family	*F. Albano.*
166.	Breeze at Sea	*W. Vandervelde.*
167.	Grey Horse	*Vandyck.*
168.	Samson on Dalilah's Knees	*Rubens.*
169.	Landscape—Evening	*Cuyp.*
170.	Venus and Cupid	*Rubens.*
171.	Pomona	———
172.	Madonna and Child	———
173.	Figures in Landscape *La Petite Chasse à l'Oiseau*	*Wouvermans.*
174.	Sketch	*Rubens.*
175.	Landscape	———
176.	Watering Cattle, and Landscape	*Paul Potter.*
177.	The Archangel Michael and the Fallen Angels	*P. da Cortona.*
178.	Landscape and Figures	*I. Van Ostade.*
179.	Jacob's Dream	*Rembrandt.*
180.	Cattle and Figures, in Landscape	*Cuyp.*
181.	Mother and Child, in a Cottage	*Kalf.*
182.	Sketch of a Woman	*Rubens.*
183.	Portrait of Sir Francis Bourgeois	*Northcote.*
184.	Cattle and Figures, with Dort in the Distance	*Cuyp.*
185.	The Chaff Cutter and other Figures	*Teniers.*
186.	A Calm	*W. Vandervelde.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
	MIDDLE ROOM.	
187.	Portrait of Mary de Medicis	*Rubens.*
188.	The Resurrection of Christ	*Sebastian Ricci.*
189.	A Man's Portrait	*Rembrandt.*
190.	Boors Merry-Making	*A. Van Ostade.*
191.	The Judgment of Paris	*Vanderwerf.*
192.	Cattle and Figures, in Landscape	*Cuyp.*
193.	A Young Man Drawing	*Salvator Rosa.*
194.	Portrait of the Prince of Asturias	*Velasquez.*
195.	Hagar and Ishmael	*F. Mola.*
196.	View of a Town	*Vander Heydon.*
197.	Fête Champêtre	*Watteau.*
198.	Figures and Landscape	*Berghem.*
199.	Landscape	*Both.*
200.	Figures and Cattle, in Landscape	*Berghem.*
201.	Landscape	*Hobbema.*
202.	View near Rome	*J. Vernet.*
203.	Portrait of a Lady	*P. Veronese.*
204.	Sketch of St. Barbara	*Rubens.*
205.	Figures and Landscape	*Both.*
206.	A Girl at a Window	*Rembrandt.*
207.	Landscape	*Rubens.*
208.	Buildings, Figures, and Landscape	*Wynants.*
209.	Figures, Cattle, and Landscape	*Berghem.*
210.	Le Bal Champêtre	*Watteau.*
211.	Holy Family, and Landscape	*Claude.*
212.	Landscape	*Gaspar Poussin.*
213.	A Portrait	*Vandyck.*
214.	Portrait of Philip, Earl of Pembroke	———
215.	Mæcenas' Villa near Tivoli	*Wilson.*
216.	Cattle and Figures, in Landscape	*K. Du Jardin.*
217.	St. Veronica	*Carlo Dolce.*
218.	Portrait of the Archduke Albert	*Vandyck.*
219.	The Campo Vaccino at Rome	*Claude.*
220.	Landscape	*Salvator Rosa.*
221.	Arch of Constantine	*Herman Swanevelt.*
222.	Portrait of a Boy	*Velasquez.*
	Portrait of William Linley (not numbered)	*Sir T. Lawrence.*
223.	Apollo flaying Marsyas	*G. Lairesse.*
224.	The Crucifixion, (not hung)	*Murillo.*
225.	Head of an old Man	*Salvator Rosa.*
226.	Venus Gathering Apples in the Garden of the Hesperides	*Domenichino.*
227.	Venus Weeping over Adonis, (a Sketch)	*Vandyck.*
228.	Landscape, with Figures	*Wouvermans.*
229.	Farrier Shoeing an Ox	*K. Du Jardin.*
230.	Jupiter and Europa	*Titian.*
231.	Figures at a Fountain	*Zuccarelli.*
232.	Landscape	———
233.	Sketch	*G. B. Tiepolo.*
234.	Inspiration of a Saint	*Vandyck.*
235.	Portrait of Sir F. Bourgeois	*Sir W. Beechey.*
236.	A Sketch	*G. B. Tiepolo.*
237.	A Lady Buying Game	*G. Coques.*
238.	Ceres Drinking at the Cottage Door of an Old Woman	*Douw.*
239.	Cows, in Landscape	*Cuyp.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
240.	The Graces, (a Sketch)	*Rubens.*
241.	Windmills, and Landscape	*Jacob Ruysdael.*
242.	Portrait of Lady Digby	*Vandyck.*
243.	Cows, with Dort in the Distance	*Cuyp.*
244.	Landscape, with Jacob and Laban	*Claude.*
245.	Bridge and Windmill	*Jacob Ruysdael.*
246.	St. Jerome (a small oval)	*Guido.*
	FOURTH ROOM.	
247.	Venus and Cupid	*Giovanni Paggi.*
248.	Spanish Flower Girl	*Murillo.*
249.	Holy Family	*Nicholas Poussin.*
250.	Portrait of a Lady	*Vandyck.*
251.	Bacchanalians	*Zuccarelli.*
252.	Massacre of the Innocents	*Le Brun.*
253.	The Angels Appearing to Abraham	*Nicholas Poussin.*
254.	The Death of Cardinal Beaufort	*Reynolds.*
255.	Madonna and Child	*Correggio.*
256.	Landscape	*Herman Swanevelt.*
257.	Landscape	*Gaspar Poussin.*
258.	View of a Palace	*Claude.*
259.	Jupiter and Europa	*Guido.*
260.	Landscape	*Nicholas Poussin.*
261.	St. Sebastian	*F. Mola.*
262.	The Good Shepherd	*Murillo.*
263.	Venus and Adonis	*Titian.*
264.	Landscape	*Claude.*
265.	Two Saints	*Lodovico Caracci.*
266.	The Holy Family, in a Landscape	*F. Mola.*
267.	St. Jerome	*Guido.*
268.	St. Catharine, of Alexandria	*P. Veronese.*
269.	The Destruction of Niobe's Children	*Figures by Nicolo, rest by Gaspar Poussin.*
270.	Port of Ostia—St. Paula Embarking	*Claude.*
271.	Soldiers Gaming	*Salvator Rosa.*
272.	Jacob as Esau, blessed by Isaac	*Rembrandt.*
273.	Landscape	*Herman Swanevelt.*
274.	A Magdalen	*Annibal Caracci.*
275.	Sea Port	*Claude.*
276.	Landscape	*Gaspar Poussin.*
277.	Salvator Mundi	*L. da Vinci.*
278.	View near the Hague	*Jacob Ruysdael.*
279.	Landscape	*Nicholas Poussin.*
280.	Lucretia	*Guido.*
281.	Venus and Cupid	*[After] Correggio.*
282.	Portrait of Wouvermans	*Rembrandt.*
283.	Spanish Peasant Boys	*Murillo.*
284.	Pluto Carrying off Proserpine	*F. Mola.*
285.	The Infant Samuel	*Reynolds.*
286.	Two Spanish Peasant Boys	*Murillo.*
287.	Madonna and Child	*L. da Vinci.*
288.	Christ Bearing his Cross	*C. Dolce.*
289.	Marriage of St. Catharine of Sienna	*Paul Veronese.*
290.	Landscape	*Zuccarelli.*
291.	Adoration of the Magi	*Nicholas Poussin.*
292.	Landscape	———
293.	St. Francis	*Lodovico Caracci.*
294.	Jacob and Rachel Meeting	*Murillo.*
295.	Inspiration of a Poet	*Nicholas Poussin.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
296.	Death of St. Francis	*Lodovico Caracci.*
297.	Susannah and the Elders	*Elzheimer.*
298.	Cupid Sleeping	*Schidone.*
299.	A Locksmith	*Caravaggio.*
300.	Nursing of Jupiter	*Nicolas Poussin.*
301.	Conversion of St. Paul	*Velasquez.*
302.	A Holy Family	*Schidone.*
303.	Landscape	*Claude.*
304.	Venus	*Titian.*
305.	Triumph of David	*Nicolas Poussin.*
306.	St. Francis	*Anonymous.*
307.	St. Antony of Padua	——
308.	Woman Playing on a Barrel Organ	*Chardin.*
309.	Philip IV. of Spain	*Velasquez.*
310.	The Flight to Egypt	*N. Poussin.*
311.	A Pieta—Dead Christ and Angels	*Annibal Caracci.*
312.	Adoration of the Magi	*Murillo.*
313.	The Entombment of Christ	*A. Sacchi.*
314.	Figures and Landscape	*P. Bril.*
315.	Rinaldo and Armida	*N. Poussin.*
316.	Venus and Mercury	——
317.	Angels	*Murillo.*
318.	Triumph of Religion	*P. da Cortona.*
319.	Cocles defending the bridge against the army of Porsenna	*Le Brun.*
320.	Landscape	*Herman Swanevelt.*
321.	Landscape and Horses	*Zuccarelli.*
322.	St. Francis	*A. Caracci.*
323.	A Portrait	*Rubens.*
324.	St. Cecilia at an Organ	*Guercino.*
325.	Jupiter and Antiope	*N. Poussin.*
	FIFTH ROOM.	
326.	Madonna, Child, and St. John.	*A. del Sarto.*
327.	A Holy Family	——
328.	Salvator Mundi	*Guercino.*
329.	Christ bearing his Cross	*Morales.*
330.	Child Sleeping	*Murillo.*
331.	St. John preaching	*Guido.*
332.	A Madonna	——
333.	A Cardinal blessing a Person	*P. Veronese.*
334.	St. Cecilia at the Organ	*Annibal Caracci.*
335.	Madonna, Child, and St. John.	——
336.	The Assumption	*N. Poussin.*
337.	Mater Dolorosa	*Carlo Dolce.*
338.	Portrait of Noel Desenfans	*Northcote.*
339.	Martyrdom of Sebastian	*Guido.*
340.	Mrs. Siddons in the character of the Tragic Muse	*Reynolds.*
341.	The Assumption	*Murillo.*
342.	Holy Family	*Carlo Maratti.*
343.	Judith in the Head of Holofernes	*Bronzino.*
344.	The Entombment	*Lodovico Caracci.*
345.	Adoration of the Magi	*A. Veronese.*
346.	Mater Dolorosa	*A. Sacchi.*
347.	Madonna and Child	*Murillo.*
348.	Woman taken in Adultery	*Guercino.*
349.	Adoration of the Shepherds	*Annibal Caracci.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
350.	A Magdalen	*Cignani.*
351.	Venus, Mars, and Cupid	*Rubens.*
352.	Children	*N. Poussin.*
353.	Portrait	*Holbein.*
354.	Holy Family	*Raphael.*
355.	Mother of Rubens	*Rubens.*

APPENDIX III.

CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES

AT

HAMPTON COURT.

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
	THE GUARD CHAMBER.	
1.	Battle between Constantine and Maxentius	*G. Romano, after Raphael.*
2.	Admiral Sir Stafford Fairbourne	*G. Bockman.*
3.	Admiral Beaumont	———
4.	Admiral Benbow	———
5.	Admiral Sir Thomas Dilkes	———
6.	Admiral Churchill	———
7.	Admiral Sir John Jennings	———
8 to 15	Eight Military Subjects	*Rugendas.*
16.	The Ruins of the Colosseum	*Canaletti.*
17.	Queen Elizabeth's Porter	*Frederic Zucearo.*
	THE KING'S FIRST PRESENCE CHAMBER.	
18.	The landing of William the Third at Torbay	*Sir Godfrey Kneller.*
19.	Queen Mary II., eldest daughter of James II.	———
20.	The Duchess of St. Albans	———
21.	The Countess of Essex	———
22.	The Countess of Peterborough	———
23.	The Countess of Ranelagh	———
24.	Miss Pitt	———
25.	The Duchess of Grafton	———
26.	The Countess of Dorset	———

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
27.	Lady Middleton	*Kneller.*
28.	James, first Marquis of Hamilton	*Mytens.*
29.	Admiral Russell	*Kneller.*
30.	Boys with a Boat and Swans	*Polidoro.*
31.	Boys with a Boat	———
32.	A Portrait	*Pordenone.*
33.	An Old Woman Blowing Charcoal	*Holbein.*
34.	A Portrait	*Dobson.*
35.	Overthrow of Pharaoh and his Host	*Jordaens.*
36, 37	Landscapes, with figures	*Schiavone.*
38.	St. William taking upon himself the order of the Carthusians	*Giorgione.*
39.	A Saint's Head	*Lanfranco.*
40.	A Man Reading	*A. Catalani.*
41.	A Landscape, with figures	*Schiavone.*
42.	A Portrait	*Titian.*
43.	A Portrait	*Giorgione.*
44.	A Man shewing a Trick	*L. da Vinci.*
45.	Calumny, an Allegory	*T. Zuccaro.*
46, 47	Landscapes, with figures	*Schiavone.*
48.	Italian Lawyer	*P. Bordone.*
49.	A Portrait of a Gentleman	*Tintoretto.*
50.	A Portrait of a Man	*Bassano.*
51.	Augustus consulting the Sibyl	*P. da Cortona.*
52.	Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, *Sir G. Kneller*; the back-ground by *W. Vandervelde.*	
53.	Robert Boyle	*Kersboom.*
54.	Mrs. Elliott	*Riley.*
55.	Venus	*Titian.*
56.	De Bray and his family, in the characters of Antony, Cleopatra, &c.	*Himself.*
57.	Admiral Sir J. Gradin	*Bockman.*
58.	Admiral Lord Anson	*Anonymous.*
59.	Admiral Sir G. Byng	*Bockman.*
60, 61	Ruins	*Rousseau.*
	THE SECOND PRESENCE CHAMBER.	
62, 63, 64	Ruins, over the doors	———
65.	Sir H. Wotton presenting his credentials to the Doge of Venice, in the Senate-house	*Fialetti.*
66.	Jupiter and Europa	*Giulio Romano.*
67.	The Sculptor, Baccio Bandinelli	*Correggio.*
68.	A Sculptor	*Bassano.*
69.	Mrs. Lemon	*Vandyck.*
70.	An Italian Knight	*Pordenone.*
71.	A Holy Family	*F. Vanni.*
72.	The Annunciation	*P. Veronese.*
73.	St. Michael	*Reynolds, after Guido.*
74.	Christ in the house of the Pharisee	*Bassano.*
75.	An Italian Lady	*Parmegiano.*
76.	Virgin and Child	*Bronzino.*
77.	A Warrior	*Giorgione.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
78.	Portrait of herself	*Artemisia Gentileschi.*
79.	Alexander de Medici	*Titian.*
80.	Charles I. on Horseback	*Vandyck.*
81, 82	Philip IV. of Spain, and his Queen	*Velasquez.*
83.	Jacob's departure from Laban	*F. Lauri.*
84.	Joseph and Mary	*G. Honthorst.*
85 to 88	The Seasons	*Brueughel and Rothenhamer.*
89.	Judith and Holofernes	*Teniers, after P. Veronese.*
90.	The Last Supper	*Young Palma.*
91.	Conversion of St. Paul	*V. Malo.*
92.	Tobit and the Angel	*Schiavone.*
93.	Portrait of himself	*Guercino.*
94.	Diana and Actæon	*Titian.*
95.	The Marriage of St. Catharine	*P. Veronese.*
96.	St. Francis and the Virgin	*Carlo Maratti.*
97.	Christian IV., King of Denmark	*Van Somer.*
98.	Cupids and Satyrs	*Polidaro.*
99.	Jacob, Rachel, and Leah	*Guido Cagnacci.*
100.	Jacob's Journey	*Bassano.*
101.	Peter Oliver, the Painter	*Hanneman.*
102.	A Dutch Gentleman	*Vander Helst.*
103.	Joseph brought before Pharaoh	*Anonymous.*
104.	A Man's Portrait	———
105.	Joseph's departure from Jacob	———
106.	A Portrait of a Gentleman	———
	THE AUDIENCE CHAMBER.	
107.	Our Saviour in the Rich Man's House—Mary Magdalen anointing his feet	*S. Ricci.*
108.	Christ healing the Sick	———
109.	The Woman taken in Adultery	———
110.	The Woman of Faith	———
111.	The Woman of Samaria	———
112.	The Nursing of Jupiter	*Giulio Romano.*
113.	Ignatius Loyola	*Titian.*
114.	Jupiter and Juno	*Giulio Romano.*
115.	Titian's Uncle	*Titian.*
116.	The Birth of Jupiter	*Giulio Romano.*
117.	A Ruin	*Viviani.*
118.	Venus and Cupid	*Rubens, after Titian.*
119.	The Battle of Forty	*P. Snayers.*
120.	The Departure of Briseis	*Schiavone.*
121.	The Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I.	*G. Honthorst.*
122, 123	Landscapes	*Swanevelt.*
124.	Venus and Cupid	*Titian.*
125.	Death and the Last Judgment	*M. Hemskerck.*
126.	Diana and Actæon	*Giorgione.*
127.	The Shepherd's Offering	*Palma.*
128.	The Expulsion of Heresy	*Tintoretto.*
129, 130	Heads of St. Peter and Judas	*Lanfranco.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
131.	Virgin and Child	*Andrea del Sarto.*
132.	A Spanish Lady	*Sebastian del Piombo.*
133.	A Holy Family	*Correggio.*
134.	The Virgin and Child, with St. Andrew and St. Michael	*J. de Mabuse.*
135 } 136 }	Madonna and Child	*Parmegiano.*
137.	Roman Emperor on horseback	*G. Romano.*
138.	Triumph of Venus	———
139.	A Sibyl	*C. Cignani.*
140.	Flora	*L. da Vinci.*
141.	Diana	*Anonymous.*
142.	An Old Man with a Large Beard	———
143.	Buildings, with Figures	———
144.	A Female with a Helmet	*Pordenone.*
145.	He'g Family	———
146.	The Story of Argus	*F. Floris.*
147.	Head of a Young Man	*C. Cignani.*
148.	Death of Adonis	*Van Orley.*
149.	Roman Emperor on Horseback	*G. Romano.*
	THE KING'S DRAWING-ROOM.	
150.	David with Goliath's Head	*D. Fetti.*
151.	A Holy Family	*Dosso Dossi.*
152.	The Family of Pordenone	*Himself.*
153.	Christ's Agony in the Garden	*N. Poussin.*
154.	Angels appearing to the Shepherds	———
155.	Nabob Walajah of Arcot	*Willison.*
156.	Cupids and Goats	*Polidoro.*
157.	Apotheosis of a Saint	*Bassano.*
158.	A Venetian Senator	*Pordenone.*
159.	A Knight of Malta	*Tintoretto.*
160.	The Presentation of Queen Esther	———
161.	The Muses	———
162.	The Offering of the Magi	*Luca Giordano.*
163.	The Wise Men's Offering	*Carletto Cagliari.*
164.	The Cornaro Family	*Old Stone, after Titian.*
165.	Joseph and Potiphar's Wife	*Gentileschi.*
166.	George III. reviewing the 10th Light Dragoons (now Hussars)	*Sir W. Beechey.*
167.	A Holy Family	*Parmegiano.*
168.	A Holy Family	*Giorgione.*
169.	Our Saviour in the House with Mary and Martha	*Bassano.*
170.	Fruit, with a Monkey	*Anonymous.*
171.	Landscape, with Ruin	———
172.	A Lady Playing on the Virginal	*Pordenone.*
	KING WILLIAM THE THIRD'S BEDROOM.	
	The ceiling	*Verrio.*
173.	Anne, Duchess of York	*Sir Peter Lely.*
174.	Lady Byron	———
175.	Princess Mary, as Diana	———
176.	Queen Catharine	———
177.	Mrs. Knott	*Verelst.*
178.	Duchess of Portsmouth	*Gascar.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
179.	Duchess of Richmond	*Lely.*
180.	Nell Gwyn	———
181.	Countess of Rochester	———
182.	Duchess of Somerset	*Verelst.*
183.	Mrs. Lawson	———
184.	Countess of Northumberland	*Lely.*
185.	Lady Denham	———
186.	Countess of Sunderland	———
187.	Lady Middleton	———
188.	Lady Whitmore	———
189.	Countess of Ossory	———
190.	Duchess of Cleveland	———
191.	Countess de Grammont	———
192 to 204	Small Portraits of Ladies, whose names are unknown	*Russell, after Vandyck.*
205, 206	Flower-pieces	*Baptist.*

THE KING'S DRESSING ROOM.

	The ceiling	*Verrio.*
207, 208	A Shepherd and Shepherdess	*Collins.*
209.	Charity	*Carlo Cignani.*
210.	Cupid and Psyche	*Vandyck.*
211.	Vulcan delivering the Armour of Achilles to Thetis	*A. Balestra.*
212.	Achilles presented to the Centaur	———
213, 214	Landscapes	*Edema.*
215.	A Landscape	*Loten.*
216.	Poultry	*Hondekoter.*
217.	Virgin teaching the Infant to read	*Carlo Cignani.*
218.	A Mother and two Children	———
219.	A Warrior	*Guercino.*
220.	A Sibyl	*Gentileschi.*
221.	A Magdalen's Head	*Sasso Ferrato.*
222.	Head of the Virgin	*Anonymous.*
223.	Head of Christ	———
224.	The Interior of the Colonna Gallery	———

THE KING'S WRITING CLOSET.

225, 226	Still Life	*De Heem.*
227.	Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and Family	*G. Honthorst.*
228.	A Village Repast	*G. F. Cepper.*
229.	The Triumph of Flora	*S. Ricci.*
230.	The Painter in his Study	*G. F. Cepper.*
231, 232	Flower-pieces	*J. Baptist.*
233.	A Sea-piece	*Monamy.*
234.	Judith with the Head of Holofernes	*Guido.*
235.	A Turkey Carpet	*Maltese.*
236.	Poultry	*Bogdane.*
237, 238	Flower-pieces	———

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
239.	Tritons carrying off a Nymph	*C. D. Arpino.*
240.	Grapes	*Verelst.*
241.	Head of a Man	*Schiavone.*
242.	Judgment of Paris	*Rothenhamer.*
243.	A Landscape	*Huysum.*
244.	Head of a Saint	*Parmegiano.*
245.	Virgin and Child	*Anonymous.*
246.	The Queen of Charles I. (a drawing)	*Gibson.*
	QUEEN MARY'S CLOSET.	
247.	A Sacrifice	*Giulio Romano.*
248.	George, Duke of Buckingham, and Francis his brother	*[After] Vandyck.*
249.	Still Life	*Kulf.*
250.	A Holy Family	*G. Romano, after Raphael.*
251.	A Boy with Puppies	*Castiglione.*
252.	Singing by Candlelight	*Honthorst.*
253.	The Continence of Scipio	*S. Ricci.*
254.	A Landscape	*Adrian Henn.*
255.	King William III., when young	*Hanneman.*
256.	A Landscape	*P. Bril.*
257.	A Man's Head	*Bassano.*
258.	The Head of Cyrus	*Russell.*
259.	A Laughing Boy	*F. Hals.*
260.	The Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew	*L. Nottery.*
261.	Children with a Lamb	*F. Floris.*
262.	A Holy Family	*Titian.*
263.	St. Catharine at the Altar	*Paul Veronese.*
264.	The daughter of Herodias with the Head of John the Baptist	*Leonardo da Vinci.*
265.	The Infant Christ and St. John	*C. Maratti.*
266.	David and Golinth	*Titian.*
267.	A Japan Peacock	*Bogdane.*
268.	A Landscape	*Everdingen.*
269.	Martyrdom of St. Sebastian	*L. Van Leyden.*
270.	Joseph bound	———
271.	Hercules and the Centaur	*B. Lens.*
	HER MAJESTY'S GALLERY.	
272 273	King William III. and Queen Mary	*Wissing.*
274.	Sir Theodore Mayerne	*Rubens.*
275.	Anne of Denmark	*Van Somer.*
276.	Shakspere	*Anonymous.*
277.	Portrait of a Lady	*Sir A. More.*
278.	Portrait of a Man	*Q. Matsys.*
279 280	Two small Portraits	*Sir A. More.*
281.	Queen Elizabeth, when a Child	*Holbein.*
282.	Queen Elizabeth, when young	———
283.	Queen Elizabeth	*Zuccaro.*
284.	Queen Elizabeth	*L. de Heere.*
285.	Queen Elizabeth	*Mark Garrand.*
286.	Earl of Nottingham	*Anonymous.*
287.	Earl of Leicester	———
288.	Sir Francis Walsingham	———
289.	Sir Nicholas Bacon	———

No.	Title of Picture	Painted by
290.	Judge Crooke	*Anonymous.*
291.	Sir Peter Carew	———
292.	The Emperor Rodolph	———
293.	Charles I. and Queen dining in Public	*Van Bassen.*
294.	The King and Queen of Bohemia dining in Public	———
295 } 296 }	Two small octagon Portraits of Flemish Gentlemen	*Gonzales.*
297.	Portrait of a Gentleman	*Anonymous.*
298.	Sir Theobald Gorges	———
299.	Head of a Young Man	———
300.	Lady Vaux	*Holbein.*
301.	Queen Mary I., when a Child	———
302.	Portrait of a Lady, supposed to be Queen Mary I.	*Sir A. More.*
303.	A Portrait	*A. Durer.*
304.	Queen Elizabeth in a fancy dress	*Zuccaro.*
305.	Lord Zouch	*Mytens.*
306.	The Earl of Surrey	*Holbein.*
307.	Sir John Gage	*Anonymous.*
308.	Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I., and Lord Harrington	*L. de Heere.*
309.	Duke of Richmond and Lennox	*Van Somer.*
310.	Henry Prince of Wales	*Anonymous.*
311.	The Battle of Pavia	*Holbein.*
312.	Philip II of Spain	*Sir A. More.*
313.	Will Somers, Jester to Henry VIII.	*Holbein.*
314.	Sir Henry Guildford	———
315.	Henry VIII. when young	———
316.	A Portrait of a Lady of the Court of Henry VIII.	*Anonymous.*
317.	The Father and Mother of Holbein	*Holbein.*
318.	Portrait of a Lady of the Court of Henry VIII.	*L. Corneliz.*
319.	Elizabeth Woodville	*Anonymous.*
320.	Portrait of a Lady of the Court of Henry VIII.	*L. Corneliz.*
321.	Portrait of Himself	*John de Bellini.*
322.	A Portrait of a Lady of the Court of Henry VIII.	*L. Corneliz.*
323.	A French Nobleman	*Holbein.*
324.	Frobenius	———
325.	Mary Queen of Scots	*Janet.*
326.	Lord Darnley and his Brother Charles Stewart	*L. de Heere.*
327.	Francis II. of France, when a Boy	*Janet.*
328.	James I.	*Van Somer.*
329.	Queen of Francis I. of France	*Janet.*
330.	Francis I. and Duchess of Valentino	*Anonymous.*
331.	Sir Robert Cave, dated 1589	———
332.	The Admirable Crichton	———
333.	Portrait of Himself	*Holbein.*
334.	Portrait of a Lady of the Court of Henry VIII.	*L. Corneliz.*
335.	The Children of Henry VII.	*Jan de Mabuse.*
336.	Lazarus Spinola, Uncle to Spinola, Governor in the Low Countries	*W. Kay.*
337.	Erasmus, *Holbein*; the background	*Steenwick.*
338.	Reskemeer	*Holbein.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
339.	Henry VIII.	*Holbein.*
340.	Francis I. of France	———
341.	Erasmus	———
342.	The King of Bohemia	*C. Janssen.*
343.	The Children of the King of Bohemia	*Poelemberg.*
344.	The Queen of Bohemia	*Janssen.*
345.	Portrait of the Aunt of the Emperor Charles V.	*Cornelius.*
346.	Countess of Derby	*L. de Heere.*
347.	Sir George Carew	*Holbein.*
348 349	Portraits of Ladies	*Sir A. More.*
350.	Holbein (a drawing)	*Himself.*
351.	The Wife of Holbein (a drawing)	*Holbein.*
352.	A medallion of Henry VIII.	*Torregiano.*
353.	James II., when young	*Honthorst.*
354.	Whole-length Portrait of a Youth unknown	*Anonymous.*
355.	Prince Rupert, when a Boy	*Mytens.*
356.	Portrait of a Gentleman	*Bassano.*
357.	A Child, supposed to be Queen Elizabeth	*Anonymous.*
358.	Duke of Gloucester	*Sir Peter Lely.*
359.	Louis XIV. when young	*Mignard.*
360.	Portrait of Cornelius Ketel	*Anonymous.*
361.	Portrait of a Lady	*P. Perugino.*
362.	Portrait of a Gentleman	*Anonymous.*
363.	Portrait of a Youth	———
364.	Portrait of a Child	———
365.	Buildings in a Garden Scene	*Steenwick.*
366.	A Landscape	*Ferg.*
367.	St. Peter in Prison	*Steenwick.*
368.	A Sorceress	*Elsheimer.*
369.	A Landscape	*Paul Bril.*
370.	A Landscape, with Nymphs	*Poelemberg.*
371.	The Discovery of Calisto	*Brueghel.*
372.	A Landscape, with Nymphs	*Poelemberg.*
373.	The Tribute Money	*Dietricy.*
374.	Dead Game	*Van Aelst.*
375.	The Woman taken in Adultery	*Dietricy.*
376 377	Dead Game	*Weenix.*
378.	A small whole-length of a Lady	*Vandyck.*
379.	A Hermit	*Slingelandt.*
380 381	Youth and Age	*Denner.*
382.	Venus and Adonis	*Gennari.*
383.	Inside of a Farm House	*Teniers.*
384.	Lions in a Landscape	*R. Savery.*
385.	A Sea Piece	*Vandervelde.*
386.	A Man in Armour	*Correggio.*
387.	Mary Magdalen at the Tomb of Christ, "Touch me not"	*Holbein.*
388.	St. Catherine reading	*Correggio.*
389.	A Sybil	*P. Bordone.*
390.	Moses Striking the Rock	*S. Rosa.*
391.	Infant Christ and St. John	*L. da Vinci.*
392.	Cattle in a Landscape	*Vandervelde.*
393.	Fruit and Still Life	*Cuyp.*

No	Title of Picture.	Painted by
394.	A Landscape	*Holbein.*
395.	A Landscape	*Wynants.*
396.	A Warrior on Horseback	*Mazzolino di Ferrara.*
397.	Nymphs in a Landscape	*Dietricy.*
398.	A Scene from a Play, supposed to be Charles I. acting	*Poelemberg.*
399.	Hungarians at the Tomb of Ovid	*Schoonefeld.*
400.	Nymphs and Satyrs	*N. Poussin.*
401.	Lucretia	*Titian.*
402.	St. Catherine	*Luini.*
403.	St. Peter in Prison	*Steenwick.*
404.	A Battle Piece	*Wouvermans.*
405.	A Dying Saint	*Vandyck.*
406.	The Assumption of the Virgin	*D. Calvart.*
407.	The Rape of the Sabines	*Rothenhamer.*
408.	A Saint's Head	*G. Douw.*
409.	Lot and his Daughters	*Schalken.*
410.	Dutch Boors	*E. Hemskerck.*
411.	Female, by Candlelight	*Schalken.*
412.	A Penitent received into the Church	*Barroccio.*
413.	A Venetian Gentleman	*Tintoretto.*
414.	Sophonisba	*S. Gaetano.*
415.	Flower Piece	*M. Van Osterwyck.*
416.	Landscape with Ruins	*Poelemberg.*
417.	March of an Army	*Bourgognone.*
418.	Nymphs and Satyrs	*Rubens.*
419.	Landscape with a Rainbow	———
420.	A Jewish Rabbi	*Rembrandt.*
421.	An Old Woman Reading	*G. Douw.*
422.	St. Peter in Prison	*Steenwick.*
423.	Flowers	*D. Seghers.*
424.	Nymphs in a Landscape	*Poelemberg.*
425.	Lot and his Daughters	— —
426.	A Boar's Head	*Snyders.*
427.	Flowers	*D. Seghers.*
428.	A Dutch Lady	*Rembrandt.*
429.	Hay Stacking	*Wouvermans.*
430.	St. Francis	*Teniers.*
431.	A Dutch Church	*Peter Neefs.*
432.	Soldiers in a Landscape	*Bourgognone.*
433.	A Woman Milking a Goat	*Berghem.*
434.	Flowers	*Van Osterwyck.*
435.	A Boy Paring Fruit	*Murillo.*
436.	A Venetian Gentleman	*L. Bassano.*
437 to 448	Cybele, Pan, Mercury, Juno, Diana, Bacchus, Daphne, Apollo, Venus, Mars, Syrinx, Endymion	*S. Ricci.*
	THE QUEEN'S BED ROOM.	
	The ceiling, painted by *Sir James Thornhill*, represents Aurora rising out of the Sea.	
449.	Henry, Prince of Wales	*Van Somer.*
450.	James I.	———
451.	Christian, Duke of Brunswick-Lunenberg.	*Honthorst.*
452.	The Queen of James I.	*Van Somer.*
453.	Princess of Brunswick	*Anonymous.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
454.	St. John Baptizing Christ in the River Jordan	*Francesco Francia.*
455.	Jacob Stealing the Blessing	*Schiavone.*
456.	A Sea Port	*Claude.*
457.	St. Francis with the Infant Jesus	*Guido.*
458.	Venus and Cupid, by *Pontormo*; the outline	*Michael Angelo.*
459.	Dogs	*Snyders.*
460.	The Shepherd's Offering	*Palma Vecchio.*
461.	A Landscape, "The Devil Sowing Tares among the Wheat"	*Van Uden.*
462.	The Judgment of Midas	*Schiavone.*
463.	The Deluge	*Bassano.*
464.	The Shepherd's Offering	*Giorgione.*
465.	Virgin and Child, with Saints	—
466.	Virgin and Child, with Tobit and the Angel	*Titian.*
467 to 478	Twelve Pictures representing the history of Cupid and Psyche	*L. Giordano.*
479.	Mary, Queen of James II.	*Sir Godfrey Kneller.*
480.	A Magdalen	*[After) Titian.*
481.	Portrait of a Man	*Anonymous.*
482.	A Man's Head	*Giorgione.*
483.	Portrait of a Man	*Anonymous.*
484.	Judith and Holofernes	———
485.	Flowers	*Baptist.*
486.	The Last Supper	*Bassano.*
487.	Head of an Old Man	*Anonymous.*
488.	St. Peter	—
489.	Portrait of a Gentleman	———
	THE QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM.	
	The ceiling, painted by *Verrio*, represents Queen Anne in the character of Justice.	
490.	George III. at Coxheath Camp	*West.*
491.	Queen Charlotte, and her thirteen children in the background	———
492.	The Prince of Wales and Duke of York	———
493.	The Duke of Clarence and Duke of Kent	———
494.	The Apotheosis of the Infant Princes, Octavius and Alfred	———
495.	The Duke of Cumberland, and two Princesses	———
496.	The Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex, Cambridge, and three Princesses	———
497.	Queen Charlotte and Princess Royal	———
498.	The Swearing of Hannibal	———
499.	Peter denying Christ	— —
500.	The Departure of Regulus	— —
501.	The Death of General Wolfe	———
502.	St. George and the Dragon	———
503.	The Wife of Arminius brought captive to Germanicus	———
504.	Cyrus presented to his Grandfather	———

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
	THE QUEEN'S AUDIENCE CHAMBER.	
505.	The Duchess of Lunenberg	*Mytens.*
506.	Venus and Adonis	*G. Chiari.*
507.	The Woman of Samaria	*Palma.*
508.	Cupid Shaving his Bow	*Parmegiano.*
509.	James IV. of Scotland, his brother Alexander, and St. Andrew	*Jan de Mabuse.*
510.	The Queen of James IV. with St. George	———
511.	Henry VIII. and Family	*Holbein.*
512.	Countess of Lennox	———
513.	The Death of the Chevalier Bayard	*West.*
514.	The Wise Men's Offering	*S. Ricci.*
515.	The Death of Epaminondas	*West.*
516.	Henry VIII. embarking from Dover	*Holbein.*
517.	The Battle of the Spurs	———
518.	The Meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis I. of France, or the "*Field of the Cloth of Gold*"	———
519.	Pilate delivering up Christ	*Schianone.*
520.	The Meeting of Henry VIII. and the Emperor Maximilian	*Holbein.*
521.	The Apostles, Peter, James, and John	*Caravaggio.*
522.	Margaret, Queen of Scots	*Anonymous.*
523.	Duke of Brunswick	*Mytens.*
524.	Edward IV	*Belchamp.*
525.	Isabella, Arch-Duchess of Austria, daughter of Philip II. of Spain	*Anonymous.*
526.	Duchess of Brunswick	*Mytens.*
527.	Head of a Female	*Anonymous.*
528.	Head of a Youth	———
529.	Portrait of a Man	———
530.	Portrait of a Gentleman	———
531 to 537	Foreign Birds	*Bogdane.*
538.	Portrait of a Man	*Anonymous.*
539.	Christian IV. King of Denmark	———
540.	Maximilian, Archduke of Austria	———
541.	The Maid of the Inn	*Rosalba.*
	THE PUBLIC DINING ROOM.	
542.	A Magdalen	*Young Palma.*
543.	Prometheus chained to the Rock	———
544.	A Ruin	*Vivian and Jan Miel.*
545.	Duns Scotus	*Spagnoletto.*
546.	Don Carlos, son of Philip IV. of Spain	*Murillo.*
547.	King William III. when a boy	*Anonymous.*
	THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PRESENCE CHAMBER.	
548.	Count Gondamer, the Ambassador from the King of Spain to King James I.	*Mytens.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
549.	A Magdalen	*Titian.*
550.	A Lady with an Orrery and Dog	*Parmegiano.*
551.	A Concert	*Giovanni Bellini.*
552.	The Wise Men's Offering	*P. Veronese.*
553.	The destruction of the Children of Niobe	*Rothenhamer.*
554.	The Flight into Egypt	*Teniers, after Bassano.*
555.	Frederick the Great	*Anonymous.*
556.	Ganymede	*Michael Angelo.*
557.	St. John with a lamb	*Spagnoletto.*
558.	Nymphs	*G. Chiari.*
559.	Christ in the house of Mary and Martha	*Bassano.*
560.	The Good Samaritan	*Giacomo Bassano.*
561.	Judas betraying Christ	*Pordenone.*
562.	Buildings in a Landscape	*John Brueghel.*
563.	St. Jerome	*[After] Albert Durer.*
564.	Christ blessing Little Children	*Hueus.*
565.	Jacob's Journey	*Giacomo Bassano.*
566.	Faith	*Guercino.*
567.	Madame Chastillon	*Anonymous.*
568.	Nymphs	*G. Chiari.*
569.	Boaz and Ruth	*Giacomo Bassano.*
570.	Mars and Venus	*P. Veronese.*
571.	The Marriage of Joseph and Mary	*Mazzuoli.*
572.	The Assumption of the Virgin	*Giacomo Bassano.*
573.	Nymphs and Satyrs (a drawing)	*Isaac Oliver.*
574.	A Barrack-room	*C. Troost.*
575.	A Drawing	*Isaac Oliver.*
576.	Adam and Eve	*Jan de Mabuse.*
577.	Venus and Cupid	*Young Palma.*
578.	Over the fire-place, Louis XIII. of France	*Belcamp.*
579.	Portrait of a Gentleman	*P. Perugino.*
580.	Ceres in Search of her daughter, Proserpine "A Boy transformed to an Eft"	*Elsheimer.*
581.	Portrait of a Gentleman	*Sir A. More.*
582.	Louis XIV. of France, on Horseback	*Vander Meulen.*
583.	Portrait of a Foreign Prince, with the Order of the Garter	*Mirevelt.*
584.	Villiers, Duke of Buckingham	*Janssen.*
585.	Portrait of Himself	*Robert Walker.*
586.	Lord Falkland	*[After] Janssen.*
587.	Don Guzman	*Mytens.*
588.	The Queen of James I.	*Van Somer.*
589.	Virgin and Child	*P. Veronese.*
	THE PRINCE OF WALES'S DRAWING ROOM.	
590.	Count Mansfeldt	*Mytens.*
591.	George II.	*[After] Pine.*
592.	Cupid Asleep (a drawing)	*Bartolozzi, after Guido.*
593.	The Woman taken in Adultery	*Hussey, after A. Caracci.*

No	Title of Picture.	Painted by
594.	The Duchess of Brunswick, sister to George III.	*Angelica Kauffman.*
595.	James II.	*Russell.*
596.	Countess of Sunderland.	———
597.	An Entertainment	*Vanderbank.*
598.	Charles II.	*Russell.*
599.	The Second Lord and Lady Clarendon	———
600.	The Family of Frederick Prince of Wales	*Knapton.*
601.	The Daughter of Frederick II. of Denmark	
602.	James Stuart	*B. Luti.*
603.	Frederick the Great	*Anonymous.*
604.	A Prince of Prussia (a drawing)	———
605.	A Princess of Prussia (a drawing)	———
606.	A Prince of Prussia (a drawing)	———
607.	Frederick Prince of Wales	*Vanloo.*
608.	Pope Benedict XIV.	*Battoni.*
609.	A Cavalier on a White Horse	*A. Vander Meulen.*
610.	A Cavalier on Horseback	———
611.	A small whole-length Portrait of a Man	*F. Hals.*
612.	A Female Saint	*P. Perugino.*
613.	The Queen of George II.	*Zeeman.*
614.	George II.	———
615.	The Daughters of George II.	*Maingaud.*
616.	Louis XIV. of France (a drawing)	*Kneller.*
617.	James Stuart, when young	*Anonymous.*
618.	Queen Charlotte, with the Prince of Wales, and Duke of York, when young	*Ramsey.*

THE ANTE-ROOM.

619.	View on the Thames	*Anonymous.*
620.	View of Windsor Castle	———
621 } 622 }	Views of Portsmouth	*Dankers.*

THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE CHAPEL.

623.	Jonah under the Gourd	*M. Hemskerck.*
624.	St. John	*[After] Correggio.*
625.	The Apostles at the Tomb	*Anonymous.*
626.	Virgin and Child	*[After] Tintoretto.*
627.	Holy Family	*P. Perugino.*
628.	The Raising of Lazarus	*B. Van Orlay.*
629.	Christ healing the Sick	*A. Verrio.*
630.	Holy Family	*Anonymous.*
631.	Ecce Homo	*[After] Titian.*
632.	Holy Family	*Bassano.*
633.	Ecce Homo	*[After] Titian.*
634.	Pharaoh sleeping	*Van Harp.*
635.	Holy Family	*[After] Dosso Dossi.*
636.	Christ healing the Sick	*M. Hemskerck.*
637.	The Annunciation	*Bassano.*
638.	The Tribute Money	*P. Veronese.*
639.	Peter in Prison	*Steenwick.*
640.	Thief on the Cross	*P. del Vaga.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
641.	The Crucifixion	*L. Van Leyden.*
642.	Virgin and Child	*V. Mola.*
643.	The Resurrection of Christ	*L. Van Leyden.*
644.	Thief on the Cross	*P. del Vaga.*
645.	Peter in Prison	*Steenwick.*
	THE CLOSET, NEAR THE CHAPEL.	
646.	An Italian Gentleman	*G. Pens.*
647.	An Italian Market	*Bamboccio.*
648.	A Landscape	*Lucatelli.*
649.	Children with a Goat	*Amiconi.*
650.	St. Paul	*Anonymous.*
651.	An Italian Market	*Bamboccio.*
652.	Jupiter and Europa	*(After) P. Veronese.*
653.	Cupid and Psyche	*Luzzarini.*
654.	George II.	*Sir Godfrey Kneller.*
655.	Portrait of a Man in a large ruff	*Anonymous.*
656.	Portrait of an Old Man	———
657.	Virgin and Child	———
658.	An Act of Mercy	*[After] A. Caracci.*
659.	Christ brought before Pilate	*Tintoretto.*
660 } 661 }	Dutch Amusements	*C. F. Cepper.*
662 } to } 666 }	Heads (sketches)	*Tiepoli.*
667.	A Venetian Gentleman	*L. Bassano.*
	THE PRIVATE DINING ROOM.	
668.	Colonel St. Leger	*Gainsborough.*
669.	George IV	*Owen, after Hoppner.*
670.	Queen of James I.	*Van Somer.*
671.	Christ Bearing his Cross	*Van Harp.*
672.	A Ruin, with Cattle at a Fountain	*Ros.*
673.	David with Goliath's Head	*Anonymous.*
674.	A Shepherd with a Pipe	*Giorgione.*
675.	Christ in the house of Mary and Martha	*Anonymous.*
676.	Venus and Cupid	*Pontormo.*
677.	A Labyrinth	*Tintoretto.*
678.	Men Fighting with Bears	*Bassano.*
679.	View on the Thames, near Whitehall	*Anonymous.*
680.	Queen of George II.	———
681.	The Stoning of St. Stephen	*Rothenhamer.*
682.	Fisher, the Composer	*Gainsborough.*
683.	Ruins, with a Vase	*Griffier.*
684.	St. John	*L Spada.*
685.	A Child with a Lamb	*Sir Peter Lely.*
686.	A Virgin and Child	*Anonymous.*
687.	A Landscape	*Edema.*
688.	A Landscape	*Van Deist.*
689 } 690 }	Two Landscapes	*Dankers.*
	IN THE NEXT CLOSET ARE	
691.	Virgin and Child	*[After] Vandyck.*
692.	Virgin and Child	*[After] Vandyck.*

No.	Title of Picture	Painted by
693 } 704 }	Twelve Saints	*D. Fetti.*
	THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE CHAMBER.	
705.	Buildings and Figures	*Ghisolfi.*
706.	Queen of George II. and her Son, William, Duke of Cumberland	*Sir G. Kneller.*
707.	The Emperor Charles VI.	*Kneller.*
708.	A Jewish Rabbi	*Gainsborough, after Rembrandt.*
709.	A Spanish Boy	*Murillo.*
710.	Lucretia	*P. Bordone.*
711.	A Landscape	*R. Savery.*
712.	Anne, Duchess of York	*Sir P. Lely.*
713.	The Infant Duke of Gloucester, with a Bird	———
714.	St. Christopher, with Saints	*L. Cranack.*
715.	A Portrait of William III.	*Anonymous.*
716.	The Queen of James I.	*Van Somer.*
717.	Tobit restored to Sight	*M. de Vos.*
718.	George I.	*Sir G. Kneller.*
719.	James I.	*Van Somer.*
720.	George II.	*Sir G. Kneller.*
721.	Cattle in a Landscape	*M. Carre.*
722.	Dead Game, with Fruit	*Snyders.*
723.	The Marriage of St. Catherine	[*After*] *Correggio.*
724.	Frederick, Prince of Wales, when Young	*Anonymous.*
725.	A Landscape	*Dankers.*
	THE KING'S PRIVATE DRESSING ROOM.	
726.	Caroline, Queen of George II.	*Anonymous.*
727 } 730 }	Four Doges of Venice	*Fialetti.*
	GEORGE THE SECOND'S PRIVATE CHAMBER.	
731 } 744 }	Flower Pieces	*Baptiste.*
745.	Fruit	*Van Aelst.*
746.	Fruit	*M. A. Campidoglio.*
747.	A Flower Piece	*Bogdane.*
748 } 749 }	Flower Pieces	*Mario di Fiori.*
750.	Grapes	*M. A. Campidoglio.*
751 } to } 753 }	Flower Pieces with Insects	*Withoos.*
754.	Portrait of a Female with Flowers	*Anonymous.*
755.	Fruit	*M. A. Campidoglio.*
756 } 757 }	Boys with Flowers	*S. Ricci.*
	IN THE NEXT CLOSET.	
758.	Judith with the Head of Holofernes	*Anonymous.*
759.	Lord Holderness	———
760.	Lucretia	———

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
761.	The Destruction of Popery by the Evangelists	*Anonymous.*
762.	Chiron instructing Achilles in the Use of the Bow	———
763.	Judith with the Head of Holofernes	———
764.	Virgin and Child	———
765.	Still Life	*Roestraten.*
766.	An Encampment	*Vander Meulen.*
767.	King of Prussia	*Anonymous.*
768.	The Judgment of Paris	———
	THE CARTOONS.	
769.	The Death of Ananias	*Raphael.*
770.	Elymas the Sorcerer	———
771.	Peter and John at the Gate Beautiful	———
772.	The Miraculous Draught of Fishes	———
773.	Paul and Barnabas at Lystra	———
774.	Paul preaching at Athens	———
775.	Christ's Charge to Peter	———
776.	A Chalk Drawing on Paper of Raphael's celebrated Picture of the Transfiguration.	
777.	John Lacy, a Comedian in the reign of Charles II.	*Wright.*
778.	The Tomb of Lord Darnley	*L. de Heere.*
779.	A Battle Piece	*Bourgognone.*
780.	A Sea Piece	*Parcelles.*
781.	Magdalen	*Lely.*
782.	Louis XIV. on horseback	*Anonymous.*
783.	Judith with the Head of Holofernes	*Guido.*
784.	The Interview of Henry V. with the Princess of France	*Kent.*
785.	A Portrait of a Gentleman	*Bassano.*
786.	The Palace of Prince Maurice of Nassau, at Cleves	*Oldenburg.*
787.	The Marriage of Henry V.	*Kent.*
788.	Portrait of Himself	*Sir P. Lely.*
789.	Susanna and the Elders	*P. Veronese.*
790.	Interior of a Church	*Steenwick.*
791.	St. Peter in Prison	*Anonymous.*
792.	Lot and his daughters	[*After*] *Guido.*
793.	A Sea Piece	*Parcelles.*
794.	A Lady and Gentleman	*Giorgione.*
795.	Diana	[*After*] *Titian.*
796.	Joseph interpreting the Dream of the Chief Butler and Baker	*Anonymous.*
797.	A Portrait of a Gentleman	———
	THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.	
798.	William, Prince of Orange	*Sir G. Kneller.*
799.	Dobson and his Wife	*Dobson.*
800.	Mary, Queen of James II.	*Verelst.*
801.	Admiral Lord Keith	*Anonymous.*
802.	Lord Hutchinson	*T. Philips, R. A.*
803.	Spencer Percival	*Joseph.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
804.	Richard Brinsley Sheridan	*Anonymous.*
805 to 813	The Triumphs of Julius Cæsar, consisting of nine pictures in water colours	*Andrea Mantegna.*
814.	Sir Jeffery Hudson	*Mytens.*
815.	Alderman Lemon.....	*Anonymous.*
816.	Henry VII. and his Queen, Elizabeth; Henry VIII. and his Queen, Jane Seymour	*Remee, after Holbein.*
817.	Portrait of a Man with a watch in his hand	*Anonymous.*
818.	Portrait of a Lady	———
819.	Schachner of Austria	———
820.	Portrait of a Lady	———
821.	Lord Darnley and his Brother.....	*L. de Heere.*
822.	Portraits of Gentlemen	*Anonymous.*
823.	Jane Shore.....	— —
824.	Duke of Wirtemberg	*Mytens.*
825.	Edward III.....	*Anonymous.*
826 to 828	Portraits of Gentlemen unknown.....	———
829.	The Daughters of George II.....	*Maingaud.*
830 to 832	Portraits of Ladies unknown	*Anonymous.*
833.	Haydn, the Composer.....	———
834.	Portrait of a Gentleman.....	———
835.	George I.....	———
836.	Portrait of a Lady	———
837.	The Emperor Paul of Russia.....	———
838.	Stanislaus, King of Poland	———
839.	William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, great-grandfather to William III..	———
840.	Queen of Prussia.....	———
841.	Louis XIV. of France, when young ..	———
842.	Portrait of a Lady	———
843.	General Spalken	———
844.	Portrait of a Lady	———
845.	Portrait of a Gentleman.....	———
846.	North, Bishop of Winchester	*Dance.*
847 848	Hurd, Bishop of Worcester	*Gainsborough.*
849.	Portrait of a Lady	*Anonymous.*
850.	Duke of Gloucester.....	*Kneller.*
851.	George, Prince of Denmark.....	*Dahl.*
852 to 855	Portraits of Foreign Princes.....	*Anonymous.*

THE QUEEN'S STAIRCASE.

	Ceiling	*Vick.*
856.	Charles I. and his Queen, as Apollo and Diana; the Duke of Buckingham, as Mercury, introducing them to the Arts and Sciences, while several Genii are driving away Envy and Malice.....	*G. Honthorst.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
	THE QUEEN'S GUARD CHAMBER.	
857.	The Triumph of Bacchus	*Ciro Ferri.*
858.	A Fruit Piece	*De Heem.*
859.	Christ in the House of Mary and Martha	*Vriese.*
860.	The Murder of the Innocents	*Old Brueghel.*
861.	An Incantation	*J. Bos.*
862.	Portrait of Gentz	*Sir T. Lawrence.*
863.	Fair Rosamond Clifford	*Anonymous.*
864.	C. F. Abel, an eminent musician and composer	*Robineau.*
865.	Philip III. of Spain	*Anonymous.*
866.	Portrait of a Man in Armour	———
867.	Portrait of a *Youth*	———
868.	Mrs. Delany	*Opie.*
869.	Portrait of a Lady	*Anonymous.*
870.	Duke of Gloucester, Son of Queen Anne	*Kneller.*
871.	Mary de Medicis	*Pourbus.*
872.	Whole-length Portrait of a Child	*Anonymous.*
873.	Henry IV. of France	*Pourbus.*
874.	Portrait of a Lady in a large ruff	*Anonymous.*
875.	Portrait of a Lady	———
876.	Sir I. Newton	*Sir G. Kneller.*
877.	Samson and Dalilah	*Vandyck.*
878.	John Locke	*Sir G. Kneller.*
879.	The Assembly of the Gods	*B. Sprangher.*
880.	The Burning of Rome	*Giulio Romano.*
881.	The Earl of Moira	*J. Hoppner.*
882.	The King of Oude receiving Tribute	*Home.*
883.	A Wild Boar Hunt	*Snyders.*
884.	The Comic Muse	*J. Hoppner.*
885.	Francis, Duke of Bedford	———
886.	Virgin and Child	*Carlo Cignani.*
887.	St. Jerome	*J. de Hennessen.*
888.	The Marquis del Guasto, and Page	*Titian.*
889.	A Sea Port	*Parcelles.*
890.	Portrait of Himself	*Giacomo Bassano.*
891.	Portrait of Himself	*Sir P. Lely.*
892.	Portrait of Tintoretto	*Anonymous.*
893.	Portrait of Holbein	———
894.	Portrait of Giulio Romano	———
895.	Portrait of Michael Angelo	———
896.	Portrait of P. del Vaga	———
897.	The Triumph of Bacchus, Venus, and Ariadne	*Romanelli, after Guido.*
898.	Interior of a Hall, with Figures	*Van Delen.*
899.	St. George and the Fair Princess, Cleodolinde	*Tintoretto.*
900.	Virgin and Child	—
901.	Cleopatra	*Caracci.*
902.	Still Life	*Roestraeten.*
903.	A Landscape, with Cattle	*Swaneveldt.*
904.	Christian VII. of Denmark	*Anonymous.*
905.	Charles XII. of Sweden	———
906.	Frederick II. of Prussia	———
907.	The Queen of Frederick II. of Denmark	———

No.	Title of Picture	Painted by
908.	Mademoiselle de Clermont	*Anonymous.*
909.	Marianne, Duchess de Bourbon, daughter of the Prince de Conti	———
910.	Madame Pompadour	*Greuze.*
911.	Cherries in a Dish	*Daniel Nes.*
912.	The Holy Family	*F. Lauri.*
913.	Portrait of a Gentleman	———
914.	View in the West Indies	*F. Post.*
915.	Venus and Satyr	*Albano.*
916.	Portrait of a Gentleman	*Titian.*
917.	Italian Peasants	*M. A. Battaglia.*
918.	Virgin and Child	*J. de Mabuse.*
919.	Portrait of Himself	*Titian.*
920.	An East-Indian Scene	*Anonymous.*
921.	A Dead Christ	*N. Poussin.*
922.	Portrait of Raphael	*Anonymous.*
923.	The Judgment of Paris	*L. Cranach.*
924.	The Shepherd's Offering	*T. Zuccaro.*
925.	Portrait of Himself	*Giorgione.*
926.	Nymphs and Satyrs in a Landscape	*Poelemberg.*
927.	Worshipping the Host	*Bassano.*
928.	Portrait of Himself	*Holbein.*
	THE ANTE-ROOM.	
929.	Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Knowles' Squadron attacking Port Louis in St. Domingo, March 8, 1784	*Anonymous.*
930.	A Dock-yard	*J. Clevely.*
931.	Deptford Dock-yard	*R. Paton.*
932.	The Royal Yacht in a Storm, with Queen Charlotte on board	*R. Wright.*
933.	Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Knowles' Action with a Spanish Squadron off the Havannah, in the Isle of Cuba, Oct. 1, 1748	*Anonymous.*
934, 935	The Hull of the Sphynx, sixth rate, 20 guns	*Marshall.*
936, 937	The Hull of the Enterprise, sixth rate, 28 guns	———
938, 939	The Hull of the Kingfisher, a Sloop, 14 guns	———
	THE QUEEN'S PRESENCE CHAMBER.	
940 to 943	George III. reviewing the Fleet at Portsmouth	*D. Serres.*
944.	Charles I. returning from Spain	*H. C. Vroom.*
945.	Battle-Piece, the Action of November 4, 1805	*Pocock.*
946.	Battle-Piece, Sir Robert Calder's Action, July 22, 1805	———
947.	Battle-Piece, a British Ship engaged with three Spanish Vessels	*Vandervelde.*
948.	The Close of the same Action	———
949.	The Destruction of a Dutch Fleet, and the Town of Bandaris, on the coast of Holland, by Admiral Sir R. Holmes, on the 29th of July, 1666	———

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
950.	The Battle of August, 1673, between Sir E. Spragge and Admiral Van Tromp	*Vandervelde.*
951 } 952 }	The Hull of the Royal George, first rate	*Marshall.*
953 } 954 }	Sea Pieces (sketches in black and white)	*Vandervelde.*
955.	The Dock-yard at Portsmouth	*R. Paton.*
956.	The Commencement of the Battle of Camperdown	*J. T. Serres.*
957.	The Dock-yard at Sheerness	*R. Paton.*
958.	An Action between a British ship and a Dutch fleet	*Vandervelde.*
959.	Sir John Lawson	*Sir Peter Lely.*
960.	An Action between the English and Dutch	*Vandervelde.*
961 } 962 }	Two small Sea Pieces	*Swaine.*
963.	The Battle of Trafalgar	*Huggins.*
964.	The Day after the Battle of Trafalgar	———
965.	The Close of the Battle of Trafalgar	—— —
966.	An Action between the English and Dutch	*Vandervelde.*
967.	The Earl of Sandwich	*Dobson.*
968.	The British Fleet attacking the French Fleet in a Harbour	*Vandervelde.*
969.	The Dock-yard at Chatham	*R. Paton.*
970.	The Battle of Camperdown — the Close of the Action	*J. T. Serres.*
971.	The Dock-yard at Woolwich	*R. Paton.*
972.	Sea Piece—a Calm	*Vandervelde.*
973 } 974 }	The Hull of a Vessel	*Anonymous.*
976.	A Sea Engagement	*Parcelles.*
976 } 977 }	The Burning of the French ships Soleil Royal, Admirable, and Conquerant, by fire-ships and boats, at La Hogue	*Anonymous.*
978.	The Burning of a Fleet in Harbour	*Vandervelde.*
979.	The Burning of a Fleet	———
980.	The English Fleet attacking the Dutch Fleet in a Harbour	———
981.	The Burning of a Fleet	———
982 } 983 }	The Hull of the Barfleur, second rate	*Marshall.*
984.	A Sea Piece	*Anonymous.*
985.	View of the Thames at Greenwich	———
986.	A Sea Piece	*Elliott.*
987.	View of the Thames at the Tower	*Anonymous.*
988.	Blackwall	*J. T. Serres.*
989.	View of the Thames at the Temple	*Anonymous.*
990.	A Sea Piece	*Elliott.*
991.	A Sea Piece	*Anonymous.*
992.	A Sea Piece	*J. T. Serres.*
993 } 994 }	The Hull of the Experiment, fourth rate	*Marshall.*
995 } 996 }	The Hull of the Royal Oak, third rate	———

No	Title of Picture.	Painted by
997 } 998 }	The Hull of the Ambuscade, fifth rate.....	*Marshall.*
999 } 1000 }	The Hull of the Intrepid, third rate ..	———
1001 } 1002 }	The Hull of the Portland, fourth rate..	———
1003.	Sea Piece	*Brooking.*
1004.	View in Holland	*Anonymous.*
1005.	View in Holland	———
1006.	River in Holland	*S. Ruysdael.*
1007.	A Sea Piece	*D. Serres.*
1008.	A Sea Piece	*Monamy.*

APPENDIX IV.

CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES

AT

WINDSOR CASTLE.

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
1.	Count Van Den Berg	*Vandyck.*
2.	King Charles I. his Queen Henrietta Maria, and two of their children, Prince Charles (3 years old) and the Princess Mary	———
3.	The Duchess of Richmond, with the attributes of St. Agnes	———
4.	Thomas Killigrew, and Thomas Carew	———
5.	Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I.	———
6.	Anastasia Venetia, Lady Digby	———
7.	George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, and his brother Lord Thomas Villiers, as boys	———
8.	The Prince of Carignano, grandfather of Prince Eugene	———
9.	Queen Henrietta Maria	———
10.	The Princess Beatrice de Canteroze	———
11.	The Children of Charles I	—
12.	Charles I. Three Heads in three points of View	———
13.	Queen Henrietta Maria	———
14.	Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle	———
15.	Sir Kenelm Digby	———
16.	Charles II. when a boy	———
17.	Vandyck	———
18.	Queen Henrietta Maria	———
19.	The Countess of Dorset	———
20.	Three of Charles I.'s Children, Prince Charles, Duke of York, and the Princess Mary	———

No.	Title of Picture	Painted by
21.	Charles I.	*Vandyck.*
22.	Portrait of a Gentleman (unknown)	———
	QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM.	
23.	Portrait of Henry, Duke of Gloucester, Youngest son of Charles I.	*Lely.*
24.	William, third Earl of Pembroke	*Paul Van Somer.*
25.	Jacob Watering his Flock	*Zuccarelli.*
26.	Meeting of Isaac and Rebecca	———
27.	Finding of Moses	———
28 to 33	Landscapes with Figures	———
	QUEEN'S CLOSET.	
34.	View of an Italian Sea Port	*Carlo Varis.*
35.	Henry VIII.	*Holbein.*
36.	Landscape	*Claude.*
37.	Falconer feeding a Hawk	*Anonymous.*
38.	Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk	*Holbein.*
39.	James, first Duke of Hamilton	*Gerard Honthorst.*
40.	King Edward VI.	*Holbein* (?)
41.	Sea Port	*Varis.*
42.	Head of a Young man in a Turban	*Rembrandt.*
43.	Virgin and Child	*Vandyck.*
44.	Italian Sea Port	*Varis.*
45.	Interior of a Picture Gallery	*Old Teniers.*
46.	A Holy Family	*Sebastian del Piombo.*
47.	Rocky Landscape	*Teniers.*
48.	Interior of a Laboratory	*Old Teniers.*
49.	An Italian Sea Port	*Varis.*
50.	A Nativity	*Baroccio.*
51.	A Head	*Gerard Douw* (?)
52.	John Malderus, Bishop of Antwerp	*Rubens.*
53.	Portrait of a Man	*Giacomo Bassano.*
54.	Titian and the Chancellor Franceschini	*Titian.*
55.	An Infant Christ	*C. Muratti.*
56.	St. John in the Wilderness	*Guercino.*
57.	Erasmus — Copied by George Penz of Nuremberg	*[After] Holbein.*
58.	An Italian Sea Port	*Varis.*
	THE KING'S CLOSET.	
59.	Emperor Charles V.	*Sir Antonio More.*
60.	A Man's Head	*Parmegiano.*
61.	Portrait of his Wife	*Van Cleve.*
62.	Portrait of Himself	———
63.	A Flemish Fête	*Van Brueghel.*
64.	St. Catherine of Alexandria	*Guido.*
65.	A Madonna	*Carlo Dolce.*
66.	Interior of a Picture Gallery	*Erasmus Quellinus.*
67.	The Money Changers	*Quintin Matsys.*
68.	Head of St. Sebastian	*Guido.*
69.	A Man with a Sword	*Spagnoletto.*
70.	The Garden of Eden	*Jan Brueghel.*
71.	Small Head of Christ	*Carlo Dolce.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
72.	St. Christopher	*Adam Helzheimer.*
73.	An Encampment	*Wouvermans.*
74.	Windsor Castle, in the year 1672	*John Vorsterman.*
75.	The Woman of Samaria	*Guercino.*
76.	A Holy Family, with St. Luke and St. Ignatius Loyola worshipping	*Tintoretto.*
77.	The Antiquarian	*Mireveldt.*
78.	St. Catherine of Alexandria	*Domenichino.*
79.	An Officer of the Pope's Guard	*Parmegiano.*
80.	Landscape, with Horses	*Adrian Vandervelde.*
81.	Windsor Castle—*temp.* Charles II.	*Vorsterman.*
82.	Portrait of Himself	*Guercino.*
83.	St. Matthew writing his Gospel	———
84.	The Music Lesson	*Egion Vanderneer.*
85.	A Virgin and Child	*David Teniers, after Titian.*
86.	A Holy Family	*Giulio Romano.*
87.	Interior of a Church	*Peter Neefs.*
88.	A Landscape and Figures	*Wouvermans.*
89.	Mary Magdalen anointing the feet of our Saviour	*Rubens.*
90.	Landscape—Companion to No. 80	*Wouvermans.*
91.	Still Life	*Francis Franks.*
92.	St. Peter released from Prison	*H. Steenwick the younger.*
93.	The Duke of Florence's Gardener	*Francois Bigio or Andrea del Sarto.*
94.	Interior of a Dutch Cottage	*Jan Steen.*
95.	A Holy Family, with St. George, St. Stephen, and St. Jerome	*Teniers.*
96.	A Holy Family, St. John wiping the feet of our Saviour	*Camillo Procaccini.*
97.	Interior of a Church	*Peter Neefs.*
98.	Ferdinand Alvarez, Duke of Alva	*Sir Antonio More.*
	IN THE KING'S COUNCIL CHAMBER.	
99.	Prince Rupert	*Lely.*
100.	Cleopatra applying the Asp	*Guido.*
101.	Sea Piece—the Story of Jonah	*Gaspar Poussin.*
102.	Minerva	*Parmegiano.*
103.	Head of an Old Woman	*Rembrandt.*
104.	St. Paul (a head)	*Guercino.*
105.	A Sea Port.—Morning	*Claude.*
106.	St. John the Baptist	*Parmegiano.*
107.	A Sybil	*Guercino.*
108.	A Woody Landscape	*G. Poussin.*
109.	St. Peter (a head)	*Guercino.*
110.	Portrait of the German Merchant Stallhof	*Holbein.*
111.	A Female Head	*And. del Sarto.*
112.	St. Catherine of Alexandria	[*After*] *L. da Vinci.*
113.	A Holy Family	*Garofolo.*
114.	Head of a young German	*Holbein.*
115.	A wild, rocky Landscape	*G. Poussin.*
116.	A Magdalen	*C. Dolce.*
117.	Charles II.	*Lely.*
118.	The daughter of Herodias, with the Head of St. John the Baptist	*C. Dolce.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
119.	Landscape	*G. Poussin.*
120.	Head of Luther (?)	*Holbein* (?)
121.	A Holy Family. "Il Silenzio."	*A. Caracci.*
122.	A Man's Portrait	*Parmegiano.*
123.	Interior of a Grange	*Teniers.*
124.	View near Rome	*Claude.*
125.	A Holy Family	*Anonymous.*
126.	St. Agnes	*Domenichino.*
127.	Interior of a Church, with the Procession of the Host	*Peter Neefs.*
128.	Virgin and Child	*Carlo Maratti.*
129.	Interior of a Church (Companion to No. 127)	*Peter Neefs.*
130.	A Landscape, with Cattle and Figures	*Berghem.*
131.	A View near Rome	*Claude.*
132.	A Holy Family	*Anonymous?*
133.	The great Duke of Marlborough	*Kneller.*
	KING'S DRAWING ROOM, CALLED THE RUBENS ROOM.	
134.	Portrait of Himself	*Rubens.*
135.	St. Martin dividing his Cloak with Poor Men	———
136.	Holy Family	———
137.	Philip II. of Spain on Horseback; the Battle of St. Quintin in the distance	———
138.	Elizabeth Brandt, Rubens's First Wife	———
139.	Landscape.—Winter	———
140.	The Archduke Albert on Horseback; Antwerp in the distance	———
141.	Landscape.—Summer (Companion to No. 139)	———
142.	The Family of Sir Balthazar Gerbier	*Vandyck.*
143.	A Portrait, uncertain	*Rubens.*
144.	Don Ferdinand, the Cardinal Infant, and the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, at the Battle of Nordlingen	———
	THE VESTIBULE.	
145.	Edward III. after the Battle of Crecy	*West.*
146.	Edward the Black Prince, after the Battle of Poictiers	———
147.	Philippa, Wife of Edward III., at the Battle of Neville's Cross	———
148.	Queen Philippa, suing for the pardon of the Six Burghers of Calais	———
149.	Edward III. entertaining his prisoners after the Surrender of Calais	———
	THE THRONE ROOM.	
150.	The first Installation of the Knights of the Garter, 1349	———
151.	George IV. in the Robes of the Garter	———

No.	Title of Picture	Painted by
152.	George III. in the Robes of the Garter	*Gainsborough.*
153.	William IV. in the Robes of the Garter	*Shee.*
	GREAT BANQUETING ROOM, OR WATERLOO CHAMBER.	
154.	Frederick, Duke of York	*Lawrence.*
155.	Lord Castlereagh	———
156.	George IV.	———
157.	George III.	*Beechey.*
158.	Lord Hill, late Commander in Chief	*Pickersgill.*
159.	William IV	*Wilkie.*
160.	The Earl of Liverpool	*Lawrence.*
161.	The Duke of Cambridge	———
162.	The Duc d'Angoulême, eldest son of Charles X.	———
163.	General Sir Thomas Picton	*Shee.*
164.	Archduke Charles of Austria	*Lawrence.*
165.	Prince Schwartzenburg	———
166.	Charles X. of France	———
167.	Major General Sir George Wood	———
168.	William Frederick, Duke of Brunswick	———
169.	Major General Czernicheff	———
170.	The Duke de Richelieu	———
171.	Prince Metternich	———
172.	Count Capo D'Istrias	———
173.	Pope Pius VII	———
174.	Count Nesselrode	———
175.	Alexander I. of Russia	———
176.	Francis II. of Austria	———
177.	Frederick William III. of Prussia	———
178.	Prince Hardenberg	———
179.	Cardinal Consalvi	———
180.	George Canning	———
181.	Count Altieri	———
182.	Prince Blucher	———
183.	Duke of Wellington	———
184.	Count Platoff	———
185.	Sir James Kemp	*Pickersgill.*
186.	Marquis of Anglesea	*Shee.*
187.	Ernest Frederick, Count Munster	*Lawrence.*
188.	Lord Bathurst	———
189.	General Ovgroff	———
190.	Humboldt	———
	ST. GEORGE'S HALL.	
191.	George IV.	———
192.	George III.	*Dupont.*
193.	George II.	*Zeeman.*
194.	George I.	*Kneller.*
195.	Queen Anne	———
196.	William IV.	———
197.	Queen Mary II.	*Lely.*
198.	James II	———
199.	Charles II	———
200.	Charles I.	*Vandyck.*
201.	James I.	*A Copy after Van Somer.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
	QUEEN'S PRESENCE CHAMBER.	
202.	Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick	*Anonymous.*
203.	Princess Dorothea of Brunswick	———
204.	Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, daughter of Charles I.....	*P. Mignard.*
	QUEEN'S AUDIENCE CHAMBER.	
205.	Mary Queen of Scots	*Anonymous.*
206.	Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange, Grandfather of William III. of England	*Gerard Honthorst.*
207.	William, Prince of Orange, his Son ..	———
	ON THE STAIRCASE.	
208.	Sir Geoffrey Wyatville	*Lawrence.*

CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES

IN THE COLLECTION OF

The Most Hon. the Marquess of Westminster,

AT

GROSVENOR HOUSE.

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
	THE ANTE-ROOM.	
1.	Portrait of Jane, Lady Grosvenor, Grandmother to the present Marquess	*Chamberlain.*
2.	The Grosvenor Hunt	*Stubbs.*
3.	Portrait of Sir Thomas Grosvenor	*Lely.*
4.	The Death of General Wolfe	*West.*
5.	The Distressed Poet	*Hogarth.*
6.	Portrait of Robert Earl Grosvenor	*Hoppner.*
7.	Sea-shore with Fishermen launching their boat	*De Loutherbourg.*
8.	View in Venice	*Canaletti.*
9.	Portrait of Brood Mares, in Landscape	*Stubbs.*
10.	Portrait of Thomas Grosvenor, Esq.	*Hoppner.*
11.	Sea-shore with Women buying fish	*Gainsborough.*
12.	View on the Dee, near Eaton Hall	*Wilson.*
13.	A Man with a Hawk	*Northcote.*
14.	The Battle of the Boyne	*West.*
15.	Landscape with Cattle and Figures	*J. J. Chalon.*
16.	Portrait of Master Buttall; "The Blue Boy"	*Gainsborough.*
17.	Portrait of General Grosvenor	*Hoppner.*
18.	The Battle of La Hogue	*West.*
	DRAWING ROOM.	
19.	Hagar in the Desert	*Carlo Maratti.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
20.	The Holy Family	*L. da Vinci.*
21.	The Meeting of David and Abigail	*Domenichino.*
22.	St. Agnes	——
23.	Landscape with Figures	*G. Poussin.*
24.	The Marriage of St. Catherine	*Pietro Perugino.*
25.	Head of a Madonna	*Reynolds.*
26.	The Tribute Money	*Titian.*
27.	Landscape, with Figures	*Claude.*
28.	The Virgin and Child, with St. Francis	*L. Caracci.*
29.	Morning; a Landscape	*Claude.*
30.	The Marriage of St. Catherine	*Parmegiano.*
31.	David and Bathsheba	*C. Maratti.*
32.	The Circumcision	*G. Bellini.*
33.	Portrait of Himself	*Velasquez.*
34.	Arcas and Calisto	*N. Poussin.*
35.	Portrait of Countess Mattei	*A. del Sarto.*
36.	The Israelites returning thanks for Water in the Desert	*N. Poussin.*
37.	The Virgin with the Infant Christ Sleeping	*Guido.*
38.	Boys at Play	*N. Poussin.*
39.	The Marriage Feast	*P. Veronese.*
40.	The Virgin with the Infant Christ, St. James, and other Saints	*Giovanni Bellini.*
41.	The Virgin and Child, with St. John	*Raphael.*
42.	Landscape, with Figures	*G. Poussin.*
43.	Holy Family	*Bartolomeo.*
44.	The Shepherd's Offering	*Guido Reni.*
45.	The Repose	*Barroccio.*
46.	A Landscape, with the Repose	*Claude.*
47.	The Tent of Darius	*Lebrun.*
48.	St. John preaching in the Wilderness	*Guido.*
49.	St. John in the Desert	*Raphael.*
50.	The Repose, with Angels	——
51.	The Conversion of St. Paul	*Rubens.*
52.	Infant Christ Sleeping and St. John	*Murillo.*
53.	The Shepherd's Offering	*Bassano.*
54.	The Virgin, with the Infant Sleeping and St. John	*Raphael.*
55.	The Holy Family, with Angels	*Guido.*
56.	St. Luke Painting the Virgin	*Raphael.*
57.	The Entombment of Christ	*Baroccio.*
58.	A Boar Hunt	*Snyders.*
59.	The Israelites worshipping the Golden Calf	*Claude.*
60.	The Meeting of Abraham and Melchisedek	*Rubens.*
61.	Landscape, with Story of Jupiter and Antiope, and View of the Town and Castle of Cadore	*Titian.*
62.	Christ's Sermon on the Mount	*Claude.*
63.	Fortune	*Guido Reni.*
64.	Landscape: Evening	*Claude.*
65.	The Israelites Gathering the Manna	*Rubens.*
66.	St. Bruno	*Andrea Sacchi.*
67.	Landscape: Morning (Companion to 64)	*Claude.*
68.	The Evangelists	*Rubens.*
69.	The Meeting of Jacob and Laban	*Murillo.*

No.	Title of Pictures.	Painted by
70.	Landscape: Evening; The Decline of the Roman Empire (*duplicate*)	*Claude.*
71.	Holy Family, with Angels	*N. Poussin.*
72.	Landscape: Morning; the Rise of the Roman Empire (*duplicate*)	*Claude.*
73.	The Fathers of the Church	*Rubens.*
74.	Holy Family; with St. Joseph and St. Elizabeth	*A. del Sarto.*
75.	The Woman taken in Adultery	*Titian.*
76.	Portrait of Himself and his first Wife	*Rubens.*
77.	Holy Family	*L. Caracci.*
78.	Ixion Embracing the False Juno	*Rubens.*
	THE SALOON.	
79.	Two Angels	———
80.	Holy Family in a Landscape	*Correggio.*
81.	The Triumph of Venus	*Albano.*
82.	The Angel appearing to Hagar	*Pietro da Cortona.*
83.	Landscape with Figures and Cattle	*Berghem.*
84.	The Salutation	*P. Veronese.*
85.	St. John	*Murillo.*
86.	A View in North Holland	*Philip de Koningh.*
87 88	Deer in a Landscape	*John Elias Ridinger.*
89.	St. Peter	*Polidoro.*
90.	The Virgin and Child	*Albano.*
91.	St. Paul	*Polidoro.*
92.	The Marriage of St. Catherine	*Pietro da Cortona.*
93.	Virgin and Child with St. John	*Sasso Ferrato.*
94.	Joseph sold by his Brethren	*Trevisani.*
95.	Landscape, with Portraits of the Artist and his Wife	*Teniers.*
96.	The Marriage of St. Catherine	*Vandyck.*
97.	Holy Family	*Andrea del Sarto.*
98.	The Sybil's Temple at Tivoli	*G. Poussin.*
	THE ANTI-DINING ROOM.	
99.	Landscape, Figures and Cattle	*Cuyp.*
100.	Sheep	———
101.	Sarah Sending away Hagar	*Rubens.*
102.	Portrait of Himself when Young	*Rembrandt.*
103.	A Dutch Family saying Grace	*Teniers.*
104.	A Horse Fair	*Wouvermans.*
105.	Landscape, with Figures	*Both.*
106.	A View in Holland	*Rubens.*
107.	An Interior with Men Smoking	*Teniers.*
108.	Birds	*Fyt.*
109.	A Forest Scene	*Hobbema, and A. Vandervelde.*
110.	A Moonlight with Cattle	*Cuyp.*
111.	A River View with Boats and Figures	———
112.	View of a Dutch Town	*Vangoyen.*
113.	Dead Game	*Fyt.*
114.	A Forest Scene, with Figures	*Hobbema and A. Vandervelde.*
115.	Landscape; A View near the Hague, with Cattle and Figures	*Paul Potter.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
116.	A Farm Yard, with Cattle	*A. Vandervelde.*
117.	Portrait of Berghem's Wife	*Rembrandt.*
118.	A Man with a Hawk	———
119.	An Italian Scene, with Figures	*Le Nain.*
120.	Landscape, with Fishermen	*Rembrandt and Teniers.*
121.	Holy Family	*C. Vanderwerf.*
122.	Virgin and St. Elizabeth	*Rembrandt.*
123.	Interior of a Chamber	*Gerhard Douw.*
124.	Portrait of Berghem	*Rembrandt.*
125.	Portrait of a Lady	———

DINING ROOM.

126.	A Madonna	*Guercino.*
127.	Diogenes	*Spagnoletto.*
128.	Macbeth and the Witches	*Zuccarelli.*
129.	A Sea Port on the Mediterranean, with Shipping and Figures	*Vernet.*
130.	A Flower Piece	*Mignon.*
131.	Joseph's Dream	*Mengs.*
132.	Landscape	*Claude.*
133.	St. Veronica	*Morales.*
134.	Portrait of Himself	*Salvator Rosa.*
135.	The Vision of St. Jerome	*Parmegiano.*
136.	The Wise Men's Offering	*Rubens.*
137.	The Marys at the Tomb	*S. Rosa.*
138.	Magdalen, with Angels	*Schedoni.*
139.	Landscape	*Horizonte.*
140.	Head of St. John	*A. del Sarto.*
141.	Virgin and Child	*Tintoretto.*
142.	Portrait of the Prince of Asturias	*Velasquez.*
143.	A Head of Christ	*A. del Sarto.*

CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES

AT

WILTON HOUSE,

The Seat of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Pembroke,

WILTON, WILTS.

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
	ANTI-ROOM TO THE CORNER ROOM.	
1.	Democritus	*Spagnoletto.*
2.	Virgin and Child, with Angels	*Carlo Maratti.*
3.	Two Boys	*N. Poussin.*
4.	Battle Piece	*Borgognone.*
5.	Dead Christ	*Albert Durer.*
6.	Battle Piece	*Borgognone.*
7.	The Nativity	*Novellari.*
8.	St. Sebastian	*Scarsellino da Ferrara.*
9.	Our Saviour when a Child	*Paolo Mattei.*
10.	A Piper	*Giorgione.*
11.	Three Children of Henry VII.	*Holbein.*
12.	An ancient painting of Richard II. &c.	*Anonymous.*
13.	A Man Smoking	*Teniers.*
14.	Judgment of Midas	*Filippo Lavri.*
15.	The Duc d'Epernon	*Vandyck.*
16.	Old Man and Children	*Frank Hall.*
17.	The Ascension	*Giulio Romano.*
18.	St. Anthony	*Correggio.*
19.	Francis II. of France	*Zuccaro.*
20.	Virgin and Christ	*D. Crespi.*
21.	The Nativity	*Theodoro.*
22.	Head of St. Paul	*A. Caracci.*
23.	Virgin, Christ, St. John, &c.	*Contarini.*
24.	Landscape	*G. Poussin.*
25.	Virgin, Christ, &c.	*Raphael.*
26.	Christ taken from the Cross	*Valerio Castelli.*
27.	Landscape	*F. Mola.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
28.	De Witt	*Gaspard Netscher.*
29.	A Sea View	*Vernet.*
	THE CORNER ROOM.	
30.	Prince Rupert	*Vandyck.*
31.	A Flemish Subject	*Brankenburg.*
32.	Interior of a Seraglio	*Otto Venius.*
33.	Holy Family	*A. del Sarto.*
34.	Dead Christ, with Angels	*Buffalmacco.*
35.	Virgin and Christ	*Raphael.*
36.	Christ in the Temple	*Salviati.*
37.	Virgin and Child	*Albano.*
38.	Boy taking Physic	*Bombaccio.*
39.	Interior of the Dusseldorf Gallery	*Old Franks.*
40.	Bacchus and Ariadne	*F. Mola.*
41.	A Madonna	*Carlo Maratti.*
42.	Virgin and Christ	*Baroccio.*
43.	Departure of the Prodigal Son	*Wouvermans.*
44.	A Landscape	*Rubens.*
45.	A Holy Family	*Parmegiano.*
46.	Money Changers	*Dom. Fetti.*
47.	Young Woman and Dog	*Correggio.*
48.	Ruins and Figures	*Paulo Panini.*
49.	Women bringing Children to Christ	*Huens.*
50.	Virgin teaching Christ to read	*Guercino.*
51.	Philip Earl of Pembroke	*Vandyck.*
52.	Holy Family	*Caracci.*
53.	Mars and Venus	*Vanderwerf.*
54.	A Landscape	*Claude.*
55.	The Nativity	*Rubens.*
56.	Dead Christ	*Michael Angelo.*
57.	Infant Christ in the Manger	*Vandyck.*
58.	The Assumption	*Raphael.*
59.	A Magdalen	*Titian.*
60.	Narcissus	*N. Poussin.*
61.	A Holy Family	*Francesco Penni.*
62.	The Marriage of St. Catherine	*Sophonisba Angosciola.*
63.	Judith	*Andrea del Martegna.*
64.	A Magdalen	*Domenichino.*
65.	Our Saviour and Joseph	*Canciagi.*
66.	Head of Himself	*Mieris.*
67.	Judge More (Father of Sir Thos. More)	*Holbein.*
68.	A Madonna	*Carlo Dolce.*
69.	Christ taken from the Cross	*Figino.*
70.	Market People	*Giuseppe Cresci.*
71.	A Holy Family	*Schedoni.*
72.	Salutation of the Virgin	*Daume.*
73.	Christ bearing the Cross	*A. del Sarto.*
74.	The Assumption	*Rubens.*
	THE NEXT APARTMENT.	
75.	Ceres	*Parmegiano.*
76.	Interior of a Church	*Stenwick.*
77.	A Madonna	*Sasso Ferrato.*
78.	Harmony between Poetry and Painting	*Romanelli.*
79.	Edward VI.	*Holbein.*
80.	Rape of Deranina	*P. Cresci.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
81.	Job and his Friends	*Andrea Sacchi.*
82.	A Veiled Female	*Anonymous.*
83.	Soldiers tearing our Saviour's Coat	*A. Caracci.*
84.	Four Children	*Rubens.*
85.	A Half-length	*Titian.*
86.	A Gale	*Vandervelde.*
87.	A Calm	———
88.	Descent of the Holy Ghost	*Salimbeni.*
89.	An Old Woman Reading	*Rembrandt.*
90.	A Holy Family	*Schedoni.*
91.	Charity	*Guido.*
92.	Birth of St. John	*B. Peruzzi.*
93.	Virgin and Child	*Simon da Pesaro.*
94.	Triumph of Bacchus	*Giulio Romano.*
95.	Cattle	*Rosa di Tivoli.*
96.	Beheading of St. John	*Dobson.*
97.	Shepherd and Shepherdess	*Bloemart.*
	GREAT ANTI-ROOM.	
98.	Countess of Castle-Haven	*Vandyck.*
99.	Philip, Second Earl of Pembroke	———
100.	A Landscape	*Wilson.*
101.	A Landscape	*Zuccarelli.*
102.	Apollo flaying Marsyas	*Sebastian del Piombo.*
103.	John, Duke of Marlborough	*Reynolds.*
104.	Henry, Earl of Pembroke	———
105.	Portrait of Himself	*Vandyck.*
106.	Dowager Countess of Pembroke, and her Son, the late Earl	*Reynolds.*
107.	The Nativity	*Theodoro.*
108.	A Landscape	*Bartolomeo.*
109.	A Landscape	*Berghem.*
110.	An Ancient Painting from the Temple of Juno	*Anonymous.*
	SINGLE CUBE ROOM.	
	(The Ceiling, representing the Story of Dædalus and Icarus, painted by *Gios. Arpino.*)	
111.	Mr. and Mrs. James Herbert	*Lely.*
112.	Mrs. Killigrew, and Mrs. Morton	*Vandyck.*
113.	Earl and Countess of Bedford	———
114.	Countess of Pembroke and her Sister	*Lely.*
115.	Thomas, Earl of Pembroke	*Wissing.*
116.	Lady Catherine Herbert	*Kneller.*
117.	Christ and the Woman of Samaria	*Gius. Chiari.*
118.	Margaret, Countess of Pembroke	*Wissing.*
	GREAT CUBE ROOM.	
	(The Ceiling, painted by *Tommaso*, represents several Stories of Perseus.)	
119.	The Family Vandyck. [This Picture contains ten whole-length Portraits The two principal, in a sitting posture, are Philip, Earl of Pembroke, and his Lady; on their right hand stand their five sons, Charles, Lord Herbert, Philip, William, James, and John; on their left their daughter Anne-Sophia and her husband Robert, Earl of Carnarvon; before them, Lady Mary, daughter of George Duke of Buckingham, and wife of Charles, Lord Herbert; and above, among the clouds, are two sons and a daughter, who died young.]	*Vandyck.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
120.	King Charles I. and his Queen	*Vandyck.*
121.	William, Earl of Pembroke	———
122.	The first Wife of the second Earl Philip	———
123.	Three Children of Charles I.	———
124.	Duchess of Richmond, and Mrs. Gibson the Dwarf	———
125.	Duke of Richmond	———
126.	Countess of Castle-Haven	———
127.	Philip, Earl of Pembroke	———

CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES

AT

STOURHEAD,

The Seat of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart.,

STOURTON, WILTS.

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
	IN THE ENTRANCE HALL.	
1.	Sir Richard Hoare	*Anonymous.*
2.	Lady Hoare, his Wife	———
3.	Henry Hoare, his eldest Son (on a Grey Horse)	*Dahl.*
4.	Henry Hoare, his third Son (leaning on a Pedestal)	*Anonymous.*
5.	Richard Hoare, second Son of the first named Henry	———
6.	Jane, daughter of Mr. William Benson, and Wife of the first named Henry	———
7.	William Benson	———
8.	Susannah, Daughter of the first named Henry, and first Countess of Ailesbury	———
9.	Anne, second Daughter of the same	———
10 to 12	Other Family Portraits	*Woodforde.*
13 14	(On each side of the Fire-place) Cattle	*J. Ward.*
15.	(On the West side) Fish and Vegetable Market	*Angello.*
16.	Tartar and Cossack	*Atkinson.*
17.	(Beside the Marble Table) Landscape	*Hobbema.*
18.	An Italian Landscape	*Filippo Hackest.*
19.	Landscape	*T. Barker, of Bath.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
20.	Mill, near Conven, N. Wales	*A. W. Callcott.*
21.	The Broken Pitcher	*Witherington.*
22.	The Bird's Nest	———
23.	A Colour-grinder's Shop	*Bone.*
24.	Horses in a Stable	*Pond.*
25.	The Cottage Door	*Collins.*
26.	Scub, an old Shooting Pony, and Spaniels	*A. Cooper.*
27.	Eton, by Moonlight	*Hofland.*
	MUSIC ROOM.	
28.	Landscape—Diana and Actæon	*The Landscape by Callcott, the Figures by W. Owen.*
29.	A Girl talking with her Fingers "The Dumb Alphabet"	*Northcote.*
30.	Girl and dead Pheasant	*H. Thompson.*
31.	Girl and Dove	*J. Rising.*
32.	A Child holding a Goldfinch	*S. Woodforde.*
33.	A Scene in the E. Indies	*T. Daniell.*
34.	Peasant Girl and Lamb in a Storm	*S. Woodforde.*
35.	Anne, Daughter of H. Hoare	*Owen.*
36.	Henry Hoare	*Reynolds.*
37.	The Car of Cuthillin (Ossian)	*A. Cooper.*
38.	A Stable	*Morland.*
39.	Cattle	*Cuyp.*
40.	The Tomb of Caius Cestius at Rome	*Pietro Bianchi.*
41.	Interior of the Church of St. Peter at Rome	*P. Panini.*
42.	A Sketch for a Ceiling at Venice	*P. Veronese.*
43.	The Madonna dell' Sedia	*Prince Hoare, after Raphael.*
44.	Our Saviour healing the Blind	*Sebastian Ricci.*
45.	Indian Costume	*T. Daniell.*
46.	Head of a Child	*Holbein.*
47.	Beatrice Cenci	*[After] Guido.*
48.	The St. Peter Martyr (After *Titian*)	*F. Mola.*
49.	Peasant Children	*Gainsborough.*
50.	Boy and Girl and Owl	*W. Hilton.*
51, 52	Land and Sea Storm (water-colours)	*F. Nicholson.*
53.	A Landscape	*Lucatelli.*
54, 55	Landscapes	*Horizonte.*
56.	Rocks and Water	*Pietro da Cortona.*
57.	A Landscape	*Anonymous.*
58.	A Landscape, on Paper	*G. Poussin (?)*
	DINING ROOM.	
59		*Coates.*
60		———
61	Family Portraits	*W. Hoare.*
62		*A. Kauffman.*
63		*Coates.*
64	Boys and Sheep (After *Rubens*)	*W. Hoare.*
65 to 67	Nymphs	———

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
68.	Charity (After *Schedoni*)	*W. Hoare.*
69.	The Sybilla Persica (After *Guercino*)..	*Rouby.*
70.	St. Cecilia (a drawing after *Domenichino*	———
71 } 72 }	Cupids (drawing after *Schedoni*).....	———
73.	Penelope and Euriclea	*A. Kauffman.*
74.	A Grecian Lady at a Tambour Table..	———
75 to 78	Family Subjects	*La Grené.*

SOUTH APARTMENT.

79.	Head of Democritus (After *Salvator Liosa*) In bistre.....	*Rouby.*
80.	A Boy playing with Tablets (After *L. da Vinci*) In bistre.....	———
81.	Rembrandt's Mother weighing money (a drawing)	*Seidelman.*
82.	Apollo (After *P. Veronese*) In bistre ..	*Rouby.*
83.	A Boy playing on a Guitar (After *Vanni*) In bistre	———
84.	A Mother feeding her Child (After *Baroccio*) In bistre.....	*Seidelman.*
85.	The School of Cupid (After *Correggio*) In bistre.....	*Rouby.*
86 } 87 }	Cupids (After *A. Caracci*) In bistre..	———
88.	Poetry crowned with Laurel (After *Carlo Dolce*) In bistre.....	———
89.	Two laughing Boys (After *Murillo ?*) In bistre.....	———
90.	St. Mark (After *Bartolomeo*) In bistre	———
91.	The Head of Medusa (After *L. da Vinci*) In bistre	———
92.	A Madonna and Child (After *Cignani*) In bistre.....	———
93.	A Head (After *Raphael*) In bistre	———
94.	A School-Girl (After *Schedoni*) In bistre	———
95.	A Head of a Female pressing to her breast a Child (After *Correggio* ..	———
96.	A Magdalen (After *Guercino*) In bistre	———

A SMALL ADJOINING APARTMENT.

(Besides a Collection of drawings in Water Colours, contains)

97.	The Leaning Tower at Pisa	*Anonymous.*
98.	The River Thames on Lord Mayor's Day.....	*Canaletti.*

ANTE-ROOM TO LIBRARY.

99. 100.	St. Michael } (After *Guido Reni*) In St. Sebastian } bistre.....	*Rouby.*
101 } 102 }	Children from the School of Athens (After *Raphael*) In bistre	———

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
	THE LIBRARY.	
103.	Portrait of Pietro Landi, Doge of Venice	*Anonymous.*
104 to 112	Views in Venice, each representing some Annual Festival	*Canaletti.*
	THE CABINET ROOM.	
113.	Peasants and Colliers	*Gainsborough.*
114, 115	Landscapes	*Momper.*
116.	View of Florence	*Marlow.*
117.	Sea-Port	*Vernet.*
118.	Landscape—Moonlight	———
119.	The Lake of Nemi, with the Story of Diana and her Nymphs	*Wilson.*
120.	The Lake of Averno, with the Story of Æneas and the Sybil, from a Sketch by Sir R. C. Hoare	*Turner.*
121.	View of Naples	*Marlow.*
122.	A Storm with the Story of Jonah and the Whale (After *N. Poussin*)	*Taverner.*
123.	A Landscape	*Claude.*
124.	A Landscape	*N. Poussin.*
125.	A Landscape	*Claude.*
126, 127	Landscapes (After *Claude*)	*Lucatelli.*
128, 129	Landscapes	*Bout and Baudoin.*
130.	A Landscape	*D. Teniers.*
131.	A Landscape	*Wilson.*
132.	Moonlight, with Figures	*Rembrandt.*
133.	A Landscape	*C. W. Bamfylde.*
134.	Amphitheatre at Rome	*Gasparo d'Occhiali.*
135.	Interior of a Church	*H. V. Stein.*
136.	Diana and her Nymphs	*Zuccarelli.*
137.	A Friar praying	*F. Mola.*
138.	Rocks and water	*Rosa di Tivoli.*
139, 140	Landscapes	*Bartolomeo.*
141, 142	Views in Venice	*Canaletti.*
	ANTE-ROOM TO PICTURE GALLERY.	
143.	Card Players and Fortune Teller	*Caravaggio.*
144.	The Servant Maid denying St. Peter	———
145.	View of St. Mark's Place	*Canaletti.*
146.	A Battle-Piece	*Borgognone.*
147.	The Daughter of Herodias	*Carlo Dolce.*
148.	Study	*P. Veronese.*
149.	Boy holding a Greyhound	*Anonymous.*
150.	A Cardinal	*Domenichino.*
151.	A Holy Family	*Palma, Giovane.*
152.	The Marriage in Cana (After *P. Veronese*)	*Sebastian Ricci.*

No.	Title of Pictures.	Painted by
	THE PICTURE GALLERY.	
	(Beginning from the Left, as you enter)	
	South-Side.	
153.	The Triumph of Bacchus (After *A. Caracci*) attributed to.....	*Domenichino.*
154.	A Holy Family.....	*Fra Bartolomeo.*
155.	The Rape of the Sabines	*N. Poussin.*
156.	The Genius of History	*Seb. Conca.*
157.	Head of St. Francis (on paper).....	*Guido.*
158.	A Young Shepherd (on paper).....	*Guercino.*
159.	A Head	*Anonymous.*
160.	A Peasant's Head	*Titian.*
161.	St. John and Lamb.....	*Schedoni.*
162.	A Madonna	*Carlo Dolce.*
	West-Side.	
163.	A Large Allegorical Painting, representing the Artist's introduction to the Marchese Pallavicini	*C. Maratti.*
164.	Democritus	*Salvator Rosa.*
165.	Apollo (a Sketch)	*P. Veronese.*
166.	A Girl in the Character of St. Agnes..	*Titian.*
167.	A Madonna and Child	*C. Cignani.*
168.	The Judgment of Hercules	*N. Poussin.*
169.	A Holy Family.....	*[After] Raphael.*
170.	St. Teresa and a Young Carthusian ..	*Pacchiarotto.*
171.	Tobit and the Angel	*F. Mola.*
172.	David and Goliath	———
173.	Marriage of St. Catherine.....	*Baroccio.*
174.	Adoration of the Magi	*Lodovico Cardi or Cigoli.*
	Right of Chimney.	
175.	Madonna and Child	*Palma Vecchio.*
176.	A Holy Family.....	*[After] Raphael.*
177.	Cæsar and Cleopatra.....	*Raphael Mengs.*
178.	The Emperor Charles V. (After *Titian*)	*Rubens.*
179.	St. Catherine	*Lovino.*
180.	Head of an Old Woman	*Murillo or Velasquez.*
181.	St John in the Wilderness (A Sketch on paper)	*Titian.*
182.	Design for an Altar Piece.....	*Spagnoletto.*
183.	Temptation of St. Anthony	*Teniers.*
184.	The Flight into Egypt	*C. Maratti.*
185.	A Holy Family.....	*Guido Reni.*
	South-Side.	
186, 187	Noah Sacrificing and its Companion..	*Imperiali.*
188.	La Madonna Degli Fiori	*Guercino.*
189.	Elijah restoring the dead Child to Life	*Rembrandt.*
190.	The Madonna and Child with St. John the Baptist and St. Ambrosio	*Andrea del Sarto.*
191.	An Old Man's Head (*Simeon*).....	*Schedoni.*
192.	Two Boys' Heads	*Anonymous.*
193.	Hope, &c.....	*C. Maratti.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
194.	The Annunciation	*Albano.*
195.	A Holy Family (on vellum)	*L. da Vinci.*
196.	The Marriage in Cana (a Sketch on paper)	*P. Veronese.*
197.	A Holy Family	*Schedoni.*
	East, or Window Side.	
198.	A Madonna and Angels	[*After*] *A. del Sarto.*
199.	A Classical Subject	*La Grend.*
200.	A Group from Poussin's Rape of the Sabines	*S. Woodforde.*
201.	(In the Middle Compartment) Distress by Sea	*H. Thompson.*
202.	(In the Middle Compartment) Distress by Land	———
	HALL.	
203.	A Painting, subject not named	*Leandro Bassano.*
204.	Interior of the Pantheon at Stourhead	*Woodforde.*
245.	St. Peter	[*After*] *Guido.*
206.	Old Pare	*Anonymous.*
207.	A Mill, near Llangollen	*Callcott.*
208.	Portrait of R. Fenton, Esq	*Woodforde.*
209.	Portrait of Mr. W. Cunnington	———
	STAIRCASE.	
	South-Side.	
210.	Lake of Bracciano, near Rome	*Moore.*
211.	View in Flanders	*D. Teniers.*
212.	View at Tivoli	*Horizonte.*
213.	Landscape	*Momper.*
214.	Landscape	*W. C. Bampfylde.*
	West-Side.	
215.	Landscape	*Wotton.*
216.	Storm at Sea	*Vernet.*
217.	Lake of Albano with View of the Campagna	*Gregorio Fidanza.*
218.	Landscape, with Porcupine Hunting	*Anonymous.*
219.	Landscape	*Domenichino* (?)
220.	Castle of St. Angelo, at Rome	*Salvator Rosa.*
	North-Side.	
221.	The Convent of St. Cosimato	*Carlo Labruzzi.*
222.	Bay and City of Naples, with a Regatta	*Pietro Antoniani.*
223.	Ruins	*Anonymous.*
224, 225	Landscapes	*Wotton.*
	East-Side.	
226.	Landscape	*W. C. Bampfylde.*
227.	A Storm at Sea	— —
228, 229	Landscapes	*Lucatelli.*
230.	Landscape	*Wotton.*

No.	Title of Picture	Painted by
	SALOON.	
231.	Allegory of Wisdom, as the Companion of Hercules	*[After] P. Veronese.*
232.	Daughter of Herodias with the Head of St. John (After *Guido Reni*)	*Pompeo Batloni.*
233.	Death of Dido	*[After] Guercino.*
234.	Rape of Helen	*[After] Guido Reni.*
235.	Family of Charles I.	*[After] Vandyck.*
236.	Venus attired by the Graces	*[After] Guido Reni.*
237.	Perseus and Andromeda	——
238.	The Judgment of Midas	*Sebastian Bourdon.*
	COLUMN ROOM.	
	(The Pictures in this Room are in Water Colours.)	
239 to 246	A Series of exterior and Interior Views of Salisbury Cathedral	*Turner.*
247.	View of the Lake of Thrasymene	*Du Cros.*
248.	View of Tivoli	——
249.	The Tomb of Munatius Plancus, in the ward between Rome and Tivoli	——
250.	A View at Civita Castellana	——
251.	Subterraneous View of Mecenas' Villa at Tivoli	——
252.	Interior of the Colosseum at Rome	——
253.	The Bridge of Narni	——
254.	Scene on the River which flows down to Terni from the celebrated Waterfall	——
255.	Another View on the same River	——
256.	The Arch of Constantine at Rome	——
257.	Fall of the Velino into the Nar	——
258.	An Avalanche, after De Loutherbourg	*F. Nicholson.*
259.	Macbeth and the Witches on the Heath (In bistre)	*Zuccarelli.*
260.	Bay of Naples and Mount Vesuvius (In bistre)	*Tito Lusieri.*
	IN THE ADJOINING APARTMENT.	
	(*Above the Chimney.*) *Drawings In bistre.*	
261.	The Angel driving Heliodorus from the Temple (After *Raphael*)	*Seidelmann.*
262.	Christ led to the Cross	*[After] Il Sodoma.*
263.	St. Sebastian	——
264.	Portrait of Raphael—from the original in the Altoviti Palace at Florence	——
	South-Side.	
265.	Angels reading Music	*[After] Raphael.*
	Over the Door.	
266.	A Study from the subject of Heliodorus (No. 261)	——

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
266.	The Three Fates	[*After*] *Michael Angelo.*
	East-Side.	
267.	A Subject from the *Incendio di Borgo*	[*After*] *Raphael.*
268.	Another from the *Heliodorus*	———
269, 270.	Subjects from the Dispute of the Sacrament	———
271.	Night	*Guercino.*
272.	Night	*A. Caracci.*
273.	Morning	———
274.	The Angel delivering St. Peter from Prison	*Raphael.*
275.	Mount Parnassus	———
276.	Sappho	———
277.	Danae	*Titian.*
	South-Side.	
278.	Group of Heads	*Parmegiano.*
279.	Charity	*A. del Sarto.*
	There are also in the same apartment several Historical designs in Bistre, by Hysbach, and some Landscapes by Philip Hackert and others.	

CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES

AT

LONGFORD CASTLE, WILTS,

THE SEAT OF

The Right Hon. the Earl of Radnor.

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
	ENTRANCE HALL.	
1.	View of the Sea-port of Folkestone ..	*Marlow.*
	BILLIARD ROOM.	
2.	Portrait of Sir Christopher Bouverie, Bart.....	*Klosterman.*
3.	Portrait of Lady Bouverie, Wife of Sir Christopher.....	———
4.	Portrait of Sir Edward Bouverie, Bart.....	———
5.	Portrait of Anne, Wife of Jacob Earl of Radnor	*Gainsborough.*
6.	Portrait of Harriet, first Wife of William, Earl of Radnor.....	*Hudson.*
7.	Portrait of William, Earl of Radnor..	———
8.	Portrait of Rebecca, second Wife of the above	*Sir J. Reynolds.*
9.	Portrait of Anne, third Wife of the above	*Cotes.*
10.	Portrait of Mary, second Wife of Jacob Visct. Folkestone.....	*Anonymous.*
11.	Portrait of Jacob Visct. Folkestone ..	———
12.	Portrait of Mary, first Wife of Jacob Visct. Folkstone	———
	VESTIBULE.	
13.	Interior of a Church	*Van Claef.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
	LONG PARLOUR.	
14.	Portrait	*Mireveldt.*
15.	Landscape	*Momper.*
16.	Landscape (Shooting Figures)	*Old Teniers.*
17.	Landscape	*Ferg.*
18.	Strolling Fortune-tellers	*Lingtebach.*
19.	Landscape	*Ferg.*
20.	Portrait of Himself	*Rembrandt.*
21.	Stable with Travellers	*Wouvermans.*
22.	Harbour, with Shipping	*Salvator Rosa.*
23.	Sea Piece	*Vandervelde.*
24.	Portrait	*Rubens.*
25.	Dutch Boors at Play	*D. Teniers.*
26.	Jacob, Earl of Radnor	*Sir J. Reynolds.*
27.	Portrait	*Dobson.*
28.	Cupids Harvesting	*Rubens.*
29.	Landscape (Moonlight)	*Ruysdael.*
30.	Landscape	*Holbein.*
31.	Portrait of Himself	*Old D. Teniers.*
32.	Sea Storm	*Cuyp.*
33.	Landscape	*Wynants.*
34.	Portrait of a Female	*Cornelius Janssen.*
35.	Landscape	*G. Poussin.*
36.	Portrait of Mr. Kingsmill	*C. Janssen.*
37.	Landscape (Tivoli)	*G. Poussin.*
	DRAWING ROOM.	
38.	Portrait of Prince of Orange	*Mireveldt.*
109.	Portrait of Rembrandt (small)	*B. Biscar.*
39.	Portrait of a Countess of Winchelsea	*Zuccaro.*
40.	Portrait of Sir Anthony Denny	*Holbein.*
41.	Martinius Rychart	*Vandyck.*
42.	Portrait of a Lady	*Zuccaro.*
43.	Philip, Landgrave of Hesse	*Mireveldt.*
94.	Female holding a Pear	*B. Biscar.*
76.	Erasmus	*Holbein.*
95.	Carlo Dolce holding his own Portrait	*Carlo Dolce.*
80.	Egidius	*Holbein.*
	CHAPEL.	
44.	Grand Altar Piece	*Albert Durer.*
45.	Door to Altar Piece	———
46.	Door to Altar Piece	———
47.	Virgin and Child	*Parmegiano.*
48.	Christ and the Woman of Samaria	*Costangi.*
49.	The Resurrection	*Sebastian Ricci.*
50.	Wise Men's Offering	*A. Durer.*
51.	Salutation	———
52.	St. Cecilia	*C. Maratti.*
53.	Ecce Homo	*Costangi.*
54.	Holy Family	*C. Maratti.*
55.	Virgin, Child, and St. John	*Garafolo.*
56.	Descent from the Cross	*Rothenhamer.*
57.	Joseph's Flight into Egypt	*J. Brueghel.*

No.	Title of Picture	Painted by
58.	Holy Family	*L. Caracci.*
59.	Holy Family	*G. Roncaud.*
	ANTI-CHAPEL.	
60.	Portrait of Cornelius Janssen	*V. H. Janssen.*
61.	Landscape	*J. Brueghel.*
62.	Diana and Nymphs (Sketch)	*Rubens.*
63.	Landscape	*Vanuden.*
64.	Landscape	*Mola.*
66.	Calvin, the Reformer	*Holbein.*
67.	Strolling Players No. 1	*Collet.*
68.	St. John in the Desert	*Antonison.*
69.	Strolling Players No. 2	*Collet.*
70.	Beza, the Reformer	*Holbein.*
71.	Æcolampadius	———
72.	Travellers	*Brueghel.*
74.	Holy Family	*Carlo Maratti.*
102.	Landscape	*Vanuden.*
76.	King Charles I	*Vandyck.*
73.	Landscape	*Wynants.*
144.	Portrait	*Tintoretto.*
79.	Queen of Charles I.	*Vandyck.*
77.	Sir A. Denny (very small)	*Holbein.*
78.	Samuel Anointing David	*Vandyck.*
81.	Woman at Confession	*Hemskerck.*
82.	Piazza di S, Marco, Venice	*Caliavari.*
83.	Prince of Orange	*Mireveldt.*
84.	Holy Family	*Sebastian del Ricci.*
85.	St. John pointing to The Lamb	*Romanelli.*
160.	View on the Dutch Coast	*Van Cleve.*
87.	Charles V. Emperor of Germany	*Ant. More.*
88.	Bird's-eye view of Fontainbleau and environs	*Old Petit.*
89.	Prince of Orange	*Cs. de Moan.*
90.	Madonna at Prayer	*Sasso Ferrato.*
91.	Christ on the road to Emmaus	*Romanelli.*
92.	Dutch Fair	*Wouvermans.*
93.	Count d'Egmont	*Rubens.*
142.	Portrait of Lady Cary, who died for Love of Edward III.	*Holbein.*
143.	Landscape, with Bathers	*Poelemberg.*
96.	Venice	*Caliavari.*
97.	Portrait (said to be) of Mary, Queen of Scots	*Zuccaro.*
98.	John Selden	*C. Janssen.*
99.	Fruit-Tankard and Flowers	*J. de Herm.*
100.	Female Portrait	*Anonymous.*
101.	Dutch Boors quarrelling	*Teniers.*
86.	Figures Bathing	*Poelemberg.*
103.	Landscape	*Mola.*
104.	Queen Elizabeth	*J. van Ravesteyn.*
105.	King Edward VI.	*Holbein.*
106.	Henry VIII's Children	*J. de Mabuse.*
107.	Ruth and Naomi	*Murillo.*
108.	Battle-Piece	*Borgognone.*
65.	Flower-Piece	*Velvet Brueghel.*
110.	Battle-Piece	*Borgognone.*
111.	Prince of Orange	*Ravesteyn.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
112.	A Cardinal	*C. Janssen.*
113.	Thomas, Duke of Norfolk	*Holbein.*
114.	Tobias anointing Tobit's Eye	*Spagnoletto.*
115.	Virgin and Child	*Mabuse.*
116.	Queen Elizabeth	*Zuccaro.*
117.	Queen Mary	*Netscher.*
	GALLERY.	
118.	Magdalen	*Guido.*
119.	Nathan pointing to David "Thou art the Man"	*Rembrandt.*
120.	Sun Rising on the Bay of Naples, the Allegorical Morning of the Roman Empire	*Claude Lorraine.*
121.	The Escurial (Landscape)	*Rubens.*
122.	The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian by command of the Emperor Diocle-sian	*Michael Angelo and Sebastian del Piombo.*
123.	Worship of The Golden Calf	*N. Poussin.*
124.	Venus disarming Cupid	*Correggio.*
125.	Passage of the Red Sea	*N. Poussin.*
126.	Jupiter and Europa	*Guido.*
127.	Two full-length Figures, with table covered with all sorts of instruments — Subject and the Portraits unknown	*Holbein.*
128.	Sun setting — with Roman Ruins — The Allegorical Evening of the Roman Empire	*Claude Lorraine.*
129.	Christ crowned with thorns	*Carlo Dolce.*
130.	The Salutation	*Francesco Penni.*
131.	Adrian Pulidoporeja (Spanish Admiral)	*Velasquez.*
132.	Joseph's Dream	*Pietro da Cortona.*
133.	Portrait, full-length, with Hand resting on a Helmet, name unknown.	*Titian.*
134.	Rubens on a Horse given him by Vandyck	*Vandyck.*
135.	Gaston, Duke of Orleans	
	GREEN VELVET ROOM.	
136.	Portrait of a Female	*Raphael.*
137.	The Painter's Boy	*Rubens.*
138.	The Duc de Valentinois	*Titian.*
139.	Virgin and Child, St. John and two other Figures	*A. del Sarto.*
140.	Portrait (said to be, but *very* doubtful) of Martin Luther	*Holbein.*
141.	Virgin, Child, and St. John.	*L. Caracci.*
145.	Titian's Mistress	*Giorgione.*
146.	Portrait of a Sculptor with his right hand on a Bust	*Titian.*
147.	Portrait of Juan di Parigi (his Moorish Slave)	*Velasquez.*

[Of this admirable work, the story runs, that it was the Picture sent to Philip IV. of Spain to show him 'What Velasquez could do."]

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
	GREEN DRESSING ROOM.	
148.	Battle-Piece	*Hugtenburgh.*
149.	Mr. Taylor, Master of Revels to Charles I.	*Cornelius Janssen.*
150.	Family Group (name unknown	*Terburgh.*
151.	Frost-Piece	*Haverkemp.*
152.	Landscape	*Van Diest.*
153.	Lady Knight	*Cornelius Janssen.*
154.	Commercial Port	*Van Diest.*
155.	Group of Cupids	*Cornelius Schut.*
156.	Spring Season	*Bassan.*
157.	A Martyrdom	*F. Louri.*
158.	Girl's School	*C. F. Cypoe.*
159.	Summer	*Bassan.*
161.	Autumn	———
162.	Group of Cupids	*Cornelius Schut.*
163.	Winter	*Bassan.*
164.	Hagar and Ishmael	*F. Mola.*
166.	Sketch	*Rubens.*
166.	Old Man's Head	*Spagnoletto.*
167.	Oliver Cromwell	*Walker.*
168.	Portrait of Himself	*Kneller.*
169.	Portrait of Himself	*Lely.*
170.	Portrait of Sir Peter Young	*Mirevelt.*
171.	Battle-Piece	*Borgognone.*
172.	Lady Tilney Long	*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*
173.	Duke of Alva on Horseback	*Rubens.*
174.	Countess of Cumberland	*Anonymous.*
175.	Landscape	*Van Diest.*
176.	Mary de Medicis	*Rubens.*
177.	Portrait of the Duke of Alva	*Diepenbeke.*
	GREEN BED-ROOM.	
178.	Charity	*L. Carucci.*
179.	Miss Smith	*Closterman.*
480.	Colonel Davenant	*Sir P. Lely.*
181.	King William III. on Horseback	*Netscher.*
182.	Countess of Chesterfield	*Vandyck.*
183.	Countess of Monmouth	———
184.	Boy's School	*C. F. Cypoe.*
185.	Lady Forster	*Vandyck.*
486.	Interior of a Church	*Van Cleve.*
187.	Sir Francis Walsingham, with St. George and Staff	*Van Somer.*
	CHINESE BED-ROOM.	
188.	Visct. Folkestone 1801.	*Sir W. Beechey.*
189.	Edward Bouverie 1747.	*Hudson.*
190.	Honourable W. H. Bouverie 1773.	*Gainsborough.*
191.	Anne, Daughter of Sir William Bouverie 1708.	*Kneller.*
192.	Edward des Bouverie, Son of Sir Lawrence	*Mirevelt.*
198.	Honourable Edward Bouverie. 1773.	*Gainsborough.*
194.	Hon. Bartholomew Bouverie 1773.	———

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
195.	Jacob, Son of Sir W. Bouverie .. 1706.	*Kneller.*
196.	Sir Edward Bouverie, Knt..... 1688.	*Anonymous.*
197.	Sir Christopher, Son of Sir William Bouverie.....1706.	*Kneller.*
198.	Ann Forterge, Wife of Sir Edward Bouverie .....1608.	*Anonymous.*
199.	William, Son of Sir W. Bouverie 1705.	*Kneller.*
200.	Jane, Daughter of Sir W. Bouverie 1707.	———
201.	Jacob des Bouveries, Son of Sir Edward, first Proprietor of Folkestone	*Anonymous.*
202.	Gabriel des Bouveries, Bishop of Angers .....1572.	———
203.	Edward, Son of Sir W. Bouverie 1703.	*Kneller.*
204.	Lady Pleydell .....1729.	*Dahl.*
205.	Anne, Countess of Radnor .....1786.	*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*
206.	Honourable P. Pusey .....1777.	*Kauffman.*
207.	William, Visct. Folkestone	*Mad. Le Brun.*
208.	Honourable Mrs. Grant .....1749.	*Hudson.*

CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES

AT

BURLEIGH HOUSE,

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,

The Seat of the Marquis of Exeter.

Title of Picture.	Painted by
GREAT HALL.	
Portrait of Launcelot Brown, Esq.	*[After] N. Holland.*
Interior and Exterior Views of Burleigh House	*Garrard.*
Sir W. Raleigh and his Son.	*Anonymous.*
CHAPEL ROOM.	
Head of St. John Baptist	*Carlo Dolce.*
David dancing before the Ark	*Domenichino.*
Creation of the World	*Lanfranco.*
Cupid Sleeping	*Franceschini.*
Queen of Heaven	*Albert Durer.*
St. Cecilia	*[After] Domenichino.*
Adoration of the Wise Men	*F. Vanni.*
Christ with a Garland of Flowers	*[After] C. Dolce.*
Jesus and the Woman of Samaria	*Guercino.*
Death of Elizabeth	*Andrea Sacchi.*
Virgin and Child	*Parmegiano.*
St. Clara	*[After] A. Durer*
Virgin in the Clouds	*A. Caracci.*
St. Philippo Neri	*Guido.*
Titian's Wife and Son	*Teniers.*
Christ and St. Peter	*Tempesta.*
Head of an Angel	*Guido.*
Prodigal Son	*Fra Cozza.*
St. John	*Parmegiano.*
Conversion of St. Paul	*Giulio Clovio.*

Title of Picture.	Painted by
Virgin and Dead Christ	*R. Van Reni.*
Small Landscape	[*After*] *Paul Bril.*
Joseph and Mary	*F. Baroccio.*
Head of the Virgin	*Guido.*
Shepherd and Cattle	*Bassano.*
Mary, Jesus, and John the Baptist	*C. Maratti.*
Christ supported in the Clouds	*Rubens.*
Virgin, Jesus, and St. John	*Surcelo Ferrara.*
Jacob's Dream	*Cigoli.*
Passage of the Red Sea	*Agnolo Bronzino.*
Mary and Jesus	*Guido.*
A Magdalen	*Poelemberg.*
Another	*C. Maratti.*
Landscape	*F. Bolognese.*
St. Peter	*Guido.*
Martyrdom of St. Catherine	*Giulio Romano.*
The Nativity	*John de Lis, of Breda.*
Flemish Heads	*Anonymous.*
Flemish Heads	———
Monkeys in Capuchin Habits	*Teniers.*
Martyrdom of the Saints	*F. Trevisani.*
Jesus and his Mother	———
Adoration of the Shepherds	*Sebastian Ricci.*
Two Boys	*Lorenzo Credi.*
Landscape and Figures	*Verdizzotto.*
Martyrdom of St. Andrew	*F. Trevisani.*
Scourging of Christ	———
Descent of the Holy Ghost at Penteeost	*Carlo Le Brun.*
Adoration of the Wise Men	*J. de Lis.*
THE CHAPEL.	
Christ and Zebedee's Wife	*P. Veronese.*
Solomon's Idolatry	*Carlo Loti.*
Christ and Mary Magdalen	*Liberi.*
Saul and the Witch of Endor	*C. Loti.*
Adoration of the Shepherds	*Liberi.*
Jephtha's Vow	*Luca Giordano.*
Finding of Moses	*Carlo Loti.*
THE BILLIARD ROOM.	
Anne, Countess of Exeter	*Kneller.*
John, Fifth Earl of Exeter	———
Elizabeth, Countess of Exeter (Second wife of the Sixth Earl)	———
Honourable Edward Cecil (Fourth Son of the Fifth Earl of Exeter)	*Anonymous.*
Lady Elizabeth Aislabie (Daughter of the Fifth Earl of Exeter)	———
Brownlow, Ninth Earl of Exeter	*Hudson.*
Letitia, Countess of Exeter (wife of the Ninth Earl) a copy by	*Powell.*
William, Third Duke of Devonshire	*Anonymous.*
Rachael, his Duchess	———
Brownlow, Ninth Earl of Exeter	*Richardson.*
Hannah Sophia, his Countess	*Mrs. Varelts.*
Honourable William Cecil, (brother to the Sixth Earl of Exeter)	*Anonymous.*

Title of Picture.	Painted by
Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland	*Lely.*
Henry, Tenth Earl and First Marquess of Exeter, Countess Sarah, and Lady Sophia Cecil	*Lawrence.*
[This is the Nobleman, an account of whose marriage is given in a former page of the present Volume. The Lady died in 1797, leaving two Sons and a Daughter; her Husband followed her in 1804, aged 50.]	
Lucy, Duchess of Montrose, a copy	*Powell.*
Annabella, First Wife of the Sixth Earl of Exeter	*Anonymous.*
John, Seventh Earl of Exeter	———
John, Fourth Earl of Exeter, and Frances, his First Wife	———
William Christopher, Esq., Husband of Lady Eliz. Cecil	———
BOW-WINDOW, OR BALL-ROOM.	
The Planetary System	*Laguerre.*
Cupids in Armour	———
Antony and Cleopatra	———
Battle of Cannæ	———
Cleopatra and her Women drawing up Antony to her Window	———
The Death of Cleopatra	———
The Continence of Scipio	———
Celestial Globe, &c.	———
BROWN DRAWING-ROOM.	
Lady Dorothea Nevill (Wife of First Earl of Exeter)	*Cornelius Janssen.*
Mademoiselle de la Vallierè	*Peters.*
A Study	*Vandyck.*
Edward VI.	*Holbein.*
Virgin, Child, and Angel	*Guercino.*
Elisha and the Widow	*Brandi.*
Henry VIII.	*Holbein.*
Virgin, Child, and Angels	*Giulio Procaccini.*
Narcissus	*C. Marutti.*
Ferdinand Alvares, Duke of Alva	*P. Veronese.*
Thomas, First Earl of Exeter (eldest Son of the Lord Treasurer Burleigh)	*C. Janssen.*
Coriolanus and the Roman Matrons	*M. Beccafumi.*
David with Goliath's Head	*Franceschini.*
Tullia driving over the body of her Father	*Gius. Chiari.*
Landscape	*Jan Both.*
Marcus Curtius	*Luca Giordano.*
Flower Pieces	*Anonymous.*
A Battle Scene	*Rubens.*
Olindo and Sophronia	*L. Giordano?*
Landscape	*G. Poussin.*
Madame de Maintenon	*[After] Lebrun.*
The Daughter of Herodias with John the Baptist's Head	*Guido.*
Flower-Piece	*Baptist.*
Landscape	*Domenichino.*
Virgin and Child	*Peters.*
Woman's Head	*Rembrandt.*

Title of Pictures.	Painted by
Adoration of the Shepherds	*Tempesta.*
Marriage of Boaz and Ruth	*C. Ferri.*
Three Elements	*F. Albano*
Mary and Jesus	*Albert Durer.*
Man's Head	*Rembrandt.*
Landscape	*Domenichino.*
Fruit-Piece	*C. de Heem*
Virgin and Child	*Sasso Ferrato.*
BLACK BED-CHAMBER.	
Christ giving the Keys to St. Peter	*Palma Vecchio.*
Charles XII. of Sweden	*Anonymous.*
Venus and Cupid	*Michael Angelo.*
Erminia discovering herself to the Shepherds	*Lauri.*
Architectural Piece	*Old Franck.*
Countess of Desmond (the Celebrated Lady who died in 1612, aged 145)	*Rembrandt.*
Latona and the Countrymen	*[After] Elsheimer.*
Isabella Clara Eugenia, daughter of Philip II. of Spain	*Chr. Massini.*
Lady's Head, unknown	*Anonymous.*
The Painter's Head	*Van Eyck.*
Æthra and Theseus	*Ang. Kauffman.*
Ariadne abandoned by Theseus	*A. Silla.*
WEST DRESSING-ROOM.	
Woman Taken in Adultery	*L. Giordano.*
Jupiter and Antiope	*S Ricci.*
Lady Pembroke	*Ashfield.*
Rocks between Naples and Puzzuoli	*Minderhout.*
Carthusian Friar	*A. Caracci.*
Doris wounded by Silvio	*G. Chiari.*
Landscape	*Elsheimer.*
St. Jerome	*[After] Van Balen.*
Satyr	*Salvator Rosa.*
Holy Family	*D. Monna.*
Landscape	*Hendrick Van Lant.*
Æsop's Fable	*Castiglione.*
Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex	*M. Gerard.*
Lady Sophia Ann Cecil, Daughter of Thomas First Earl of Exeter	*Janssen.*
David and Bathsheba	*L. Giordano.*
Death of Adonis	*F. Baroccio.*
Sketch of the Altar at Perugia	———
Virgin appearing to St. Bruno	*Van Eyck.*
Nymphs adoring the statue of Pan	*Domenichino.*
St. Jerome	*Passeri.*
Countess Matilda on Horseback	*Cimabue.*
NORTH-WEST DRESSING-ROOM.	
Neapolitan Girl	*Peters.*
Beggars Regaling	*Murillo.*
Landscape, with Venus and Adonis	*Claude.*
Landscape	*Gio. Bolognese.*
Domenichino's Mistress	*Domenichino.*
Jupiter painting, with Mercury and Diana attending	*Mola.*

Title of Picture.	Painted by
Battle-Piece	*P. C. Verhoek.*
Landscape	*Poussin.*
Another	———
Hunting Wild Cats	*Koninck.*
Venus and Cupid, encircled with Flowers	*Guercino & Da Fiori.*
Spaniard with a Guitar	*Valentino.*
Venus and Satyr	*L. Giordano.*
Still Life	*Ang. Battaglio.*
Hon. Charles Cavendish asleep (Second Son of William, Third Earl of Devonshire)	*C. Maratti.*
Door Piece	*L. Vagneer.*
CHINA CLOSET.	
Birds and Beasts	*Koninck.*
Holy Family	*Passeri.*
Virgin, Child, and John the Baptist (water colours)	*Putoun.*
Parmegiano's Mistress	*E. Peschi. [After] Parmegiano.*
Virgin and Child	*Caravaggio.*
Chtic, in Crayons	*Lady H. Fitzgerald.*
QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BED-ROOM.	
Venus and Adonis	*G. Chiari.*
Tobit and Angel	*Muta.*
Christ in the Garden	*Bassano.*
BACK DRESSING-ROOM.	
Marriage procession of Othello and Desdemona	*Callot.*
Cottage Scene	*Fabris.*
Another	———
View near Naples	———
Another	———
Una and the Lion	*Miss Chaplin.*
Lord Treasurer Burleigh	*Anonymous.*
Bunch of Grapes and Flowers	*Miss Gray.*
Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, 1767	*Anonymous.*
Sybil [After] *Guido*	*Hon. Mrs Finch.*
QUEEN ELIZABETH'S DRESSING-ROOM.	
Landscape	*Ruysdael.*
Rose and Glass	*Vandermin.*
Earth	*Brueghel.*
Fruit and Insects	*Bassehert.*
Duck Hunting	*David of Antwerp.*
Landscape	*Tempesta.*
Flower-Piece	*Baptist.*
Another	———
Water	*Brueghel.*
Abelard presenting Hymen to Eloisa	*Ang. Kauffman.*
Charles I.	*Old Stone.*
Charles II. and his Brothers and Sisters, when Young	———
Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I.	*Vandyck.*
Fruit-Piece	*M. Ang. Campidaglio.*

Title of Picture.	Painted by
Another	*M. Ang. Campidoglio.*
Head of Martin Luther	*Kranack.*
Landscape	*Tempesta.*
Flower-Piece	*Baptist.*
Another	———
Fire	*Brueghel.*
Cock's Fighting	*David Koninck.*
Landscape	*Ruysdael.*
Air	*Brueghel.*
Death of Eloisa	*Kauffman.*
Dead Game	*Vandermin.*
PURPLE VELVET BED-ROOM.	
Susannah and the Elders	*Caravaggio.*
Lady Ann Cecil, Wife of Tenth Earl of Northumberland	*Vandyck.*
Lady Warwick	*Ashfield.*
WEST DRESSING-ROOM.	
Reconcilation of Peter and Paul	*G. Honthorst.*
Susannah and the Elders	*Lely.*
Vision of St. Frances (on slate)	*Veronese.*
Virgin and Child	*G. B. Castiglione.*
Holy Family	*[After] Raphael.*
Victory introducing the Doge Simon Memmo	*P. Farinato.*
Marriage of St. Catherine	*Ang. Kauffman.*
A Head	*Anonymous.*
Shepherd, Dog, and Sheep	*Teniers.*
William Tell	*Rembrandt.*
Joseph and Potiphar's Wife	*V. Castelli.*
A Battle Piece	*Castiglione.*
Another	———
Fame decorating Shakespere's Tomb	*Kauffman.*
Sterne's Maria	———
Landscape, with Battle	*H. Carre.*
Another	*N. Berghem.*
Head of David	*Guercino.*
Sketch	*L. Caracci.*
Men playing at Dice	*Mignard.*
Ixion embracing the false Juno	*C. Maratti.*
Leda and the Swan	———
Rinaldo and Armida	*Domenichino.*
Flight into Egypt	*Zuccaro.*
Jupiter and Semele	*C. Maratti.*
Jupiter and Danae	———
Journey to Emmaus	*Poelemberg.*
St. Hubert	*Durer.*
Adoration of the Shepherds	*C. Apollonius.*
HALL BED DRESSING-ROOM, OR FIRST GEORGE ROOM.	
(The Ceiling represents the following Mythological and other Subjects	*Verrio.*
The Four Seasons.	
The Four Elements.	
Hercules slaying the Lion.	

Title of Picture.	Painted by
Apollo flaying Marsyas	*Verrio.*
Daphne and Apollo	
Hyacinthus and Apollo	
Two Boys supporting Stone-work	
Morning chasing away Night	
Venus and Cupid	*Poussin.*
Three Goddesses sending Mercury to Paris	*Rubens.*
Holy Family (on copper)	*Schedone.*
St. Peter	*P. Veronese.*
Virgin, Christ, and Joseph (on copper)	*Passeri.*
Finding of Moses	*Titian.*
Rinaldo and Armida	*A. Carucci.*
Boy and Pigeon	*Guido.*
Holy Family	*Schedone.*
St. Paul	*P. Veronese.*
Judgment of Paris (on copper)	*Rothenhamer.*
Christ in the Garden	*Tempesta.*
Christ Sleeping	*Poussin.*
Virgin and Child appearing to St. Dominic (on copper)	*Albano.*
The Nativity	*Tempesta.*
Child Jesus	*Bacciei.*
Head of St. John (a sketch)	*Parmegiano.*
Virgin and Child appearing to St. Clara	*Guercino.*
The Salutation (on copper)	*Calvari.*
Finding of Moses	*Tempesta.*
Virgin and Child	*Ferrari, after Raphael.*
St. John	*Andrea del Sarto.*
Return from Jerusalem	*Spagnoletto.*
St. Catherine	*Ferri.*
The Samaritan Woman	*A. Carucci.*
Virgin and Child	*Correggio.*
Christ and the Doctors in the Temple	*L. Vanuden.*
Finding of Moses	*Schiavone.*
Flight into Egypt	*Carlo Dolce.*
Holy Family	*Schedone.*
Another	*V. Castelli.*

THE JEWEL CLOSET.

Marriage of St. Catherine	*Parmegiano, after Correggio.*
Virgin and Infant Christ	*C. Maratti.*
Our Saviour blessing the Elements	*C. Dolce.*

NEW STATE BED-ROOM, OR SECOND GEORGE ROOM.

(The Ceiling represents various Classical Subjects; the Tapestry, designed by *F. Albano*)	*Verrio.*
Cleopatra Decorating Mare Antony's Tomb	*Kauffman.*
Angel and Child	*Peters.*
Small Landscape	*Both.*
Another	———
Penelope over the Body of Ulysses	*Kauffman.*
Agrippina landing at Brundusium, with the Ashes of Germanicus	*West.*
Love Conquers Prudence	*Kauffman.*

Title of Picture.	Painted by
Prudence Resisting Love	*Kauffman.*
Burleigh House (1700.)	*Anonymous.*
Worthorpe House (1700.)	———
THE GREAT DRAWING-ROOM, OR THIRD GEORGE ROOM.	
(The Ceiling)	*Verrio.*
Landscape	*L. de Lestri.*
Venus, Cupid, Ceres, and Bacchus	*D. Rutter.*
Noble Venetian	*Sophonisba Angosciola.*
"I know not the Man"	*Caravaggio.*
Resurrection of Lazarus	*Geminiani.*
Rebecca at the Well	*Veronese.*
The Salutation	*Franceschini.*
Winter	*Mola.*
Christ bearing the Cross	*Carlo Maratti.*
Wise Men's Offering	*Geminiani.*
Flower-Piece	*Riccio.*
Head of Joseph, a sketch	*Raphael.*
Battle Piece	*Anonymous.*
Head of the Virgin	*Raphael.*
Pope Gregory the Great	*A. Sacchi.*
A Head	*Guido.*
Battle Piece	*Anonymous.*
A Head	*Guido.*
Flower Piece	*Riccio.*
St. Bruno's Vision	*Mola.*
Christ in the Garden	*Maratti.*
A Lady	*Janssen.*
Judith with the Head of Holofernes	*Eliz. Sirani.*
Adoration of the Shepherds	*Floris.*
Ascension of the Virgin	*Poussin.*
Our Saviour crowned with Thorns	*Trevisani.*
Portrait of a Spaniard	*Vandyck.*
Sleeping Venus	*D. Rutter.*
Landscape	*Salvator Rosa.*
FOURTH GEORGE ROOM.	
(The Ceiling represents the Nuptial Feast of Jupiter and Juno.)	*Verrio.*
Virgin and Child	*L. da Vinci.*
Landscape	*Claude.*
St. Matthew	*Guido.*
St. Augustin	*Veronese.*
Christ's Charge to Peter	*Giov. Bellini.*
Holy Family	*A. del Sarto.*
Boys Dancing	*Parmegiano.*
Prodigal's Return	*Bassano.*
Envy plucking the Wings of Youth	*Palma Vecchio.*
St. James	*Spagnoletto.*
St. Peter	*Domenichino.*
Holy Family	*Palma Vecchio.*
Gathering Manna in the Wilderness	*Bassano.*
Jacob Receiving Joseph's bloody Coat	*Guercino.*
Francisco Baglione, Confessor to the House of Parma	*Schedone.*
Joseph of Arimathea	*Guercino.*

Title of Picture.	Painted by
Roman Matrons	*Beccafumi.*
Mary Magdalen	*Baroccio.*
Adoration of the Shepherds	*Caravaggio.*
St. Jerome	*Guido.*
St. Andrew	*Domenichino.*
St. Sebastian	*Albano.*
St. James	*Veronese.*
Landscape	*Claude.*
Virgin Reading	*Girofalo.*
FIFTH GEORGE ROOM, OR HEAVEN.	
The Painted Ceiling represents Jupiter and Juno seated, with the Zodiac over their heads. Below them, Ganymede, the Eagle, and Peacock; Cybele, drawn by Lions; and Ceres crowned with Corn, and drawn by Lions. On the left Minerva resting on her Shield; Apollo, Diana, Bacchus and Ariadne, Hercules, Castor and Pollux, the Goddess of Sleep, &c....	*Verrio.*
On the West and North Wall.	
The Story of the Amour of Mars and Venus..	———
The East Wall.	
Vulcan's Forge, with Cyclops at work	———
Over the Door.	
Jupiter and Semele	———
THE GRAND STAIRCASE, OR HELL.	
The Ceiling represents the Tartarus of the Ancients, with the Story of various personages of Classical History, suffering torments	———
North Wall.	
Mark Antony entertained by Cleopatra.....	*Slothard.*
West Wall.	
Orpheus and Eurydice	———
East Wall.	
Horrors of War	———
DINING ROOM.	
Still Life	*H. Van Ravestein.*
Triumph of Time	*M. Preti.*
Wise Men's Offerings	*Bassano.*
Landscape (with figures by *Hobbema*).....	*Ostade.*
Four Ladies of the House of Parma	*Schedone.*
Diogenes throwing away his cup	*Murillo.*
Passage of the Israelites	*Castiglione.*
Dead Game	*Koninck.*

Title of Picture.	Painted by
MARBLE HALL.	
Frances, Wife of John, Fourth Earl of Exeter	*G. B. Medina.*
Pluto, Orpheus, and Eurydice	*Gennari.*
John, Sixth Earl of Exeter	*Wissing.*
John, Fifth Earl of Exeter	*Anonymous.*
Anne, his Wife	———
John, Sixth Earl of Exeter, Hon. Charles Cecil, his brother, and Lady Elizabeth his Sister	*D'Agar.*
John, Fifth Earl of Exeter; his brother David and his Sister Frances	———
William, Duke of Devonshire	*Anonymous.*
William Cecil, Lord Ross of Holderness	*Lely.*
Lady Elizabeth Chaplin (Sister of the Ninth Earl of Exeter)	*Hudson.*
Henry, First Marquess of Exeter	*Shee.*
A Duke of Tuscany, about (1600)	*Anonymous.*
Sea-Piece (1795)	*W. Anderson.*
Child and Dolphin	*Patoun.*
Flower Piece	*Anonymous.*
Another	———
Dr. Willis, Physician to Geo. III. (in crayons)	*Russel.*
Mrs. Houchcorne (in crayons)	———
Mademoiselle de la Vallière	*Anonymous.*
Captain Pierrepoint	*Shee.*
RED DRAWING-ROOM.	
Holy Family	*B. Gennari.*
Jupiter and Europa	*Luca Giordano.*
Marcus Curtius	———
Catherine I. of Russia (a miniature)	*Anonymous.*
Diana and Actæon	*L. Giordano.*
Death of Seneca	———
BLUE DRAWING-ROOM.	
A Magdalen	*C. Maratti.*
Virgin, Child, and St. John	*L. Caracci.*
Another	*F. Francia.*
Holy Family (a sketch)	*Parmegiano.*
The Good Samaritan	*Bassano.*
Virgin and Child	*Titian.*
The Samaritan Woman	*Giulio Romano.*
Holy Family	*P. Ghirlandajo.*
A Magdalen	*Farinelli.*
Rebecca at the Well	*A. Caracci.*
Noli me tangere	*L. Maratti.*
Entombing our Saviour	*Tintoretto.*
Death of Joseph	*C. Cignani.*
Virgin, Child, and St. Catherine	*Palma Vecchio.*
Adoration of the Shepherds	*Cignani.*
Virgin and Dead Christ	*C. Maratti.*
Marriage of St. Catherine	*Schiavone.*
Sybil	*Guido.*
Adam and Eve lamenting over Abel	*C. Maratti.*

Title of Picture.	Painted by
GREEN DRESSING-ROOM.	
Jupiter and Juno	*Parmegiano.*
Mary Magdalen anointing our Saviour's feet	*E. Le Sueur.*
Holy Family	*Parmegiano.*
Tribute Money (in two colours)	*G. Mutiano.*
Charles V. doing penance	*A. Sacchi.*
The Nativity	*Tempesta.*
The Assumption (on copper)	*A. Caracci.*
Joseph and our Saviour	*F. Baroccio.*
Queen Elizabeth	*Gerard*
Virgin and Child	*F. Lauri.*
The Nativity	*C. Dolce.*
The Last Supper	*A. Sacchi.*
Angels appearing to the Shepherds	*C. Tempesta.*
Virgin in Agony [After] *Raphael* (on copper)	*C. Maratti.*
The Three Marys at the Sepulchre	*E. Le Sueur.*
Holy Family	*Schedone.*
Joseph, Virgin, and Child	*And. de Ferrara.*
Cupid pulling Fortune by the hair	*P. Liberi.*
Virgin	*Sasso Ferrato.*
Inside of a Chapel	*Steenwyck.*
Adoration of the Wise Men	*Diapenbeke.*
Christ bearing the Cross	*A. Sacchi.*
The Nativity	*H. Bless.*
Virgin and Child	*Titian.*
Virgin and St. John	*Domenichino.*
Head of an Angel	*C. Maratti.*
The Assumption	*Domenichino.*
Marriage in Cana	*A. Sacchi.*
Magdalen in the Desert [After] *Correggio* (on copper)	*Raffaelino.*
Holy Family	*S. Bourdon.*
Hiring the Labourers	*D. Fetti.*
Virgin Adoring our Saviour	*F. Baroccio.*
Pygmalion first offering to Venus	*P. Liberi.*
Holy Family	*V. Castelli.*
Adoration of the Shepherds	*De Ferrara.*
Mary with the dead Christ (on copper)	*Vandyck.*
Fortune Kissing Prudence	*P. Liberi.*
Virgin and Child	*Guido.*
JAPAN CLOSET.	
(Miniatures and small Pieces in Glass cases.)	
Christ walking on the Sea	*G. Lanfranco.*
Virgin, Child, and St. John	*Parmegiano.*
Lot and his Two Daughters	*C. Mantegna.*
Bacchus and Ariadne	*B. Luti.*
Jupiter and Juno	*F. Lauri.*
Galatea	*F. Albano*
Venus, Satyr, and Cupid	*F. Lauri.*
The Judgment of Midas	———
A Spaniard	*Velasquez.*
Dejanira and the Centaur	*L. Giordano.*
Mercury and Venus Teaching Cupid	*B. Luti.*
Approach of day	*F. Lauri.*

Title of Picture.	Painted by
Venus Rising from the Sea	*C. Gherardi.*
Venus and Adonis	*F. Lauri.*
Apollo flaying Marsyas	——
Mary, Queen of England	*Holbein.*
Martyrdom of St. Lawrence	*F. Lauri.*
Roman Ruins	*Viviani.*
Landscape and Figures	*Vandermeulen.*
Cat and dead Game	*D. Koninck.*
St. Sebastian	*Carlo Dolce.*
Lord Treasurer Burleigh	*Gerard.*
A Lady's Head	*Guido.*
Pigeons	*Koninck.*
Landscape and Figures	*Vandermeulen.*
Landscape	*R. Savery.*
Martyrdom of St. Stephon	*F. Lauri.*
Head of Charles IX. of France (on board)	*Holbein.*
Dead Christ and the Three Marys	*P. da Cortona.*
A Head	*Titian.*
Dead Christ, Virgin, and Angel	*Van Remee.*
Lord Treasurer Burleigh's Mother	*Anonymous.*
NORTH GLASS CASE, OR CABINET.	
Landscape	——
Wise Men's Offering	*Dixon.*
Landscape	*Anonymous.*
Charles II.	——
Hon. Charles Cavendish (Second Son of Second Earl of Devonshire)	*Hoskins.*
A Lady	*Anonymous.*
David Cecil, Son of Fourth Earl of Exeter	*J. Hoskins.*
Justius Lipsius	*Anonymous.*
Thomas Chambers, Esq.	——
Sir R. Cecil, Knt.	*Cooper.*
Sir Isaac Newton	*Louis Crosse.*
Virgin and St. John (Enamel)	*Petitot*
Diana and Actæon	*Anonymous.*
Sybilla Persica	*Silvia Stern.*
Venus	*Macpherson of Florence.*
Virgin, Christ, and St. John (enamel)	*Petitot.*
Lætitia, Countess of Exeter	*Roeguet.*
Virgin, Christ, and St. John (on a blood stone)	*Anonymous.*
The Hon. Robert Boyle	*J. Pool.*
Lady Eliz. Essex	*Anonymous.*
A Head	——
Brownlow, Eighth Earl of Exeter	——
Oliver Cromwell	*Walker.*
Hannah Sophia, Countess of Exeter	*Anonymous.*
Brownlow, Ninth Earl of Exeter	——
Lord Exeter	
Titian	*Silvia Stern.*
Guido	——
Lady Elizabeth Chaplin	*Spencer.*
Madame de Sévigné	*Anonymous.*
Louis IX.	*Petitot.*
Indolence	*A. Urbano.*
Louise de Querouailles, Duchess of Portsmouth	*Cooper.*

Title of Picture.	Painted by
Female Figures	*[After] Giorgione.*
General Paoli	*Anonymous.*
Pigeons	*Byers.*
Vertumnus and Pomona	*P. Brilliani.*
Anne, Countess of Exeter	*Petitot.*
Venetia Anastasia Stanley, Lady Digby	*Anonymous.*
Landscape	———
Virgin	*R. Mangoni.*
Two Heads (in pencil)	*A. Rosse.*
Henry VIII. (enamel)	*Anonymous.*

EAST GLASS-CASE, OR CABINET.

Virgin and Child	———
Venus and Adonis (water colours) after *Titian.*	*Oliver.*
Virgin and Child	*Anonymous.*
Elizabeth, wife of the Third Earl of Devonshire (enamel on gold)	*Cooper.*
Ernestus Augustus, Elector of Hanover, and his Wife, Parents of Geo. I.	*Anonymous.*
Charles Edward, the Young Pretender	———
Maria Matilda, his Wife	———
Dutch Landscape	———
John, Fourth Earl of Exeter	*Hoskins.*
Elizabeth, Wife of Third Earl of Exeter	*Anonymous.*
Anne, Wife of Tenth Earl of Northumberland	*Hoskins.*
Elizabeth, Second Wife of the same Nobleman	*Cooper.*
Our Saviour crowned with thorns	*Anonymous.*
A Young Lady, her Brother, and Black Servant (water colours)	*Dixon.*
A Sybil, after *Guido*	*Mrs. Muron.*
William Cecil, Lord Ross	*Anonymous.*
Sir Edward Cecil, Lord Wimbledon	*Hoskins.*
Silvia Stern	———
Raphael	*Silvia Stern.*
Venus and Cupid	*Anonymous.*
Small Landscape	———
Portrait of Himself (on a card)	*L. Giordano.*
Charles Cecil	*Hoskins.*
Mrs. Ann Kirk	
A Cardinal (on Ivory)	*Anonymous.*
Another	———
Henrietta Maria, Wife of Charles I.	*Hoskins.*
Christ taken down from the Cross	*Anonymous.*
Mercury, Venus, and Cupid	*Hoskins.*

CRIMSON VELVET BED-ROOM.

Hebe	*[After] Hamilton.* *A. Kauffman.*
Abraham dismissing Hagar and Ishmael	*A. Celesti.*
Death of Rachael	———
Thomas Howard, Third Earl of Norfolk	*Correggio.*
Interior of a College	*F. Baroccio.*
Head of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex	*Anonymous.*
Portrait (unknown)	———

Title of Pictures.	Painted by
CRIMSON VELVET DRESSING-ROOM.	
William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle	*Vandyck.*
Battle of the Boyne	*Vandermeulen.*
Virgin and Child.....	*L. da Vinci.*
Virgin, Child, Elizabeth and Joseph.....	*P. Lauri.*
Garland of Flowers.....	*D. Segers.*
Landscape, Morning.....	*Tempesta.*
Landscape, Evening	— —
St. Stephen	———
Christ and the Woman of Samaria.....	*Valentino [After] Correggio.*
Venus and Adonis.....	*S. Chiari.*
Virgin and Child.....	*Guido.*
Jacob's Dream.....	*D. Fetti.*
Holy Family.....	*C. Maratti.*
The Four Evangelists	*L. da Vinci.*
Birds	*D. Kenneck.*
Animals.....	———
Portrait of a Boy.....	*Velasquez.*
Oliver Cromwell	*Walker.*
John, Sixth Earl of Exeter	*Wissing*
ONE OF THE NORTH DRAWING-ROOMS.	
Lady Rachel Russell	*Vandyck.*
Landscape.....	*Tempesta.*
Two Sketches	*Bassano.*
Mr. Pelham	*Romney.*
Mrs. Bates	*A. Kauffman.*
Lucretia.....	*Guido.*
Elizabeth, Wife of the Third Earl of Exeter	*Dobson.*
Lady Williams.....	*Smith.*
A BED-CHAMBER.	
Honourable Mr. Cecil, with Lady and Parrot	*Wissing*
Fruit and Flowers	*Vander Cabel.*
Animals, &c.....	———
THE DRESSING-ROOM ADJOINING.	
Eve.....	*P. Veronese.*
Old London Bridge.....	*Anonymous.*
Landscape and Figures.....	*J. and A. Both.*
Landscape and Ruins.....	*P. Panini.*
Barbara Villiers	*Lely.*
A Print of St. Hubert	*Durer.*
Elizabeth, Countess of Exeter.....	*Lely.*
Venus and Satyr.....	*Liberi.*
BREAKFAST-ROOM, OR ANTI-LIBRARY.	
Solomon and the Queen of Sheba	*A. Tussi.*
Mont Blanc.....	*Edema.*
Portrait of Himself.....	*Verrio.*
Portrait of Himself.....	*Kneller.*
Sir Isaac Newton.....	*Anonymous.*

Title of Picture.	Painted by
Earl of Gainsborough	*Anonymous.*
Thomas Hobbes	——
Dr. Hanchard, Dean of Windsor	*Riley.*
Print of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold"	*Anonymous.*
NEW LIBRARY.	
Elizabeth, Marchioness Dowager of Exeter	*Lawrence.*
David Garrick	*Ang. Kauffman.*
Portrait of Herself	——

CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES

AT

BLENHEIM,

THE SEAT OF

His Grace the Duke of Marlborough.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
	HALL.	
	(The Ceiling, painted by *Sir J. Thornhill*, represents Victory, crowning John, Duke of Marlborough, as she points to a plan of the Battle of Blenheim).	
	(*In the Gallery above the Door Case.*)	
1.	Clara Eugenia, Infanta of Spain and Governess of the Netherlands	*Anonymous.*
2.	Queen Anne	*Lely.*
3.	A Lady in a blue Dress	*Anonymous.*
	(*Over the Grand Staircase.*)	
4.	Charles, Duke of Marlborough, and Family	*Hudson.*
5.	John, the Great Duke of Marlborough, and Family	*Closterman.*
	WAITING ROOM.	
	(*Not Public.*)	
	The Ceiling	*Hakewill.*
6.	Gipsies with a Soldier	*Valentine.*
7.	Dutch Sea-Port	*Anonymous.*

* Blenheim may be seen every Afternoon, from two till four o'clock, except on Sundays and Public days.

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
8.	Louis XIV.	*Mignard.*
9.	View of Antwerp	*Minderhout.*
10.	The Marriage in Cana	*P. Veronese.*
	BOW-WINDOW ROOM.	
11.	St. Jerome Studying	*Giorgione.*
12.	Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I.	*Vandyck.*
13.	A Head, after *A. Caracci*	*Reynolds.*
14.	Lady Anne Churchill	*Kneller.*
15.	The Assumption	*Tintoretto.*
16.	A Female Head	*Rubens.*
17.	Madonna and Child	*L. da Vinci.*
18.	Nymphs and Satyr	*Anonymous.*
19.	Holy Family	*L. Caracci.*
20.	A Wood Nymph	*By the Princess Royal.*
21.	An Allegorical Drawing	*Cipriani.*
22.	Our Saviour and the Virgin in the Clouds	*Tintoretto.*
23.	A Frame of twenty-three Miniatures by various Masters; among which are three of Mary, Queen of Scots	*Anonymous.*
24.	An Etching	*Queen of Wirtemberg.*
25.	A Drawing	*Cipriani.*
26.	A Holy Family	*Raphael.*
	DUKE'S STUDY.	
	(Beginning opposite the Entrance from the Bow-Window Room.)	
27.	A Sleeping Venus and Satyr	*Anonymous.*
28.	Time Clipping Cupid's Wings	*Vandyck*
29.	Madonna and Child	——
30.	St. John reading the Apocalypse	*Anonymous.*
31.	Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough	*Kneller.*
32.	St. Sebastian	*Titian.*
33.	Interior of a Church	*Neefs.*
34.	A Holy Family	*Raphael.*
35.	A Landscape	*F. Mola.*
36.	A Holy Family	*Raphael* (?)
37.	A Battle-Piece	*Borgognone.*
38.	A Spanish Sea-Port	*Weenix.*
39.	The Passage of the Red Sea	*Old Franck.*
40.	A Holy Family	*Anonymous.*
41.	Virgin and Child	*Salimene*
42.	Scene in Switzerland	*Van Tempest.*
43.	Another	——
44.	King William on Horseback	*Anonymous.*
45.	Venus and Adonis	——
46.	The Offering of the Magi	*Carlo Dolce.*
47.	Destruction of Pharaoh and his Host in the Red Sea	*Old Franck.*
48.	Orpheus playing to the Beasts	*Anonymous.*
49.	A Landscape	*Claude.*
50.	The Virgin and Child	*Correggio.*
	EAST DRAWING-ROOM.	
	(Beginning from the Door opposite the Entrance.)	
51.	A View in Venice	*Canaletti.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
52.	Two Female Heads	*P. Veronese.*
53.	Mary, Duchess of Richmond	*Vandyck.*
54.	The same	——
55.	A Bacchanalian Piece	*Rubens.*
56.	Our Saviour	*Carlo Dolce.*
57.	St. John	——
58.	Prince Eugene	*Kneller* (?)
59.	An Angel	*Correggio.*
60.	Cattle and Figures	*Bamboccio.*
61.	A Circular Landscape	*Claude.*
62.	A Man's Head	*Titian.*
63.	Lady Anne Churchill	*Kneller.*
64.	A Man's Head	*Holbein.*
65 to 68	Landscapes	*Tillemans.*
69.	Lord Holland	*Muttens.*
70.	The Duchess of Buckingham and Family	*Vandyck.*
71.	Villiers, Duke of Buckingham	——
72.	A Fête Champêtre	*Puter.*
73.	Lady Chesterfield	*Vandyck.*
74.	A Landscape	*Paul Bryl.*
75.	The Circumcision	*Rembrandt.*
76.	Cattle	*Rosa di Tivoli.*
77.	A Landscape	*G. Poussin.*
78.	King William III.	*Kneller.*
79.	The Rape of Proserpine	*Rubens.*
80.	A View in Venice	*Canaletti.*
81.	A Holy Family	——
82.	A View in Venice	*F. Mola.*
83.	A View in Venice	*Canaletti.*
	GRAND CABINET.	
84.	Lot's departure from Sodom	*Rubens.*
85.	The Return from Egypt	——
86.	The Roman Daughter	——
87.	Paracelsus	——
88.	The Miraculous Conception	*Carlo Dolce.*
89.	Raphael's Dorothea	*Raphael.*
90.	Head of Rubens	*Rubens.*
91.	Pope Gregory and a Female Penitent	*Titian.*
92.	A Holy Family	*L. Caracci.*
93.	The Offering of the Magi	*Rubens.*
94.	A Madonna	*C. Maratti.*
95.	A Holy Family	*Rubens.*
96.	Our Saviour blessing the Children	——
97.	Virgin and Child	——
98.	The Late Lord Spencer when a Boy	*Reynolds.*
	LITTLE DRAWING-ROOM.	
	(Beginning opposite the Entrance from the Grand Cabinet.)	
99.	The Woman taken in Adultery	*Rembrandt.*
100.	The Rape of the Sabines	*P. da Cortona.*
101.	A Family Piece	*Gonzales.*
102.	A Landscape	*Teniers.*
103.	A Landscape	*G. Poussin.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
104.	An Old Couple	*Teniers.*
105.	A Dutch Family	*Ostade.*
106.	Catherine de' Medicis	*Rubens.*
107.	Esther and Ahasuerus	*P. Veronese.*
108.	Rubens's Wife (Eleanor Forman)	*Rubens.*
109.	Our Saviour and the Virgin	*A. Caracci.*
110, 111	Landscapes	*Ferg.*
112.	Landscape	*Wouvermans.*
113.	Landscape	*Eglon Vanderneer.*
114.	Monkeys, in Monks' Habits	*Teniers.*
115.	Landscape	*Vanderneer.*
116.	Landscape	*Ruysdael.*
117.	Boors playing at Cards	*Teniers.*
118.	Travellers refreshing, with view of Dort	*Cuyp.*
119.	Curiosity detected	*Sharpe.*
120.	Virgin and Child, with St. John and St. Nicholas	*Raphael.*
	(*Over the Fire-Place.*)	
121.	Oval Piece, from an Ancient Gem	*Rebecca.*
122, 123	Views in Blenheim Park	*Hofland.*
124.	(Over the Door) Isaac blessing Jacob	*Rembrandt.*
	GREAT DRAWING ROOM.	
	(Commencing from the door facing the Entrance to the Little Drawing Room.)	
125.	Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Killigrew, two of Charles II.'s favourites	*Lely.*
126.	King Charles I. on Horseback	*Vandyck.*
127.	Three Beggar Boys	*Murillo.*
128.	Andromeda and Perseus	*Rubens.*
129.	Charles I.	*Vandyck.*
130.	Rubens's Wife and Child	*Rubens.*
131.	Henrietta Maria, Wife of Charles I.	*Vandyck.*
132.	Philip II. of Spain	*Titian.*
133.	Two Beggar Boys	*Murillo.*
134.	The Offering of the Kings	*Rubens.*
135.	George, Fourth Duke of Marlborough	*Strocklin.*
136.	Virgin and Child	*Vandyck.*
137.	George, Fourth Duke of Marlborough	*Jones.*
138.	Death of the Virgin	*Guido.*
139.	A Holy Family	*Rubens.*
140.	The Late Duke of Marlborough and Family	*Reynolds.*
141.	Lord Strafford and his Secretary	*Vandyck.*
	DINING ROOM.	
	(Commencing opposite the Entrance Door from the Great Drawing Room.)	
142.	The Rape of Europa	*P. Veronese.*
143.	John, Duke of Bedford	*Gainsborough.*
144.	Lord Churchill	*Owen.*
145.	George, Fourth Duke of Marlborough	*Cosway.*
146.	The Late Duchess and Child	*Reynolds.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
147.	Lady Charlotte Spencer, in the Character of a Gipsey, telling her brother, Lord Henry Spencer, his fortune	*Reynolds.*
148.	George, Third Duke of Marlborough	———
149.	Dowager Lady Pembroke	———
150.	Lord Charles Spencer	———
151.	The Marquis of Tavistock	———
152.	Lot and his Daughters	*Rubens.*
153.	Rubens's three Wives, as the three Graces	———
154.	Venus and Adonis	———
155.	A Battle-Piece	*Wouvermans.*
156.	Another	———
157.	A Bacchanalian Piece	*Rubens.*
158.	Cattle and Figures	*Castiglione.*
159.	Gertrude, Duchess of Bedford	*Dance.*
160.	Lady Amelia Boyce	*Phillips.*
161.	Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough	*Kneller.*
162.	Two Favourite Dogs	*Bennett.*
	SALOON.	
	Compartments and Ceiling	*La Guerre.*
	GREEN DRAWING ROOM.	
	(Facing the Saloon Entrance.)	
163.	Meleager and Atalanta	*Rubens.*
164.	Offering of the Magi	*Luca Giordano.*
165.	A Holy Family	*N. Poussin.*
166.	Figures	*Rothenhamer.*
167.	Adoration of the Shepherds	*L. Giordano.*
168.	A Madonna and Child	*N. Poussin.*
169.	Figures	*Rothenhamer.*
170.	A Knight of St. John of Jerusalem	*Baroccio.*
171.	Caroline, Duchess of Marlborough	*Romney.*
	STATE DRAWING-ROOM.	
172.	George, Third Duke of Marlborough	———
173.	St. Lawrence distributing the Ornaments of the Altar	*Il prete Genovese.*
174.	A Fruit-Piece	*Luca Giordano.*
	HALL BED-CHAMBER.	
175.	Seneca bleeding to Death	*L. Giordano.*
176.	Edward VI.	*Holbein.*
177.	An Architectural Piece	*Panini.*
178.	The Burning of Troy	*Old Franck.*
179.	A Piece of Still Life	*Maltese.*
180.	A Piece of Still Life	———
	THE LIBRARY.	
181.	Jonah and the Whale	*[After] Poussin.*
182.	A Landscape	———

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
	CHAPEL.	
183.	(Altar Piece) Christ taken from the Cross	*Jordaens.*
184.	(In the Family Gallery) A painting on Black Marble	*A. Veronese.*
	TITIAN ROOM.	
185.	Mars and Venus	*Titian.*
186.	Cupid and Psyche	
187.	Apollo and Daphne	
188.	Pluto and Proserpine	
189.	Hercules and Deganira	
190.	Vulcan and Ceres	
191.	Bacchus and Ariadne	
192.	Jupiter, Juno, and Io	
193.	Neptune and Amphitrite	

CATALOGUE OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES

IN THE

BODLEIAN LIBRARY,

AT OXFORD.

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
1.	Portrait of Grotius	*Rembrandt.*
2.	Portrait of Himself	*Fuller.*
3.	Portrait of Howard, Earl of Surrey	*Holbein.*
4.	Portrait of Franciscus Junius	*Rembrandt.*
5.	Lord Crew, Bishop of Durham	*Kneller.*
6.	King Charles II. and Queen Catherine	*Lely.*
7.	James, Duke of York, and his Duchess	———
8.	Sir Joseph Williamson, Secretary of State	———
9.	Sir George Mackenzie	———
10.	Luther	*Anonymous.*
11.	Sir Thomas Overbury	*Cornelius Janssen.*
12.	Sir Thomas Bodley	———
13.	Samuel Butler	*Lely.*
14.	Matthew Prior	*Richardson.*
15.	John Locke	*Gibson.*
16.	Johannes Duns Scotus	*Spagnoletto.*
17.	Sir H. Wotton	*C. Janssen.*
18.	Erasmus	*Holbein.*
19.	Sir Kenelm Digby	*Vandyck.*
20.	Sir P. Sydney (burnt in wood)	*Dr. Griffith.*
21.	Handel	*Hudson.*
22.	Himself	*Kneller.*
23.	Lord Chief Justice Raymond	*Vanderbank.*
24.	Dr. Flamstead	*Gibson.*
25.	John Taylor the Water Poet	*Taylor.*
26.	King William and Queen Mary	*Kneller.*
27.	George III.	*Ramsay.*
28.	Adrian Beverlandt	*Kneller.*
29.	Archbishop Potter	*Hudson.*
30.	Sir J. Chardin, the Traveller	*Dandridge.*
31.	Addison	*Kneller.*
32.	Mr. Nelson	———
33.	Michael de Montaigne	*Anonymous.*
34.	Chaucer	———
35.	Himself	*Kneller.*
36.	The Earl of Strafford	*Vandyck.*
37.	Dryden, when Old	*Kneller.*

No.	Title of Picture.	Painted by
38.	Laurence, Earl of Rochester	*Lely.*
39.	Shirley	*Anonymous.*
40.	Selden.....	———
41.	Sir Hans Sloane	*Richardson.*
42.	Balzac	*Anonymous.*
43.	Henry IV. of France	———
44.	Charles XII. of Sweden.....	*Schroder.*
45.	Dean Swift.....	*Jarvis.*
46.	Ben Jonson	*Anonymous.*
47.	Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham	*Richardson.*
48.	Pope	*Jarvis.*
49.	Dr. Wallis.....	*Kneller.*
50.	Cowley	———
51.	Cardinal Wolsey	*Anonymous.*
52.	Charles, Earl of Arran	*Sir J. Thornhill.*
53.	James, Duke of Ormond	*Kneller.*
	SUBJECTS.	
54.	A View of Antwerp	———
55	The Seven Vices.. Pride	*Schalken.*
56	Lust	
57	Drunkenness ..	
58	Revenge.....	
59	Sloth	
60	Avarice	
61	Envy	
62.	Our Saviour appearing to his disciples after his Resurrection.....	*Jordaens of Antwerp.*
63.	A Fruit-Piece	———
64.	Dutch Gardener, with Boys stealing Fruit	*Old Frank Hall.*
65.	The English Fleet in Charles II.'s time, Commanded by the Duke of York	*Philips.*
66.	A Storm at Sea.....	*Willarts.*
67.	A Dutch Fish-Market.....	———
68.	Moses Striking the Rock	*Jordaens of Antwerp.*
69.	The School of Athens.....	*Giulio Romano (?)*
70.	A Storm in Haerlem Meer	*Porcellus.*

THE END.

J. BENSLEY, PRINTER, WOKING.

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